SEPTEMBER 1, 1945 10c

Liberty

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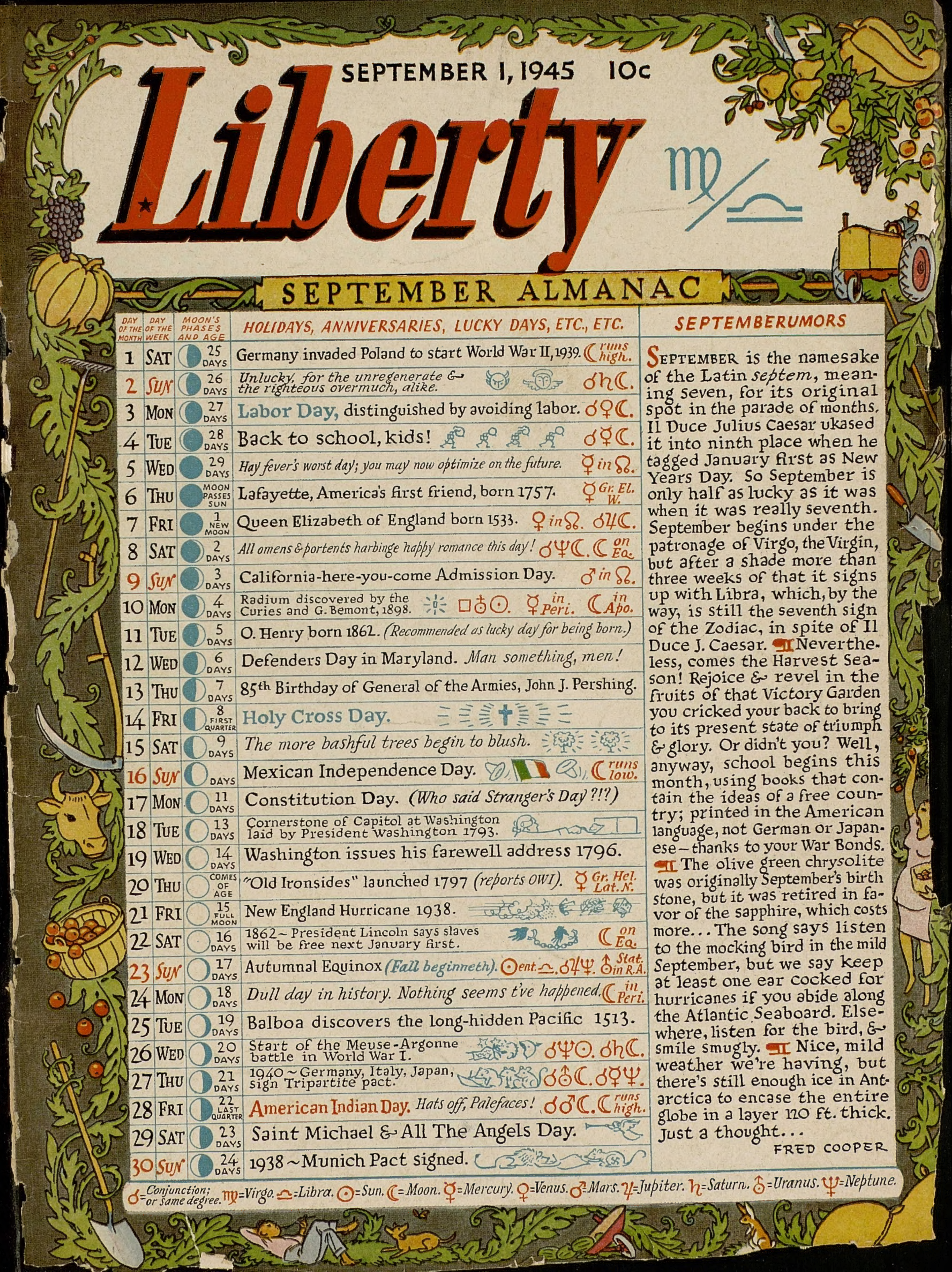

SEPTEMBER ALMANAC

DAY OF THE MONTH	DAY OF THE WEEK	MOON'S PHASES AND AGE	HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, LUCKY DAYS, ETC., ETC.
1	SAT	25 DAYS	Germany invaded Poland to start World War II, 1939. ☾ *runs high.*
2	*SUN*	26 DAYS	*Unlucky, for the unregenerate & the righteous overmuch, alike.* ☌♄☾.
3	MON	27 DAYS	**Labor Day,** distinguished by avoiding labor. ☌♀☾.
4	TUE	28 DAYS	Back to school, kids! ☌☿☾.
5	WED	29 DAYS	*Hay fever's worst day; you may now optimize on the future.* ☿ *in* ♌.
6	THU	MOON PASSES SUN	Lafayette, America's first friend, born 1757. ☿ *Gr. El. W.*
7	FRI	1 NEW MOON	Queen Elizabeth of England born 1533. ♀ *in* ♌. ☌♃☾.
8	SAT	2 DAYS	*All omens & portents harbinge happy romance this day!* ☌♆☾. ☾ *on Eq.*
9	*SUN*	3 DAYS	California-here-you-come Admission Day. ♂ *in* ♌.
10	MON	4 DAYS	Radium discovered by the Curies and G. Bemont, 1898. □♅☉. ☿ *in Peri.* ☾ *in Apo.*
11	TUE	5 DAYS	O. Henry born 1862. *(Recommended as lucky day for being born.)*
12	WED	6 DAYS	Defenders Day in Maryland. *Man something, men!*
13	THU	7 DAYS	85th Birthday of General of the Armies, John J. Pershing.
14	FRI	8 FIRST QUARTER	**Holy Cross Day.**
15	SAT	9 DAYS	*The more bashful trees begin to blush.*
16	*SUN*	DAYS	Mexican Independence Day. ☾ *runs low.*
17	MON	11 DAYS	Constitution Day. *(Who said Stranger's Day?!?)*
18	TUE	13 DAYS	Cornerstone of Capitol at Washington laid by President Washington 1793.
19	WED	14 DAYS	Washington issues his farewell address 1796.
20	THU	COMES OF AGE	"Old Ironsides" launched 1797 *(reports OWI).* ☿ *Gr. Hel. Lat. N.*
21	FRI	15 FULL MOON	New England Hurricane 1938.
22	SAT	16 DAYS	1862 ~ President Lincoln says slaves will be free next January first. ☾ *on Eq.*
23	*SUN*	17 DAYS	Autumnal Equinox *(Fall beginneth).* ☉ *ent.* ♎. ☌♃♆. ♅ *Stat. in R.A.*
24	MON	18 DAYS	*Dull day in history. Nothing seems t've happened.* ☾ *in Peri.*
25	TUE	19 DAYS	Balboa discovers the long-hidden Pacific 1513.
26	WED	20 DAYS	Start of the Meuse-Argonne battle in World War I. ☌♆☉. ☌♄☾.
27	THU	21 DAYS	1940 ~ Germany, Italy, Japan, sign Tripartite pact. ☌♅☾. ☌☿♆.
28	FRI	22 LAST QUARTER	**American Indian Day.** *Hats off, Palefaces!* ☌♂☾. ☾ *runs high.*
29	SAT	23 DAYS	Saint Michael & All The Angels Day.
30	*SUN*	24 DAYS	1938 ~ Munich Pact signed.

☌=Conjunction; or same degree. ♍=Virgo. ♎=Libra. ☉=Sun. ☾=Moon. ☿=Mercury. ♀=Venus. ♂=Mars. ♃=Jupiter. ♄=Saturn. ♅=Uranus. ♆=Neptune.

SEPTEMBERUMORS

SEPTEMBER is the namesake of the Latin *septem*, meaning seven, for its original spot in the parade of months. Il Duce Julius Caesar ukased it into ninth place when he tagged January first as New Years Day. So September is only half as lucky as it was when it was really seventh. September begins under the patronage of Virgo, the Virgin, but after a shade more than three weeks of that it signs up with Libra, which, by the way, is still the seventh sign of the Zodiac, in spite of Il Duce J. Caesar. ☞ Nevertheless, comes the Harvest Season! Rejoice & revel in the fruits of that Victory Garden you cricked your back to bring to its present state of triumph & glory. Or didn't you? Well, anyway, school begins this month, using books that contain the ideas of a free country; printed in the American language, not German or Japanese—thanks to your War Bonds. ☞ The olive green chrysolite was originally September's birth stone, but it was retired in favor of the sapphire, which costs more... The song says listen to the mocking bird in the mild September, but we say keep at least one ear cocked for hurricanes if you abide along the Atlantic Seaboard. Elsewhere, listen for the bird, & smile smugly. ☞ Nice, mild weather we're having, but there's still enough ice in Antarctica to encase the entire globe in a layer 120 ft. thick. Just a thought...

FRED COOPER

You're certain to enjoy Whiskey at its PRE-WAR BEST... when you ask for Three Feathers!

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"Ever think you'd see a grown-up do *that*?"

JOHNNY: Gosh, no. *Never.* Specially our own Daddy.

JANIE: He did, though. Plain as day...

DAD: I'm listening, Sprouts. And wondering. Just *what* is so amazing about brushing my teeth? With Ipana, as usual.

JOHNNY: But, Dad—you brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

DAD: Meaning, Big Boy...?

JOHNNY: Hear him, Janie? Pretending he never learned about soft foods not exercising gums.

JANIE: Cross your heart, Dad? Don't you know you should massage your gums every time you brush your teeth? Otherwise gums may get flabby and tender. Us kids learn that in school.

DAD: Tender gums, eh? Well, what d'you know. Maybe *that's* why I see "pink" on my tooth brush these days.

JANIE: There you are. And where you should be is *at your dentist's. Now.*

• • •

EVEN A THIRD-GRADER today often knows more than his elders about modern dental care. For in thousands of classrooms, teachers explain the need for gum massage—its importance to sound gums and bright teeth.

And according to a national survey, 7 out of 10 dentists approve this routine—recommending gum massage.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," don't ignore its warning signal. *See your dentist.* He may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to help the gums. So you can readily see why a nationwide survey shows that more than twice as many dentists use Ipana as any other dentifrice... *for their own use.*

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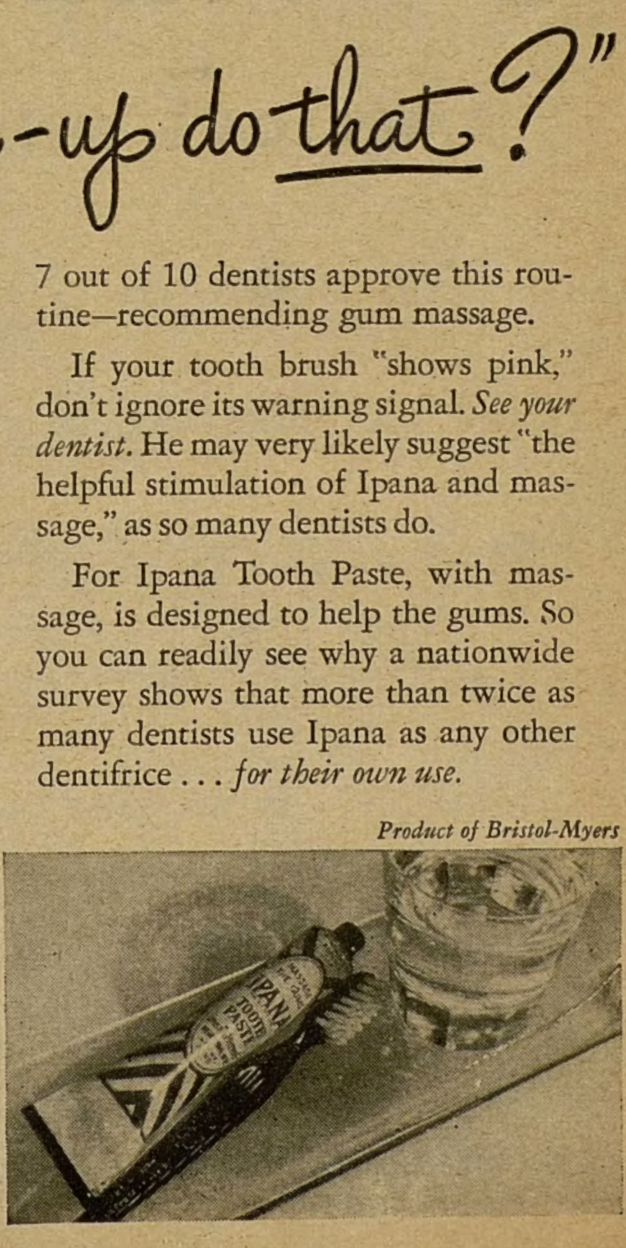

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Crime On My Hands

By
GEORGE
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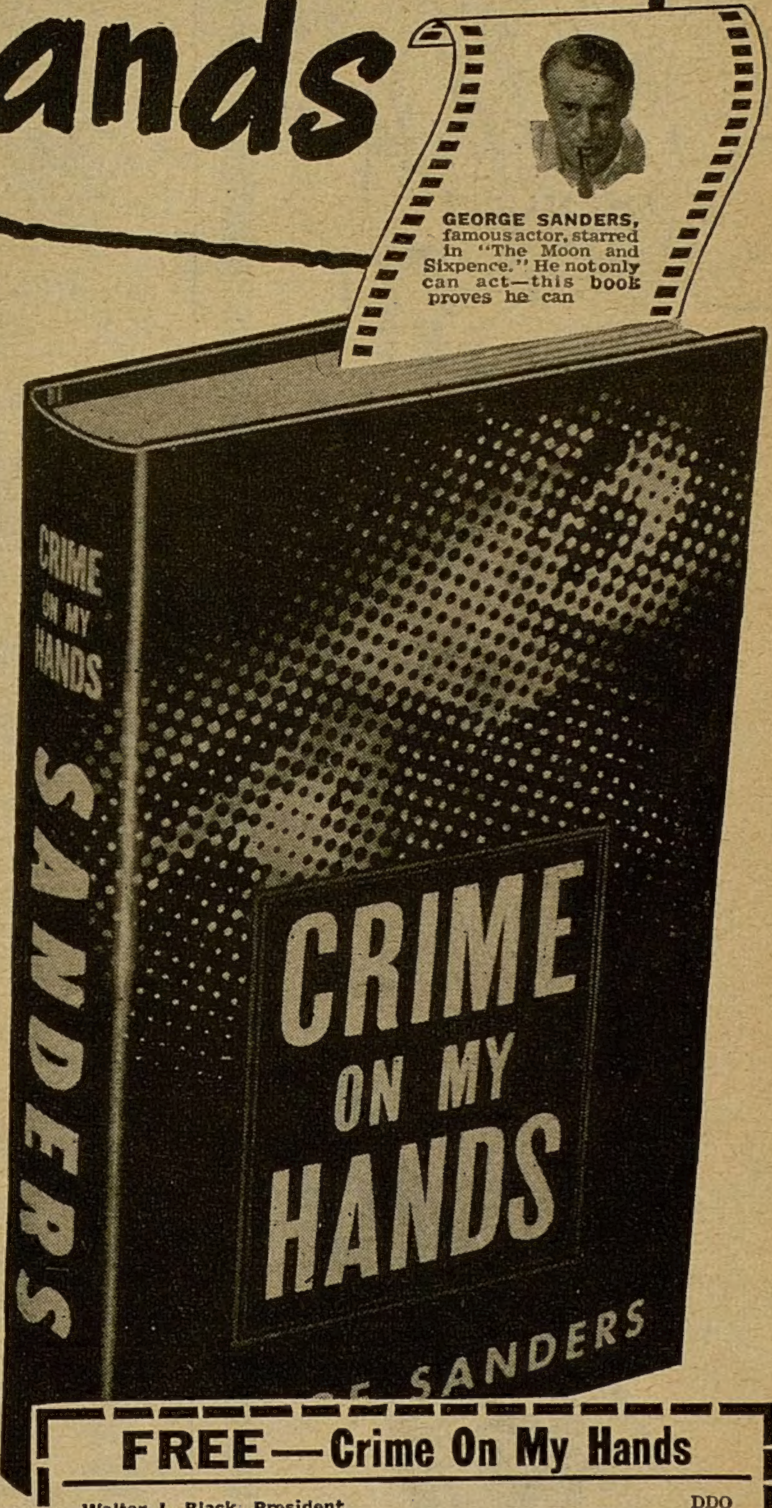

GEORGE SANDERS, famous actor, starred in "The Moon and Sixpence." He not only can act—this book proves he can

George Sanders Was Supposed To Be the Star —But Death Played the Leading Role!

IT IS George Sanders who is cast as the star of a Hollywood super-production—but Death steals the picture! For murder—stark, deliberate murder—dramatically stalks a shimmering world of make-believe!

"Shooting" a desert sequence, the director calls for Lights! Camera! Action! when Bang!—an actor gets a deadly, un-cinematic bullet through his head!

Naturally, everyone turns to George. As *The Saint* and *The Falcon,* he was a composite portrait of Sherlock Holmes, Ellery Queen and Perry Mason. The situation is made to order for him. Dead body, a palpable murder, no clues. So the word goes out: "Let George do it." Trouble is, George *himself* is suspect. The lethal weapon is a .38—and George was brandishing TWO .38 Colts at the time! He realizes that the reel of film will save him—but it disappears. Then the guns disappear! And then, in brutal succession, come *two more murders!*

What Was the Glamour Girl Hiding?

By this time, George realizes that a *real-life* murder is a horse from a different movie lot. The pieces just won't fit. Why did the script-girl throw up her hands just before the *second* murder? Was it a signal? And how well had that Brooklyn glamour girl *really* known the dead man?

George can't answer all these questions, but he tries one ingenious ruse after another to trap the killer. Finally he has him right in the palm of his hand—only to find that the murderer has a gun in the palm of *his* hand!

But read this exciting, hilarious thriller for yourself! See if you can keep up with George as he tries to outwit both the sheriff *and* the murderer. Even if you're a good guesser, the last page will almost knock you out of your not-so-easy chair! You'll have the "crime of your life" with *Crime On My Hands!*

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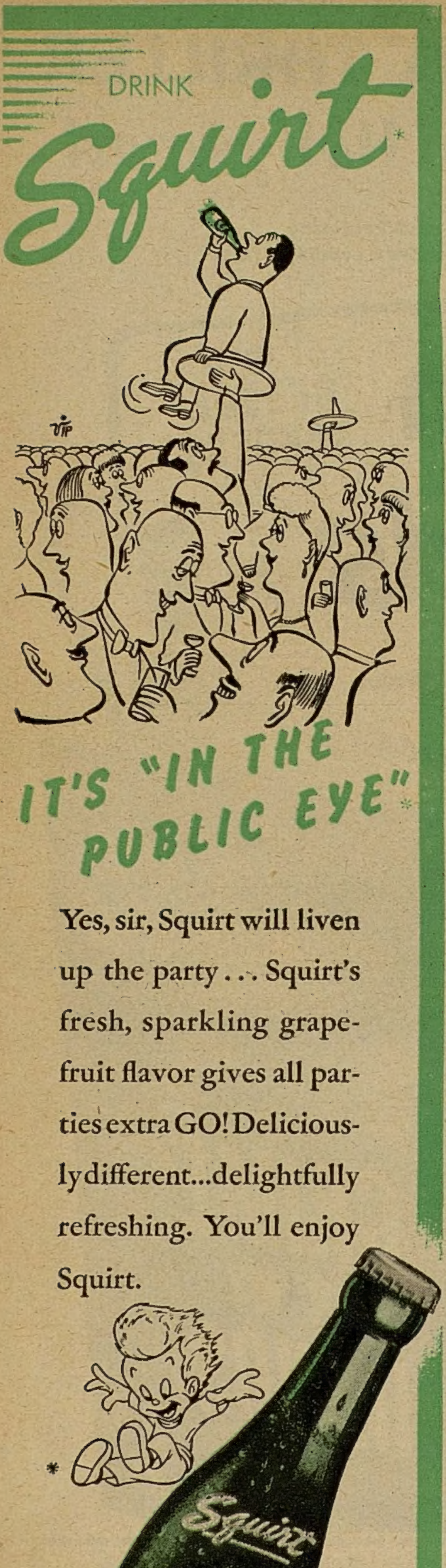
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★ VOX POP ★

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THOSE WHO TRAIN

San Antonio, Texas—Let me assure M/Sgt. W. B. D. that he and his kind are by no means the forgotten men, as he supposes in Vox Pop (June 30), merely because they are kept in this country to train others. When my husband first reported from West Point many years ago, he will never forget how his top kick took the brass out of his brand-new brass bars in a hurry.

Now, after my husband's fourth major campaign in the Pacific, I feel safe in saying that as he and his men stood at attention at the flag raising on Okinawa, he was saying "Thanks" to that top kick for giving him the military know-how. —*Mrs. E. P. M.*

ALL-AMERICAN

Titusville, Fla.—Eleanor Roosevelt's article, From the Melting Pot: An American Race (July 14) so impressed me and expressed my own viewpoints so strongly that I feel impelled to congratulate her and you for publishing such a timely and sorely needed article.

I am a third-generation American. My grandparents settled in the South and became American citizens, and useful ones. My paternal grandfather was a soldier in the Civil War and in the Spanish-American War.

But because of our name we are often reminded of our German ancestry. I agree that when a person from another land becomes an American citizen it might be a good idea to Americanize his name too. On the other hand, a name shouldn't have any more to do with citizenship rights than color does.

Born and reared in the South, strongly exposed to all of the South's prejudices, I still believe in equal citizenship rights for everyone who is a loyal citizen of our country, regardless of color, race, or religion. Until that feeling is accepted by everyone, we cannot have the free country we boast of.—*M. R.*

Anderson, Ind.—Just what is Eleanor Roosevelt proposing anyway? Is she trying to tell us that all races should mix in these United States? Is she proposing that such a step is necessary to solve a problem? Race mixing will not solve such problems as hate and greed, which are at the bottom of all our troubles and which are found in certain percentages of all races.

I guess Eleanor Roosevelt would advocate the mixing of our race horses with our farm work horses just so we could look upon a pure American type. For my money, such proposals are absolutely no good.—*Albert J. McElfresh.*

MAURA MISREPRESENTED

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.—There are a few facts in your article, After Franco, What? (June 2) which I contest.

The author, Miguel Maura, is pictured as a peace-loving conservative middle-of-the-roader. This is a misrepresentation. Maura was on the Revolutionary Committee created in 1930 to overthrow the Berenguer government by force in December of that year. Also on this committee were the known left-wing Republicans, Azana and Caballero. Late in 1931 these men were part of the Cabinet which promulgated a constitution very similar to that of the Soviets, especially in its antireligious tone.

In October, 1934, this same Maura compiled a leftist document denouncing Prime Minister Lerroux as a traitor to the party line for admitting three members of the Catholic Party into the Cabinet.

Largely because of Maura's support of the leftist revolutionaries, the bloody revolt took place in the Asturias in the same month that the leftist document was drawn up. This revolt came so close to succeeding, that growing Communist strength was able to assert itself in July of 1936 in a bloody assault on law and order such as has been equaled only by the Nazis in Germany in recent times.

The murder of Calvo Sotelo in July, 1936, shows the irresponsibility of the government which Maura and his associates had created. It caused the revolt led by Sanjurjo and, later, by Franco, who actually saved Spain from being a Soviet state as predicted at the Kremlin in 1929.—*Anthony T. Bouscaren, 1st Lt., U.S.M.C.R.*

BOMBS AWAY!

Granite Falls, N. C.— I have just read Max Hill's article, Jap War Lord No. 1? (July 28). I believe Mr. Hill is right, and I have wondered why the Son of Heaven hasn't been blown to bits long ago. I understand that our pilots are forbidden to bomb any part of his royal grounds and palace. Why?

If our country were being bombed everywhere, would we not think that, if our capital was spared on each raid, it was blessed and a holy place, to speak of with reverence and wonder? As long as Hirohito and his sacred grounds are left untouched, the Japs will think that he is truly a god. And even if their faith were faltering, it would be reasserted by the bombs failing to fall on their god. I think it is time the whole royal palace and all that's in and around it, including Hirohito, be blown to bits and burned.—*Jack E. Moore.*

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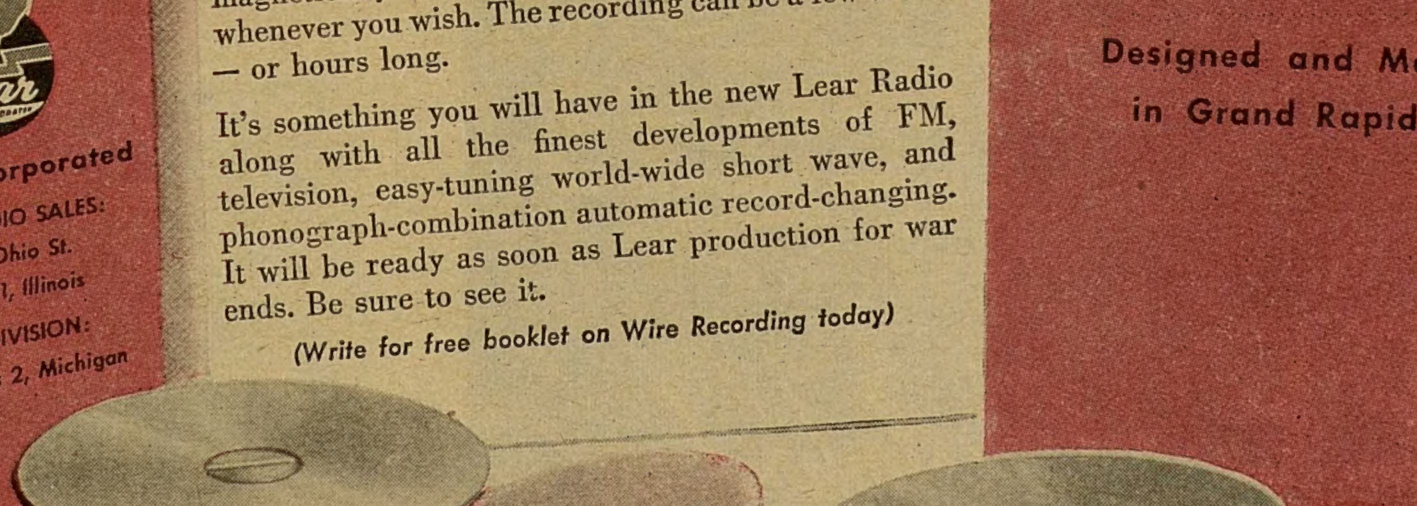

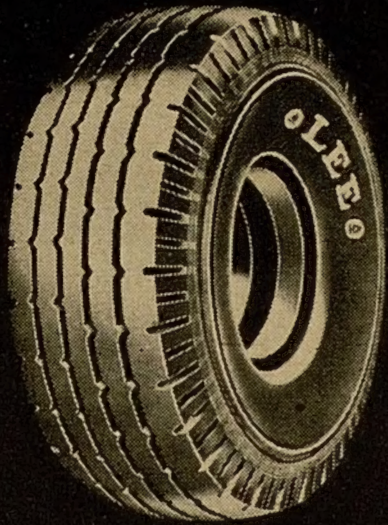

Today G.I. Joe is whipping a big Army truck through mud and sleet with supplies for "the front."

Soon, we hope he'll be John Jones again, driving his own car or perhaps one of those big trucks along America's fine highways.

And the same LEE DeLuxe tires that served him so faithfully on the war fronts will enhance his sense of safety and security as he breezes along peaceful roads.

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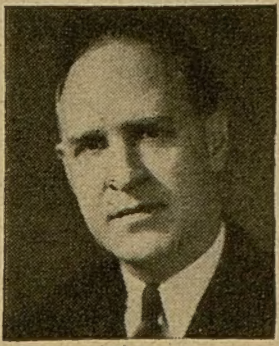


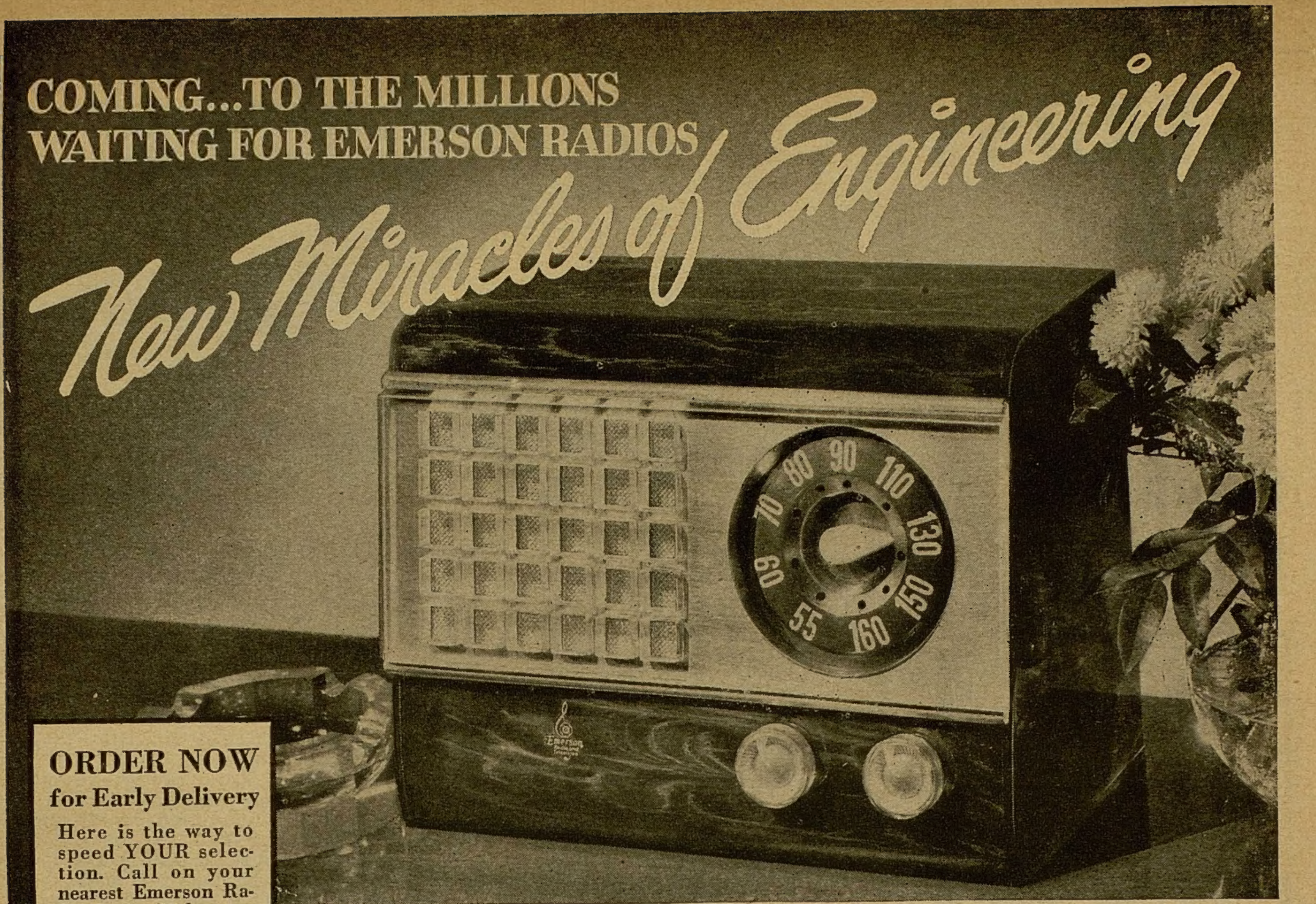
LISTER HILL'S interest in politics dates from his days at the University of Alabama, where he drafted a constitution for a student government, fought for equal rights for its women members, and became its president. In 1923, by way of the Army and the practice of law, he was elected to Congress. For fourteen years in the House he championed forward-looking legislation, such as the TVA; then moved into the Senate, where his record has been equally progressive. Twice elected Democratic whip and a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, he is sponsor of the Senate bill for the building of national cemeteries for the dead of this war. And he tells what the plan will mean to the nation in THEY SHALL REST IN HONOR.

SPORTS WRITER GONE TO WAR

LEAVING New York City College, Stanley Frank joined the staff of the New York Post in 1927. Sports became his specialty, and for three years he did a column of his own. But in 1944 he branched out as a war correspondent, and arrived in England just in time to write the story of D Day—his first straight news piece. He flew with glider troops into Normandy and kept going all the way into Germany. Returning to the United States in December, he has spent a great deal of his time since investigating the administration of the G. I. Bill of Rights. In this week's issue he looks at the facts and answers the question, OPEN HANDS OR TIGHT FISTS FOR G. I.s?

NEXT WEEK

HISTORY, in due time, will measure the greatness of Franklin D. Roosevelt. But here, while his memory is fresh, is a revealing estimate of ROOSEVELT—MAN AND STATESMAN, by Jonathan Daniels, a man who worked very closely with him. . . . In THE INDESTRUCTIBLE DESTROYERS, Ensign J. M. Allderige gives a hair-raising eyewitness account of a Kamikaze attack. . . . Dr. Robert H. Feldt shows you how science is CURBING THE CLOT THAT KILLS with a radical new method for the prevention of embolisms. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, THE CURSE OF THE BRONZE LAMP, Carter Dickson, maestro of mysteries, cracks through with his most tantalizing one.



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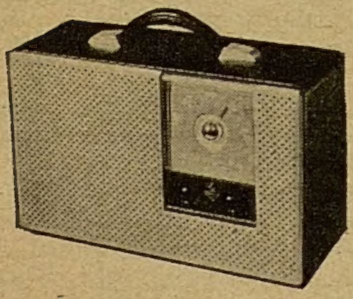

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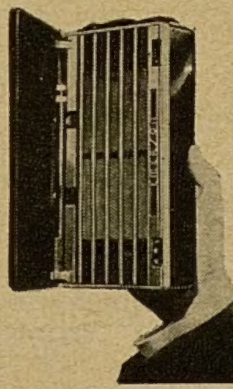

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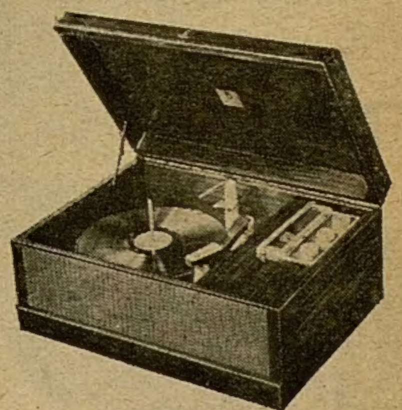

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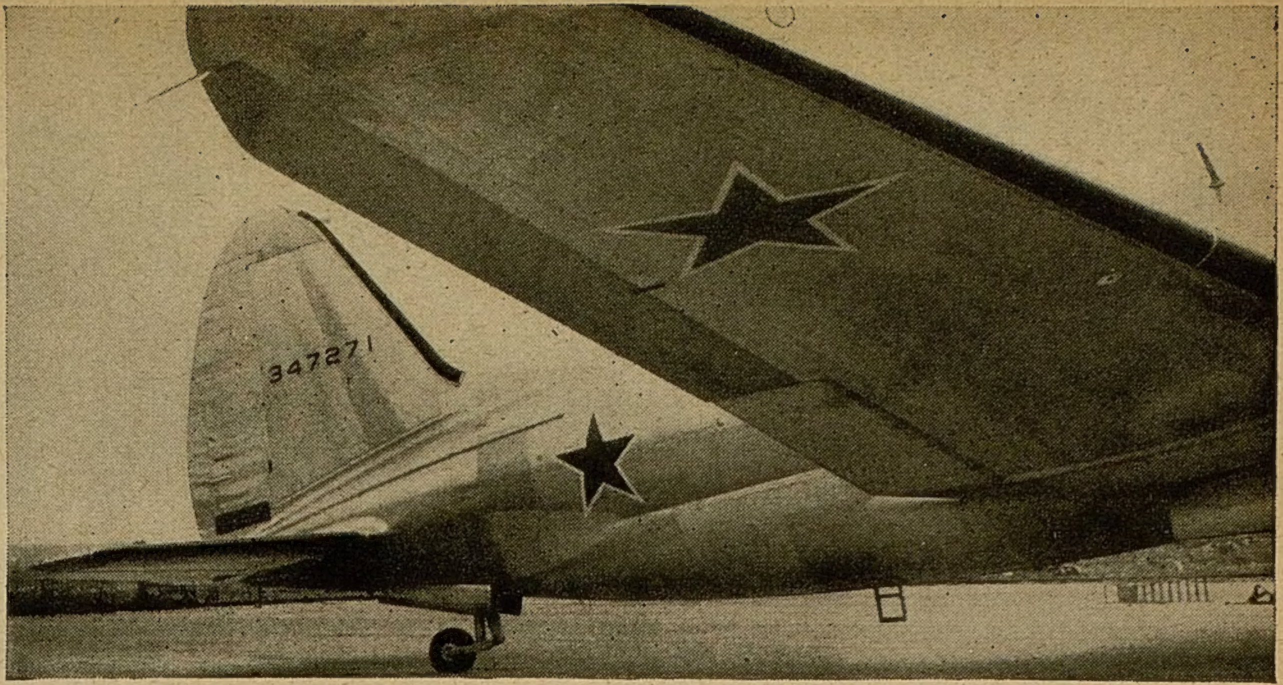

Displaying the gleaming Red Star insignia of Russia, this Curtiss C-46 Commando is ready for delivery at the Louisville plant of Curtiss-Wright.

ON THE BEAM

Thinking of private flying? Go right ahead; the new CAA rules have cut red tape . . . How "grasshopper" planes paid off in Burma

BY WAYNE PARRISH

On July 1 a number of new civil air regulations went into effect throughout the country to aid in the expansion of personal flying. It's now very easy to get a license to fly. The federal rules have been materially simplified, and other relaxations are promised, to be in effect soon.

Ever since 1926 the federal government has maintained a direct control over private flying. Not only was a federal certificate required if you flew along the federal airways or interstate, but the red tape was pretty burdensome.

Private fliers have long protested that there would be no great amount of private flying as long as the bulky regulations remained in force.

The federal government not only established the regulations but exerted police power as well—always, it said, in the interest of safety. The private fliers and the aircraft manufacturers retorted that a private airplane should be treated like an automobile, and that if a flier killed himself it was the flier's business and not the government's.

The shoe is now on the other foot. The Civil Aeronautics Administration and the Civil Aeronautics Board listened to the plaints of the fliers for a year, then brought out greatly simplified rules. The responsibility now rests chiefly upon the local service operator and the individual. The police power is delegated to the operator who services, maintains, repairs, and stores your aircraft. The CAA inspectors will deal more often with the operators than with the pilots themselves.

Some old-timers predict an increase in accidents. But most of the industry people and the fliers predict an increase in flying with no increase in the accident rate. At least the federal government has given civilian aviation a chance to function on its own responsibility, and if things don't work out right, the responsibility is the local operator's.

Colonel Roscoe Turner of Indianapolis, one of the leading fliers of the country, who is president of the National Aviation Trades Association, an organization of leading local service operators, summarizes the feelings of many in aviation thus:

"By relaxing rules which, in the past, have caused many prospective pilots to turn away from flying, CAA now persuades them in the other direction. We flight operators realize that this relaxation puts upon us a real responsibility. The operators and flight instructors are made the custodians of flying safety. Under these new rules, we operators must guard against inadequate flight instruction before sending a student up for his 'ticket,' and at our airports we must restrain a pilot inclined to recklessness."

Another important figure in aviation, Oliver L. Parks of East St. Louis, Illinois, hails the simplifications: "I predict that as a result of these changes thousands and thousands of people will take to the air who have never flown or thought they would ever fly. I maintain that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that the accident rate will not increase as a result of these changes."

One of the South's leading operators, Beverly Howard, head of the Hawthorne Flying Service at Orangeburg, South Carolina, said, "An individual should be able to get a pilot's license and buy an airplane without ever having seen a CAA inspector. A minimum few safety regulations are required, and they should be comparable to those governing auto drivers."

It all adds up to a vast change of attitude on the part of the federal government. Private flying is now in almost the same realm as motoring. If predictions prove out, the simplifications will result in a substantial increase in ownership and flying of small airplanes.

Who Said L-5s Would Be Useless?

It took a long time for some of the airmen in the Army Air Forces to sell their combat-minded superiors on light airplanes at the beginning of the war. The high chiefs wanted only bombers and fighters. They couldn't see any practical use for the little putt-putts of the type that private fliers use for Sunday recreation.

But the little putt-putts and "grasshoppers" have paid off in a great many ways. And now my war correspondent col-

(*Continued on page 12*)

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(*Continued from page 10*)

league, Eric Bramley, writes from Burma about some of the unusual aerial activities in which these light planes have participated. He writes specifically about the Stinson L-5, which was designed only for observation and liaison work.

One of the tenth Air Force liaison pilots in Burma has a simple and direct method for communicating with ground parties. He shouts at them.

Staff Sergeant Andrew J. Dudash of Gary, Indiana, was directing, from his Stinson in the air, a ground party searching for a plane that had come down in the Burma jungles. Realizing that the party was not understanding his signals, he decided to use a more primitive method. He cut his throttle and began to glide silently at treetop level. Then he leaned over the side and shouted his directions to the men below him. The searching party found the missing airplane. (Don't try out such an idea with a fast fighter plane, however.)

Another L-5 story involves Staff Sergeant Claude Lacy of Augusta, Georgia, and Lieutenant Allen O. Pfander of Clarinda, Iowa. They were flying over the jungle in their L-5 when they spotted fifty Japs retreating from Fourteenth Army tanks. Lacy dived on the party while Pfander fired his carbine. They drove the enemy into the hands of the British. If you know how small and innocuous the L-5 is, you can better appreciate the story.

A week later, three other pilots of the First Air Commando Group's L-5 detachment scored another victory. Using hand grenades and their .45s, Technical Sergeant John Gallagher of Downey, California, Staff Sergeant George McLain of Del Mar, California, and Staff Sergeant John Whitaker of Osage, Iowa, forced an enemy detachment to surrender and held them immobile until British troops arrived.

"We were on our way back to our base when Whitaker spotted these fellows, armed with rifles and a light machine gun," Gallagher said. "He muzzed them a couple of times, not being sure what they were, and they threw up their hands in surrender fashion. Guess he didn't know what to make of it. He called Mac and me over to check. We agreed it was a hostile patrol, so I flew back until I came to some British and dropped a note to them that said: 'Think we've found an enemy column. Please come to where we're circling.'"

The three L-5 pilots circled over their prize, dropping hand grenades and firing their .45s, until four truckloads of British infantry rolled up and took the enemy troops prisoner.

When Major Don Saw Red

When the British and Americans started to push the Japanese back in Burma, there were many fierce battles for airfields.

At one particular field the battle was so intense that on one day the British would control the runway; the next day the Japs would have it. When the British had the runway, U. S. Army Air Transport Command planes would fly over, receive a code letter flashed by means of a green light, land, and evacuate wounded. If the code letter was red, it meant, "Don't land; the Japs have the runway."

One day during the battle Major Don Pricer of Hill City, Kansas, flew over the field. From one end of the strip came a green signal—just a flashing signal, not in code. From the other end came a frantic red signal. Major Pricer was taking no chances—he landed at another field.

Later he learned that the green signal was Japanese and the red British. Thus a pilot's caution prevented the Japs from capturing a brand-new C-46 transport and an American crew.

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Etiquette for Bulbsnatchers

Q. What's the best time to snatch a bulb from your wife's lamp?

A. The *only* time to snatch a bulb from your wife's lamp is when it's less than 100 watts. That 40 watter she borrowed from the hall is doing her eyes no good. Replace it with a new 100 watt G-E lamp (15¢).

Q. What do you do when your hostess catches you snatching a bulb from the living room?

A. If the guest room doesn't provide a light bright enough to read yourself to sleep by, we suggest that next time you bring along your own 100 watt G-E lamp bulb *(only 15¢ anywhere).* Meanwhile, don't worry. *She's* the one to be embarrassed, not you!

Q. What is the proper response to a bridge partner who plays a club for a spade?

A. It all depends. If you're the hostess, it may be your own fault for not providing better lighting. The correct behavior is to excuse yourself and return with a 150 watt G-E lamp (20¢) to replace the 60 watt bulb that got in there by mistake.

Q. How can I swear off the embarrassing bulbsnatching habit?

A. Easy as rolling off a log. Just go to any store that sells G-E Mazda lamps. For a dollar more or less you can get half a dozen of the popular sizes, enough to discourage bulbsnatching and reduce eyestrain for a good long time!

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

For every man granted a loan under the G. I. Bill of Rights, a hundred—fed up with red tape and run-arounds—give up the chase.

Open Hands or Tight Fists for G.I.s?

BY STANLEY FRANK

THE Great Day which has been sustaining our hero during his years of service in the armed forces finally arrives. He gets his honorable discharge and he takes time out to kiss the girl who has been sweating it out with him across several thousand miles of frustrating ocean. But as soon as he comes up for air, he hurries to the nearest office of the Veterans Administration. With a triumphant flourish he produces his discharge papers and says to the man behind the desk, "O. K., give it to me."

The man flinches from an unseen blow. "Give you what?" he asks, as though he didn't know.

"Are you kiddin'?" our hero demands impatiently. "The two thousand bucks. It's comin' to me under the G. I. Bill of Rights. I'll take it now."

A charitable curtain will be drawn at this point to denote the passing of time—while civilians grow more confused and veterans more resentful. As every literate American knows, the G. I. Bill of Rights contains, among many other benefits, provisions to help ex-servicemen get loans to buy homes, businesses, and farms. The federal government guarantees half the amount of each loan made, with the maximum guaranty $2,000.

Few people—most conspicuously, few G. I.s—realize that the loan is by no means automatic. It is not given for the asking; the applicant must meet some pretty rigid qualifications. But most of the misunderstanding and subsequent harsh language stem from ignorance of one little fact: the government does not lend the money. It merely *guarantees* the lender he will be repaid half his money, up to $2,000, on approved loans to ex-servicemen.

The loan provision of the G. I. Bill of Rights was supposed to help ex-servicemen to a running start in civilian life — but this purpose is falling by the wayside, snarled up in gobs of red tape

The veteran who needs money to build a home, start a business, or buy a farm must go through the identical process which confronts any ordinary citizen. That's the gimmick, the joker, in the G. I. Bill. He must establish his credit with a bank or an individual willing to advance him the capital. If the Veterans Administration, after investigation, is satisfied that the ex-serviceman intends to put the money to good purpose, has sufficient experience to make a success of the venture, is paying a reasonable price for the property and/or equipment, and is not charged more than 4 per cent interest on the loan, it will approve the deal in time—but give it time.

The veteran, therefore, has only two advantages over the non-veteran in trying to rustle up fresh money. The prospective lender can be shown he is sure to get back half his money, up to $2,000. And the government will pay the interest for the first year on the money it guarantees. This last item saves the veteran the munificent sum of eighty dollars at most.

Comes confusion and bitterness. As a result of faulty, inadequate information—or maybe plain wishful thinking—too many men in the service believe they can get the $2,000 of which the government guarantees repayment, merely by filling out a form. They think it's something like a bonus. Don't ask me, or them, where they got this whimsical idea. The point is, they have it, and the rude awakening makes for chaos and resentment. They don't know of the exacting conditions attached to the loans, and it comes as a shock to learn that the government expects them to repay the borrowed money, including the sum guaranteed by your Uncle Whiskers.

"There is no question about the present interpretation of the law that the veteran doesn't need the G. I. Bill if he has credit," Major E. K. Gubin, the Army's expert on servicemen's legislation, says flatly. "If

(*Continued on page 52*)

That's How Fashions Are Born

BY DOROTHY ROE LEWIS

Where do the styles come from that the girls wear down Main Street? Anything from Stalin's mustache to Eisenhower's jacket might give a designer an idea — but lots of them fall flat

SOME twenty years ago, so the story goes, Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, top-crust Paris couturière, coveted a costly emerald necklace which a Paris jeweler was showing. A few days later one of her customers wore it at the opera. Furious, Chanel vowed:

"I'll fix it so she'll never want to wear that necklace again! I'll make real jewels unfashionable for every woman in Paris."

She set to work at once designing a line of "junk" jewelry—showy baubles of glass and glitter. They became the rage of Paris and, later, the world. Women put their good jewels away in vaults to wear the new imitations.

And that's how costume jewelry was born.

Since Eve first plucked her fig leaf, since the first cave woman adjusted her leopard skin, styles have sprung from strange sources. Such unlikely objects as a baby's diaper and an Egyptian mummy figure in the current fashion picture.

In the past, fashion designers drew largely on the theater, literature, popular songs, and famous personalities for their inspiration. Even some 1945 bobby-soxers have heard of the Merry Widow sailor, that outsize cartwheel hat which was the rage of the early 1900s, first worn in the operetta of the same name. At about the same time Lillian Russell launched an entire phase of fashion, with the large plumed hat its essence. And her influence has returned from time to time in the styles of more recent years, when designers wanted to emphasize femininity of dress.

The Empress Eugénie hat, that little item worn by every shopgirl in the early '30s, was inspired by the small flirtatious plumed hats of the empress herself. The tam-o'-shanter, required equipment for every schoolgirl just before the first World War, can be credited to that grand old Scotch entertainer, Harry Lauder, then at the height of his popularity.

It was hardly a fad, but it illustrates the lengths to which designers will go for originality to recall that important fashion opening in prewar Paris when Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli sent her mannequins out wearing lamb chops on their heads in lieu of hats.

The unpredictable Lilly Dache often has dipped into history for source material for her modern and expensive hats. One of her more recent gifts to modern fashion was the snood, that netlike arrangement designed to hold the glamor bob in place. The volcanic Lilly says women have worn snoods in every period of history.

The Dache snood, bedecked with flowers, richly embroidered in beads and sequins, or tied with bright bits of ribbon or yarn, first appeared a half dozen years ago to induce debutantes of the day to wear at least an excuse for a hat. The first models sold for twenty-five dollars and up. Since then they have been copied down to seventy-nine cents or less.

Dache also introduced the wimple to modern fashion, borrowing a page from the eighteenth century, when women tied quaint triangles of costly fabric over their heads to protect their hair and keep their ears warm. Lilly's modern versions in mink, seed pearls, and sequins started a new rage.

Sally Victor, another top-flight New York milliner with ideas of her own, turned the Yugoslav Chetnik headdress into the hat sensation of 1943-44. It was a side-draped, swashbuckling hat with a tassel or a feather on one side, and fired the imagination of the public. Besides, it was often attractive.

A London bobby's helmet inspired one of the Victor hat hits of 1940, and a casserole in the Victor kitchen was responsible for the prize hat of the 1944 collection. Sally explains:

"I had to get dinner on the cook's day off. I had a frightful time, spilled things, burned myself, and used a lid several sizes too big. Mr. Victor came into the scene of pandemonium, looked at the casserole with its overhanging lid, and said, 'That looks like a hat instead of a dinner!' He was right on both counts. The dinner was awful, but the casserole hat was a hit. I used the outsize lid as the brim, inverted the casserole for the crown, did it in blocked felt, and the customers loved it."

A group of violently striped bathing stockings worn by gentlemen of the Gay Nineties led to John-Frederics' dashing stocking caps, which enlivened last fall's millinery collections. The impish John, who has been called the Mad Hatter of our modern wonderland, came upon the rakish hose while wandering through the Costume Institute.

General Montgomery's famous beret started a hat craze which swept both sides of the Atlantic in 1943. It was credited to various designers, stirred up a small tempest in the trade, and actually was brought out by several milliners almost simultaneously. It was one of those "naturals" of the fashion world—a fad that could hardly miss.

BUT the whims of fashion are not limited to hats, in the present or the past. Our elders' tortured memories of long curls and velvet suits may be blamed directly on the book, Little Lord Fauntleroy, which inspired sentimental designers and doting mothers alike in the last twenty years of the last century. Many a black eye and bloody nose resulted from this unfortunate fashion, as small fry sought to prove their masculinity despite the hated curls, ruffled collars, and velvet pants.

Designers reached into a Turkish harem to produce the hobble skirt of 1910, and women, faithful to the dictates of fashion, minced along with six-inch steps. It was a strange and regrettable phase of the march of fashion.

The lack of girdles during the first World War, combined with the new talk of emancipation of women, brought on the flapper era, when belts dropped to the hips and skirts climbed above the knees to produce the desired "boyish" look. This was the period when all hint of the feminine figure was sternly suppressed, the flat-chested silhouette was the thing, and the debutante slouch the fashionable posture. Irene Castle gave impetus to the trend by bobbing her hair and ushering in a new era and a big business.

Through the years, from ante-bellum hoop skirts to post-bellum bustles, the human figure has undergone strange and terrifying distortions in the name of fashion. One of the most violent was the Harlem "zoot suit," this time a male fantasy. In this case the inspiration was the authentic London drape suit turned out by the best Bond Street tailors. But Harlem and Broadway seized the fashion, exaggerated the padded shoulders to absurd proportions, lengthened the jacket to the knees, raised trouser waistlines to the armpits, and made trouser cuffs skin-tight. Thus came the costume recently affected by adolescents, with its "drape shape and reet pleat," a renegade offspring of a dignified parent.

WINSTON CHURCHILL has been the parent of several hit styles of World War II. The first was his "siren suit," a one-piece zippered garment born in the blitz, which he declared could be donned in thirty seconds during an air raid. He wore one for the benefit of the American press during a visit to Washington, and both men and women adopted the fad. However, the suit made no hit in Russia, where the British Prime Minister wore it to a formal dinner and is said to have offended Stalin, who was decked out in full military regalia for the occasion.

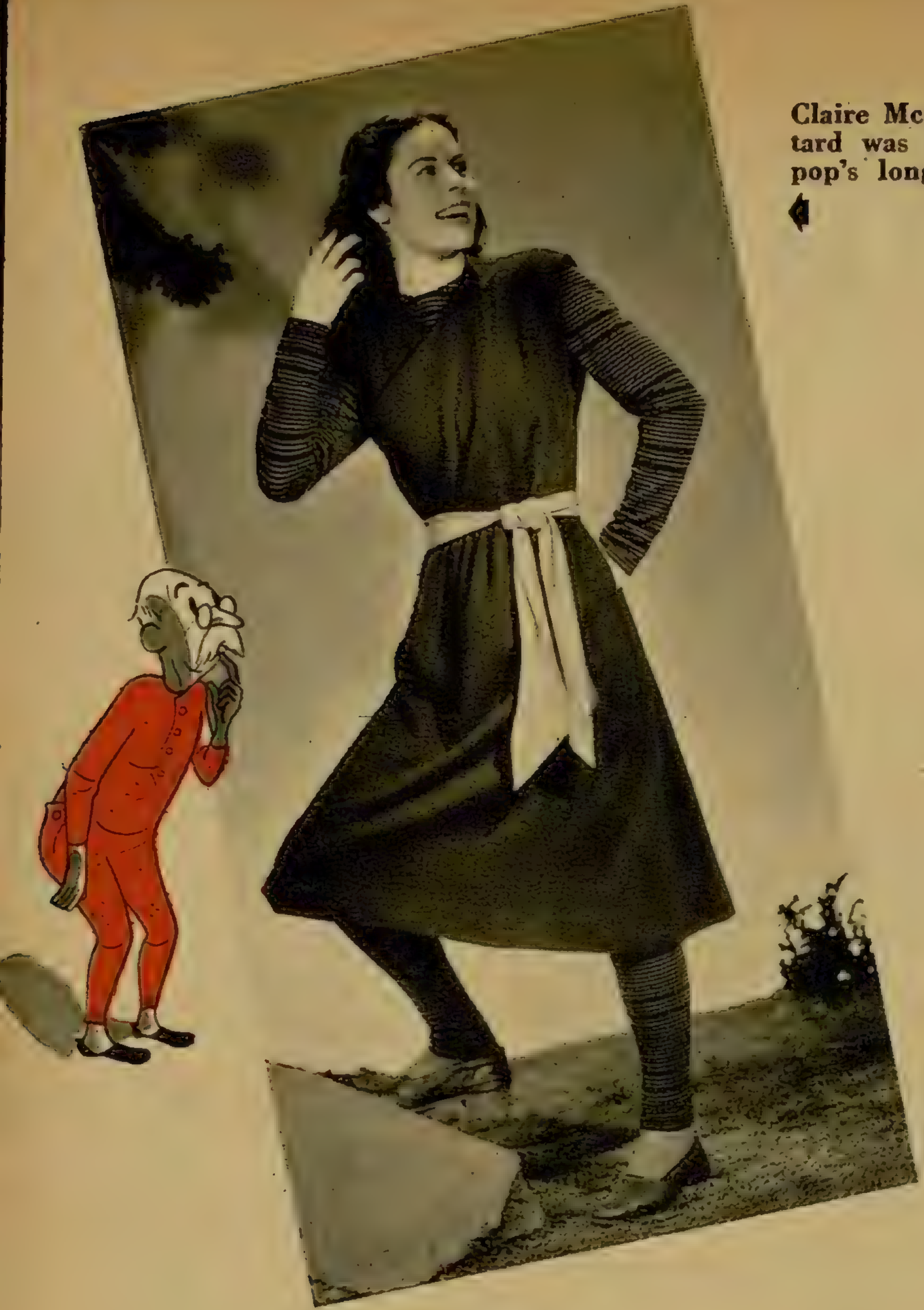
Frank Sinatra, idol of the bobby-soxers, also has his place in fashion's hall of fame. The Sinatra bow tie started a national rage among teen-agers last year, and soon girls of all ages were wearing bow ties of all shapes and sizes. Another Sinatra derivation was Adele Simpson's "swoon suit," shown in her spring collection this year. A slickly tailored little two-piece job, it had a faintly "zoot suit" air, and evoked cries of joy from youthful jive fans.

Dorothy Lamour's sarong started a whole new series of "wrapped and tied" beach fashions which have been going strong for years. As soon as the atavistic Lamour appeared in her first movie sarong, women apparently decided they needed only a similar costume to acquire the same allure, and sarongs sold like hot cakes in sizes 12 to—saints preserve us!—44.

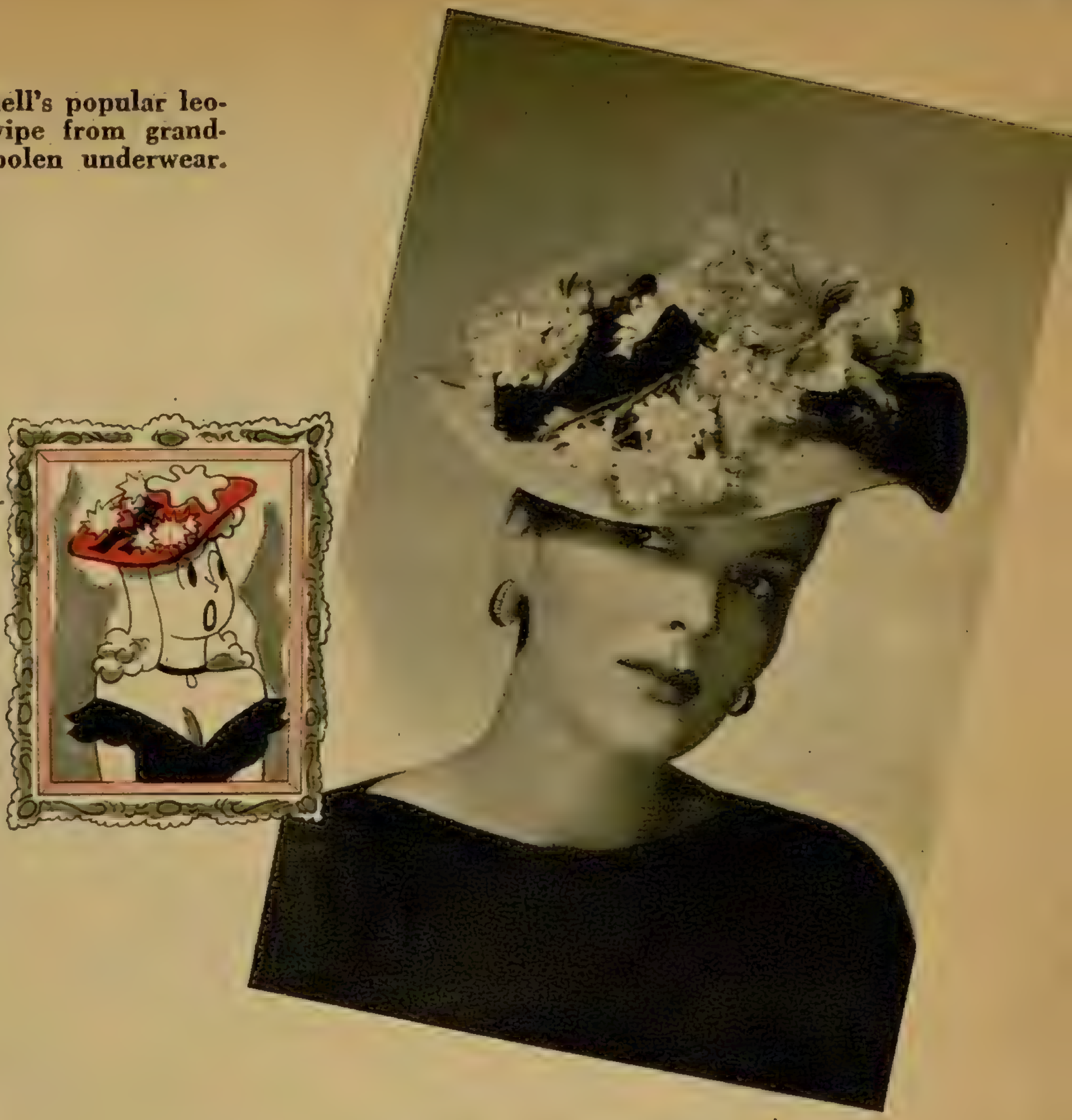
Famous personalities have inspired new colors in fashion ever since Alice Roosevelt started a national craze for "Alice blue" during her father's term as President. The song, Alice Blue Gown, followed many years later. There was a sporadic attempt to launch another Roosevelt blue when Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt became the First Lady, and designers introduced "Eleanor blue" in 1933. But this had none of the success or fame of Alice blue.

Still a third blue, named in honor of the Duchess of Windsor, was "Wallace

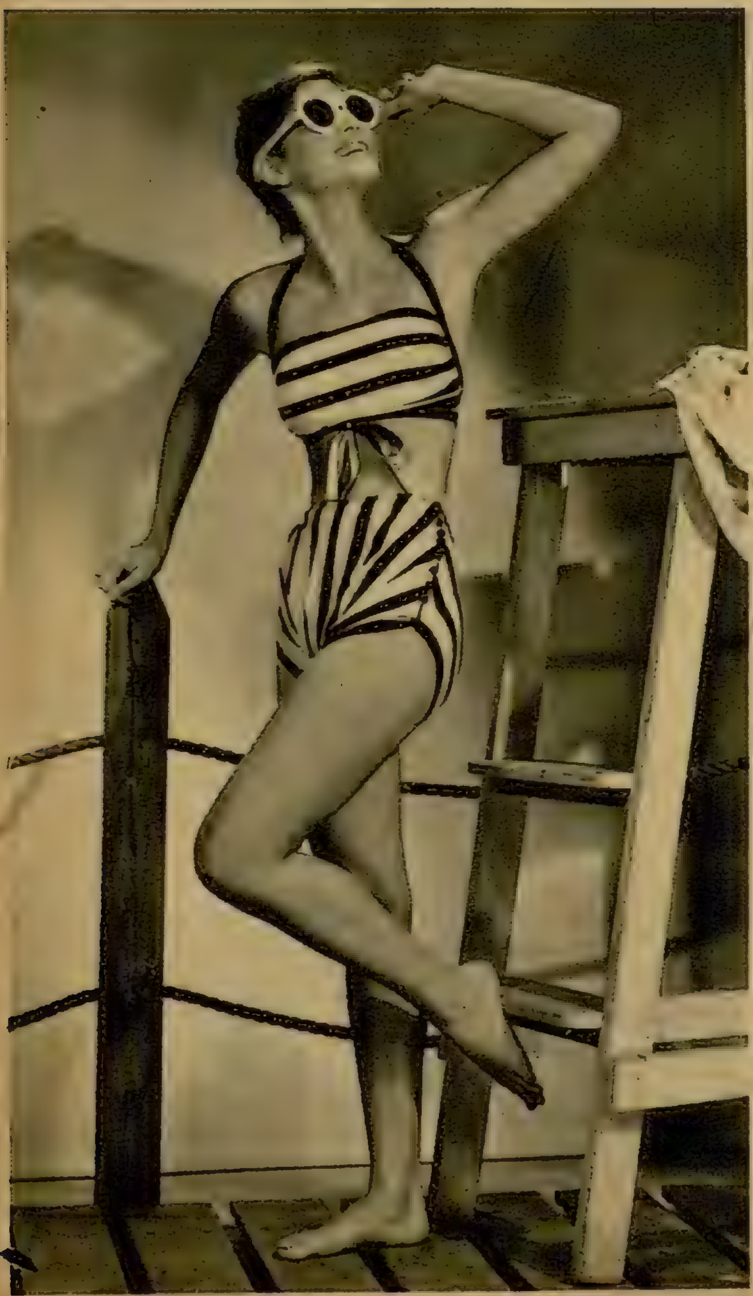
(Continued on page 68)



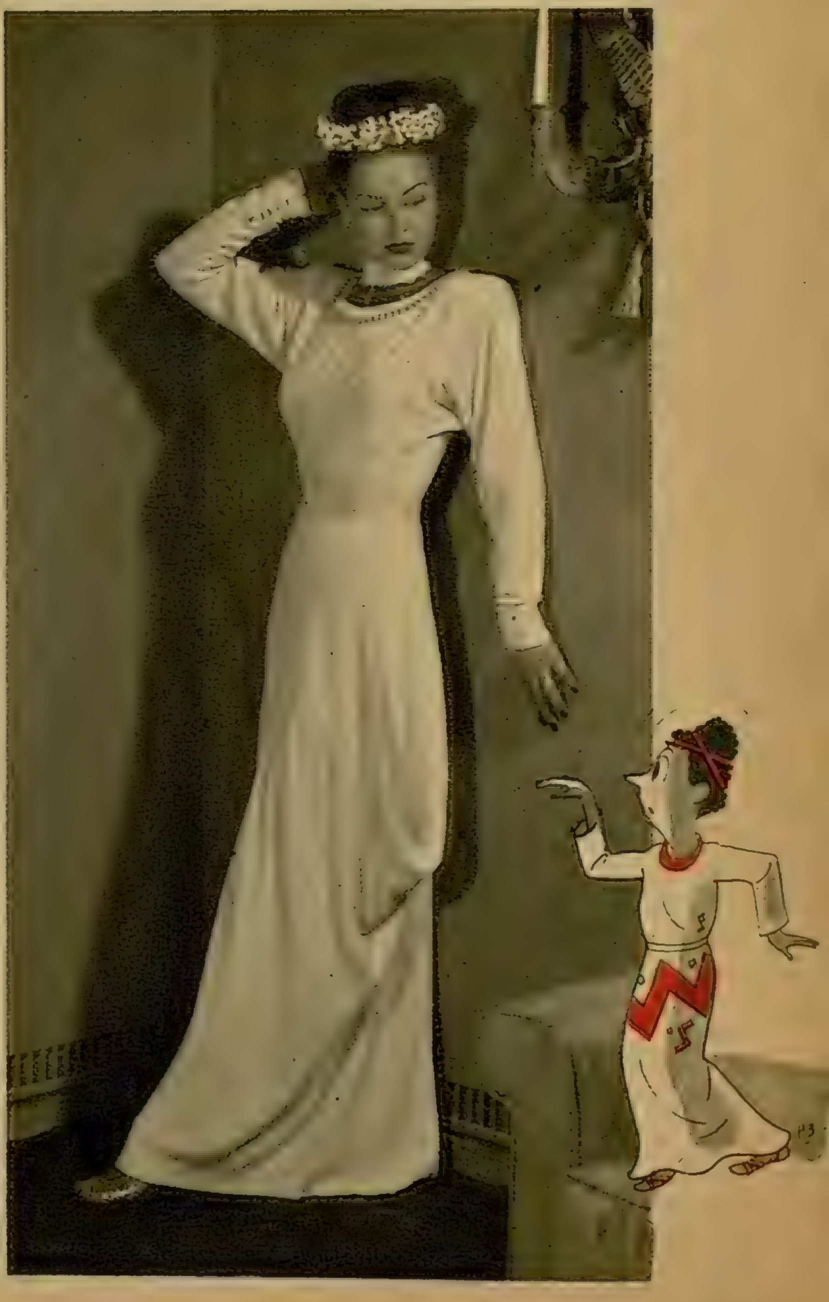
Claire McCardell's popular leotard was a swipe from grandpop's long woolen underwear.



Lilly Dache draws hat styles from history and art. This one is from a Fragonard painting.



What there is of a baby's wardrobe has been adapted in the diaper swim suit.



The ancients contributed their patterns, as in this copy of an Egyptian dress.

BY WALTER C. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

Meng Kai's

"When the Japanese come, Sang Poh, your books will be safe, but if you are wise, you will hide your daughter Mei-An from their sight."

Day of Glory

To one Meng Kai, Destiny had dealt out sorrow and beggary; to another, wealth and honors. Then for one glorious day the beggar had a taste of the rich man's life—and learned the price that had to be paid for it

THE sole possessions of Meng Kai the beggar were these: trousers and shirt of cheap blue cotton, a coolie hat, and a pair of broken straw sandals; a wooden begging bowl and a strip of matting to sit upon; a pilgrim's wallet containing a teapot, a packet of tea, a pair of chopsticks, a bamboo pipe, a pouch of tobacco, and four letters from Meng Lee, his only son, who was a soldier in the armies of Marshal Chiang.

Meng Kai was tall and lean, with clipped gray hair and work-worn hands. His face, marked by sorrowful memories, showed a grim patience. There were other marks upon his face, too—the deeply graven lines of hunger.

For Meng Kai was not very successful at his enforced profession. With war in the land and the city swarming with countless other penniless refugees like himself, competition was calamitous. And all the choicest spots—the great bazaars and market squares, the busy gateways of temples and *yamens* and *hongs*—were carefully portioned out among the duly registered members of the ancient and honorable Beggars' Guild.

That the Beggars' Guild had lost none of its legendary power Meng Kai had learned very soon after his entrance into this new profession. For in his simple ignorance he had spread his mat at a sunny wall near the Milo Fo Temple, shaking his begging bowl and crying, "Do good! Do good!" to the passers-by.

But he had scarcely settled himself when a scowling scar-faced fellow carrying a heavy black stick had borne down upon him, crying, "Away! Be off with you! This corner has been lawfully rented by the Beggars' Guild to Chu Gow the blind, who sits yonder. Would you steal the rice from his bowl?"

"But—but—" Meng Kai had stammered, "are not the streets free to all men?"

"Hai!" You dare defy the power of the Guild?" the hulking fellow had snarled, and with his black stick smashed Meng's bowl into splinters. "Take warning now, and be gone! This time I break only your bowl. Next time I break your head! Away with you—*chop-chop!*"

Never in this world was Meng Kai likely to amass the silver pieces needed to purchase membership in the Guild, so he was forced to keep to the lesser streets, to the lanes and byways and crooked *hutungs* where traffic was sparse and hours could pass without so much as a single brass *cash* being tossed into his bowl.

Of course Meng Kai was free to turn his back on the teeming city and seek for work along the countryside. But to leave the city meant to sever connection with his friend Sang Poh, the bespectacled bookseller of Green Buddha Square, who was Meng Kai's one and only link with his distant soldier son. Lee's letters came to him through Sang Poh's shop, and Meng feared that if he left the city they could not be forwarded, and the last frail link binding him to his son would be broken.

For Meng Kai loved his son with a deep and abiding love. His heart was still bruised by the sorrow of parting.

"Honorable father," young Lee had said one day, "I must take my place among the fighting men. The thought of our parting grieves me, but there is no other way. Only with a gun in my hands can I strike back at these Brown Devils who have stripped us of home and land and driven us forth."

"Wah!" Meng Kai had answered. "The blood of the Dragon stirs in thy veins, my son. And I, too, feel the selfsame stirrings. Let us, then, go together, father and son, and fight side by side."

AT the Army booth in Central Square, Meng Lee had been quickly accepted for service, but the recruiting sergeant shook his head over Meng Kai. "Your years are too many, old one," he had said. "We need men who are young and in the full flower of strength."

"Hola!" Meng Kai protested. "When a man has strength to hold a plow to its furrow from rising sun to darkness, can you say he is too weak to pull the trigger of a gun?"

"Mei yu fatzu" (It cannot be helped), the sergeant replied. "There are rules that may not be broken." And he had added grimly, "If you would help your country, old one, then get thee more sons, for this is like to be a long war."

"The mother of my son has departed to her ancestors," Meng Kai answered gravely. "She was killed by the Brown Devils on the day we were driven forth like cattle from our village. They would not even give us time to build a grave."

"It is a sorrowful story, and only one among thousands," the sergeant had replied. "But do not lose hope, old one. In time these Brown Devils shall be hurled back into the sea from whence they came, and you shall have your house and land back again. Your son does well to lend his strength to this work."

And so the hour of parting had come. Meng Kai felt shame that he had nothing to offer his son as a departure gift except a pair of bone chopsticks. But young Lee had refused the gift. "It is your last possession, honorable father," he said gently. "It is the only thing left to you from our past. If I have your blessing upon my departure, it will more than suffice."

And Meng Kai had looked with pride upon Meng Lee. "Tao keep thee safe, my son. The Three Blessings and the Nine Virtues upon thy head. Remember always that thy ancestors were honorable men, and strive to be worthy of them."

"I will treasure your words, honorable father," Lee promised.

"Send me a paper-writing whenever you can, my son," Meng Kai had added. "Send it to the shop of Sang Poh, who is a kindly and learned man and will read your words to me. I will find work somewhere in this city, so that I may visit Sang's shop from day to day and ask if there is word from you."

So young Lee had gone off to war, but Meng Kai had not been able to find work, and so he had been forced into the one available occupation—professional begging. It was a hard, bleak life, and Meng Kai ate his hard-won rice in grim bitterness.

However, at least it enabled him to remain in the city. And there was one other thing that helped to sustain Meng Kai—a dream, a dream of wealth and pomp and splendor.

Now, to most men dreams come at night, but Meng Kai's dream always came to him in full daylight, in brightest sun. For he had only to turn his footsteps into the Hutung Choy Lung—Lucky Dragon Lane—and seat himself before a certain house in order to summon forth this dream.

It was a secluded house, hidden behind a high red-tiled wall with a tall black gate. A house of wealth, containing many courts—the dwelling place of a certain rich official. And the wealthy official who was lord and master of this blue-roofed palace chanced to bear exactly the same name as Meng himself. Meng Kai the beggar pondered the strange ways of the Lords of Destiny, who dealt out to one Meng Kai sorrow and beggary, and to another Meng Kai wealth and honors and a life of silken ease.

So this was the sum and substance of Meng Kai's precious dream—to use his humble name as a magic key that might unlock the world of untasted riches hidden behind the red-tiled wall.

THE sun rose above the eastern hills like a great round golden gong. A thin sliver of this sunlight, striking down through the mat roof of the unhitched Peking cart where Meng Kai was sleeping, awakened him.

There were dozens of other vehicles scattered over this open space which was listed officially as the Square of the Eastern Gate, but was known to everyone in the city as the Thieves' Market.

Slinging his pilgrim's wallet across his shoulder, Meng Kai crossed the square to the hot-water shop and purchased a pot of boiling water, adding a scanty pinch of his own tea. Thence to the food vendor's, where he bought a dipper of rice, receiving it in his wooden begging bowl.

And as Meng Kai plied his chopsticks, his ears took in the loud and angry debate

(*Continued on page 56*)

Red Square gatherings voice the spirit that will dominate Europe—like it or not.

Will Peace

There has been much muddled discussion about U.S. - Soviet amity. Herewith, the prospects of peace and teamwork are analyzed by an international journalist famed for keen observation and fair judgment

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THERE will without question be a new world war in the discernible future—and Hitler, even in death, will have won World War II—unless the U. S. A., the U. S. S. R., and Great Britain co-operate. This is what San Francisco was about. But even such a charter as that produced at San Francisco is, or will be, meaningless unless good relations between the major powers are kept up. You cannot make peace merely by writing a pact. What counts is maintaining amity among the contracting powers, to give the pact continuous effect.

We have seen in the first part of this article that there is no basic or irreconcilable conflict between the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. in major interests or foreign policy. And we know that nobody actually wants another war—though some professional Bolshevik-haters have in recent months indirectly advocated one. But, apart from these fanatics, why are so many honest and reasonable Americans honestly suspicious of the U. S. S. R., emotionally hostile in spite of our having marched to a magnificent victory together, and touchy enough to cause quarrels? And why do the Russians, on their side, often behave so badly, upsetting applecarts with unilateral decisions which in some cases are little short of outrageous?

There are at least half a dozen reasons. Let us look at them from the American point of view first.

1. Russia dominant in Europe is something new. And it is often difficult psychologically to adjust ourselves to an utterly new fact, particularly if it is unwelcome. This resistance to change is particularly apt to express itself in periods of fatigue, and the war has exhausted most of us. Few Americans are as yet ready to accept at face value the one overwhelming political result of the war—that Soviet Russia now and for the foreseeable future *does* dominate most of the European continent.

2. Russia is a dictatorship. It is, indeed. I, personally, having visited the Soviet Union a number of times, am as impatient with wishful-thinking radicals who see nothing but a rosy glow in Moscow as I am with disgruntled Tories who think only in terms of prejudice and hate. Russia is almost as complete a dictatorship as was Nazi Germany, though the ends in view are, as we have seen, very different.

3. The Russian attitude toward religion, class, and inherited wealth and the vast complex of economic and social forces we call "capitalism" is disturbing to most of us. The Russians have cut straight across the two most precious shibboleths of the Western world, our attitudes toward God and toward money. O. K. Point accepted.

4. The Russians are a tough, unpliable, stubborn, and intensely realistic people who drive hard bargains, cause trouble at international conferences, and pinprick us at the wrong times. O. K. Face it.

5. Russia will "spread out" territorially, and hence is a potentially dangerous aggressor.

6. Russian Communism is still an international force which tends to foment revolution in the bourgeois world.

7. The Russians are "Oriental" and "inscrutable" and hence cannot be understood or trusted by us.

And now let's see what might be said to be the

Be with Us?

BY JOHN GUNTHER

Russian attitude on each of these points.

1. The Russians themselves would, I think, explain the new fact of Russian dominance in terms of inevitable historical development. Europe has been dominated in turn by Romans, Germanic and other tribesmen, French, Spanish, Dutch, and British. The Russians, being materialists with completely realistic ideas about the dynamics of history, think—to express it crudely—that it's their turn now. And perhaps it is.

2. Russia is a police state, a dictatorship. Of course it is. Yet—consider for a moment the spectacular victories of the Red Army. It is true that Russians might, in any case, have fought well in defense of their own homeland, though this was not the case in 1914-17. But on the record it would seem that no army could have done so superlatively well as did the Red Army in this war unless the people stood behind it; this suggests that, even if the Soviet Union is a dictatorship, it is one that its own people accept. No one can believe that the *politburo* of the Communist Party and some thousands of G. P. U. agents were able to prod millions of Russian soldiers into fighting. The Russians fought *for* something—call it an idea, a misguided way of life, or what you will—but fight for *something* they did, which is one reason why they fought so well. So the point may fairly be made that the Russian *government*, dictatorship that it is, was something that Russians, at any rate, were willing to fight and die for.

The San Francisco handshake of Stettinius and Molotov symbolized a step down the only road to permanent peace.

It is now a more or less open secret that when our best military minds thought mistakenly—as Hitler did—that Russia would fold up in six or seven weeks in 1941, we planned an expeditionary force for Europe to number 250 divisions. Because Russia held out and eventually turned the tables, our peak strength in Europe never had to exceed about 100 divisions. So it appears that the Russian will to survive saved us the presence in Europe of 150 American divisions, say 2,250,000 men. Salute the Red Army, friends! Also, I have had it from the best possible authorities that had Russia dropped out of the war, we would have had no choice but to plan for victory in 1947 or 1948. In other words—apart from all the casualties saved—the Russians shortened the war by two to three years.

As to the police-state angle again—and freely conceding that Russia *is* a police state—one might also point out that the Russian idea of "democracy" differs quite radically from ours. To a Russian, democracy means a kind of government where people have a secure livelihood through state controls, and where free expression of political opinion is less important than security of the masses against Fascism and other dangers. This may seem to us a naïve and misleading contradiction in terms. But the point is that Russians themselves, in their present state of development, have been taught to think that way. They probably consider our criteria of democracy just as naïve and distorted as we think theirs. Moreover, the *trend* in the Soviet Union toward what we consider democracy may become very considerable with the passage of time, at least if the world remains at peace.

A final item under this "democracy" issue is that Stalin, though omnipotent so far as we know at the moment, has to control and manipulate and steer around a good many different *Russian* points of view. He has to pay deadly serious attention to what the Army says. He has to think in terms of domestic politics almost as we do. He, too, has his isolationists to consider.

3. The Russians, in recent years, have made distinct concessions in regard to religion, as everybody knows, and it was one of Mr. Roosevelt's dearest wishes to promote a kind of agreement between Vatican and Kremlin. But major social or economic changes are likely to be distant. Russia remains the one country in the world where, in theory at least, the state owns and operates all the instruments of production, where only the state can hire labor, and where nobody can get rich by buying cheap and selling dear. Very well. The Russian system hasn't worked too well—however brilliant a challenge it may be to the future. Why not let the Russians run their country the way they want to? Are we Americans so craven that we fear their example?

4. The Russians have bad manners, drive hard bargains, and the like. The relevant point here, which most Americans don't quite realize, is that the Russians are just as suspicious of us as we are of them—perhaps more so. This derives, in part, from British and American intervention against the Bolsheviks after World War I, and it has been encouraged since by countless moves in Western politics and diplomacy, from Chamberlain's appeasement policy to the admittance of Argentina to the San Francisco Conference. Ever hear the proverb about glass houses?

5. Territorial ambition. This is a subtle, complex, and important point. The chief thing to say, from the Russian angle, is that Moscow is concerned more with influence than territory. The Soviet Union covers, after all, between one sixth and one seventh of the world's land surface; Russia is one country that is *not* land-hungry. Like the United States in the last century, its major domestic problem is internal development, the industrialization of Siberia, the filling up of what in a way corresponds to the old American "frontier." Take the Polish issue. That is a highly painful issue, with right on both sides, which now appears to have reached settlement, at least for the moment. But as negotiations proceed, the situation may change again. The crux of the dilemma in regard to Poland is not territorial. By the Yalta agreement, Poland is (or was) to be recompensed geographically with considerable blocks of former German territory; geographically, Poland stood to gain, not lose, by the Stalin-Churchill-Roosevelt deal. It is not territory, but security, influence, and power that Russia is after.

6. So we come to point six, revolution and Communism, which is the nub of the whole thing. Does the Soviet Union intend to promote, incite, or encourage revolution in western Europe? Will the Soviet Union demand a political price in Asia as "reward" for entering the Pacific war? (This possibility, incidentally, is one reason why many of our generals and admirals, to say nothing of the British, hope strenuously that the Russians will *not* join the fight against Japan.) The issue deserves careful answer.

On the record, the Russians have officially forsworn "international" Communism; Stalin ousted Trotsky, as everybody knows, and the Comintern has been disbanded. I do not say that the Russians have given up the idea of world revolution *permanently*. I'm not at all sure that they have; no man can be sure. They *may*, thirty or forty or fifty years hence, readopt the classic Lenin policy. But, practically speaking, we have to consider things as they are, not what they may be in some hypothetical future. And if anything seems reasonably sure at present, it is that Stalin, a single-minded nationalist, intends to stick to nationalism on a Russia-First-and-Foremost basis. Evidences of this could be listed *ad infinitum*.

Also, it's less a case these days of Russia setting out to "Communize" Europe. Instead, following the tremendous convulsions and dislocations of the war, the Europe of today has become a revolutionary continent. This factor cannot be too strongly emphasized. The dynamics of political relationships in Europe have greatly changed. No longer is it simply a question of the Soviet's sending out some agitator like, say, Bela Kun to subvert a people into revolution; the equation has almost completely reversed itself and it is now a question of people all over Europe looking to Moscow to take them in. The immense polarizing force of a successful Russia, representing also economic and social aspirations which the underpossessed crave almost everywhere, is drawing country

(*Continued on page 52*)

Soapy Dugan's Lamp

It was just a little gold lamp Soapy had picked up in Bombay, but he was convinced it would make an Aladdin of him. So he rubbed the lamp gently and wished for beautiful women —

BY S. L. GOMBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

WE had forgotten when it had first started to rain. But that's the way it is in Burma. The rainy season comes, and just won't go. In the meantime parts of you are going: first your clothes and your morale, then your appetite and your wrist watch, and finally your brains. Honest. Take Soapy Dugan, for instance. He'd been flying with us for two years, and we knew how light he was on brains. But we didn't think the rain would get him that fast. Still, it was understandable.

There hadn't been a combat mission in days. No mail in a month. Just rain. It was too wet for cards, too muddy for dice, too damp for bull sessions. Outside of keeping our machine guns and turrets from rusting away, there was nothing normal to do but gripe.

And on this particular night we had even run out of gripes. The four of us were in the hut, sitting in a circle and staring at Soapy Dugan's lamp — just listening to the rain. The lamp didn't throw much light or heat, yet it had a steady glow. Soapy had picked it up in Bombay for ten rupees, then polished it until it shone like gold. He burned drained engine oil in it, but it didn't smell too bad.

"YOU know what," Dugan said all of a sudden, "I been thinkin'."

Somebody grunted. I don't know who.

"Seems to me," Dugan continued, "that there *musta* been some truth back of all them fairy tales we used to hear in school. Like—yeah, like The Arabian Nights and this—this sailor—what's-his-name—" He snapped his fingers helplessly.

"You mean Sindbad?" Curly Caprio asked.

"Yeah! That's the guy. Sindbad. And then there was another one, with the lamp." Dugan's fingers were snapping again. "You know, the little kid."

"Aladdin." This time it was Ace Hochman who helped him out.

"That's the one!" Dugan's red hair seemed to be burning with his excitement. "Now, here's what I'm getting at, guys. I claim there musta been some truth in that story. There had to be. Otherwise the geezer what wrote it wouldn't have had anything to start with. Besides, didn't I buy this one in India? Ain't it—"

"Wait a minute, Soapy," I broke in. "What are you getting at?"

"Just that maybe *this* lamp is that same magic lamp. That's what!" Dugan's eyes grew wide as he looked at us. "And why couldn't it be?"

"For the same reason," Curly cracked, "that you ain't Aladdin. See?"

"But I don't say I am!" Dugan howled. "I say this *lamp* might be the magic one. Nothin' else."

"Tell that to the flight surgeon," I advised, "and you'll be back in Hoboken in a month."

Dugan jumped to his feet. "Look, guys, look! We ain't happy here, are we?" Nobody answered, of course. "We ain't doin' nothin'. Just sittin'. So what we got to lose? Nothin'! And if it works, we're kings. If it's the real thing, it can even get us out of here—just for the rainy season, you understand — and keep our names off the A. W. O. L. list at the same time. Then get us back. It can do anything! Don't you see?"

I looked over at Curly and Ace. They were both trying hard not to laugh, especially Ace. Curly winked at me.

"Soapy," he asked, "do you think maybe it could get us our furloughs?"

"Furloughs!" Dugan began waving his arms. "To a magic lamp, that's a mere nothin'! You could probably get furloughs by rubbing it only once. And not even hard, either. Come on, guys. Let's all make our wishes now, and I'll rub the lamp. But think of good ones!"

Ace started to cough, covering up his face. I began looking for a cigarette so Dugan wouldn't see me smiling. Somehow Curly pretended to look serious. After a minute Soapy poked him.

"O. K., Curly, you go first. What's your wish?"

"The damned furlough I been waitin' six months to get, Soapy. That's my wish."

"You sure that's *all* you want?" Dugan asked. Curly nodded. "O. K.," Dugan shrugged. "It's your wish. How about you, Ace? What's yours?"

For a minute I thought Ace was going to laugh right out. But he managed to hold it back. "The same thing for me, too," he said. "A furlough. Only have it make sure we get a ride all the way over to Delhi."

"That'll be easy for the lamp," Dugan told him. "A cinch."

It was my turn now. "A furlough's the thing for me," I said. "That what you want too, Soapy?"

"Are you nuts?" Dugan shook his head. "With a magic lamp of my own, I should wish for only a furlough? You can. But why should I?" His voice began quavering a little. "No, I want bigger things, like a real house, plenty of time, and women—lots of women—all beautiful, all in love with me, all dyin' to keep me happy till the rainy season stops, when I gotta come back here. That's what I want."

He sat down breathing hard, his eyes on the lamp. It sputtered a little, sending out a strange flickering light over his face. Outside, the rain got louder.

"Well," I finally asked, "what happens now?"

Dugan looked up. "I'll rub the lamp and tell it to take care of our wishes," he answered. Then he picked up the lamp carefully, tenderly. It was glowing with a deep light now.

"Maybe we should each rub it for our own wishes," Curly said, almost serious, I think. But Dugan shook his head.

"It'll work wholesale." He touched the side of the lamp. "Magic Lamp of Aladdin," he half whispered, "we are four miserable and very wet aerial gunners, and we want you should grant our wishes. We ain't askin' for too much. In fact"—he stopped for a second—"make sure there's at least one strawberry blonde along with my other women when you get started gettin' them together. But in case I went too fast, I'll tell them all to you again."

THEN Dugan began rubbing the lamp, repeating the wishes slowly, while we watched him. So help me, from the way he looked, he seemed to expect the genie to appear, or all of us to go up in smoke any second. It was like a dream. The hut, the rain, everything.

As he finished, saying: "Carry out our wishes, Magic Lamp," we couldn't help bracing ourselves. All of us, as one minute slowly passed. Then another. . . .

But nothing happened. Nothing.

Dugan stared at the glowing lamp. His mouth twitched. He shook a little. He didn't seem to see us any more. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and ran out into the rain, taking the lamp with him. Water dripped on the floor when the door slammed shut.

The funny thing is, nobody laughed. We just sat there in the dark, feeling stupid—and a little sad. . . .

Dugan was still gone three days later, but we covered up for him. Then the first sergeant told us that furloughs had come through for us. Yes, furloughs. He claimed they had been approved for over a week, but that he'd been too busy to get our orders out.

So we packed in double time, because there was a ride to Delhi waiting. And we left without seeing Dugan. Nobody knew where he was.

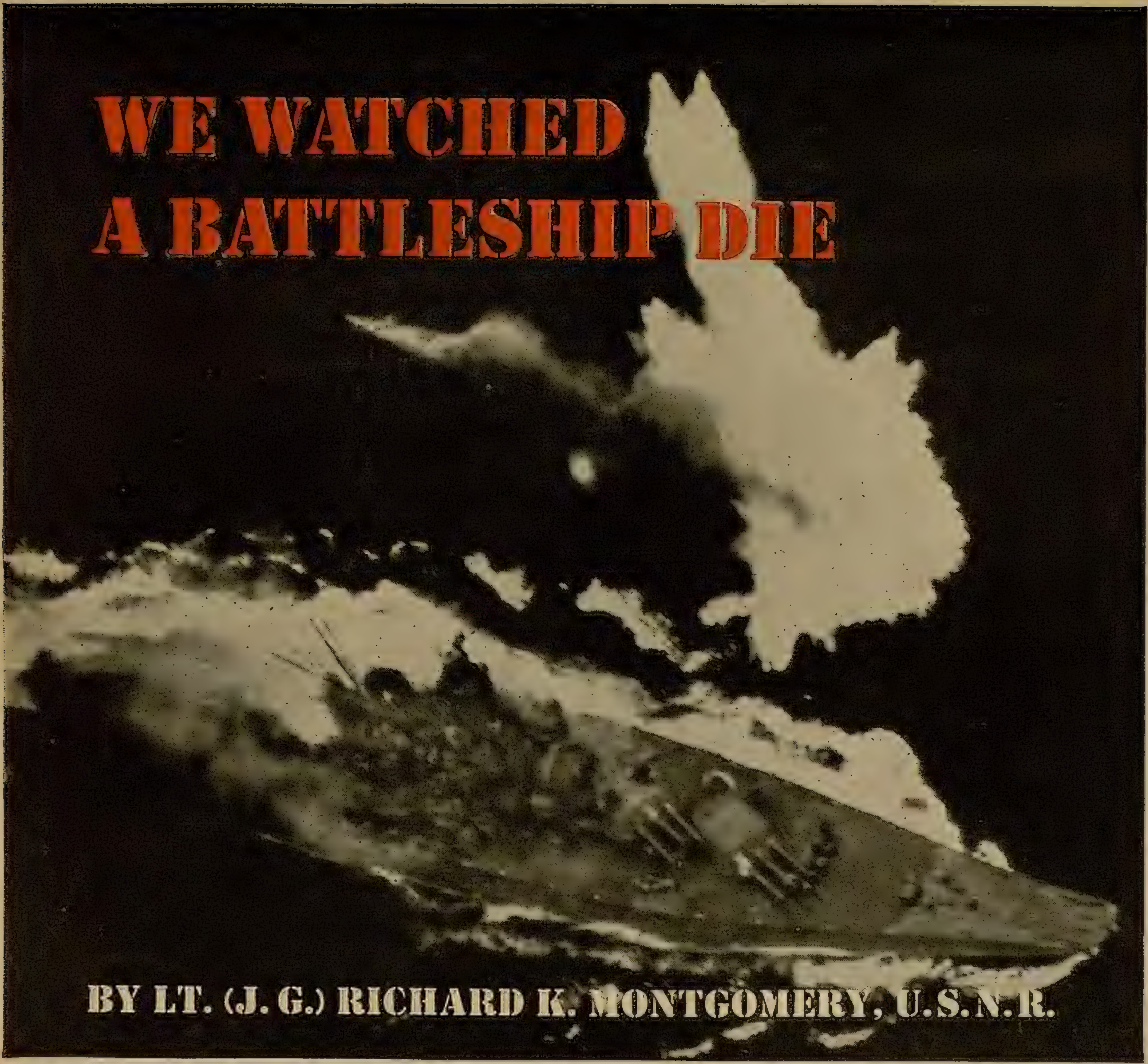
Actually Delhi wasn't much better than our base, only more expensive. It was raining just as hard, M. P.s got in our hair, and we ran out of dough in ten days. The sun came out for the first time today, as the truck we were leaving in passed one of those big Burmese country houses. On the veranda we saw a bunch of girls crowding around somebody in a hammock. We went by pretty fast, but Curly claims there was a guy in that hammock—a guy with red hair. Ace is sure the guy was wearing a G. I. sun-tan uniform. I'm not sure of anything. I feel too sick inside. I'll swear one of those girls was a strawberry blonde.

THE END

Then Dugan began rubbing the lamp, repeating the wishes slowly while we watched him. So help me, he seemed to expect the genie to appear.

WE WATCHED A BATTLESHIP DIE

BY LT. (J. G.) RICHARD K. MONTGOMERY, U.S.N.R.



The doomed Yamato, 42,000-ton prize battleship of the Jap fleet, as our carrier planes roared in to finish her off with bomb and torpedo.

THE dispatch said, "Load with torpedoes."

The howl of delight in our ready room was still mounting when one of the pilots began to sketch a picture on the blackboard.

"Take a good look at it, fellows," said our skipper, twenty-seven-year-old Lieutenant Thomas H. Stetson, U. S. N., of Albany, New York. "That's a torpedo, remember? We haven't even seen one in six months. Do you suppose you still know how to drop 'em?"

Before sundown that night, Stets and his pilots had struck a deathblow to the remnants of Japan's once proud Imperial fleet, putting twelve of their thirteen "fish" into enemy warships and sinking the huge 42,000-ton battleship Yamato and a light cruiser of the Agano class.

The Japs had decided to gamble. Our invasion of Okinawa was seven days old, and Tokyo must have figured that our fleet would retire to refuel and rebomb after so many days of continuous support of the landing force. On the contrary, the fleet was waiting and ready—complete with a full roster of carriers and battleships which Tokyo Rose had been so busy sinking all week. Everybody realized that this would be one of the mightiest naval air attacks ever launched.

The Jap force, scouting planes said, numbered one large battleship, two cruisers, and about ten destroyers. You could have lost it in one of the many task groups that make up Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's mighty task force.

Yet against this mediocre force we were sending torpedo planes, dive bombers, and fighters. When the figures came over our ready-room teletype, the boys stared in amazement, then whooped and hollered. But our flight officer, Lieutenant (j. g.) Clyde "Ugh" Lee of Los Angeles, lamented, "With that mess of planes, there probably won't be anything left for us to hit when we get there."

Soon the noise quieted down as the pilots donned their flight gear, rechecked their Mae Wests and safety equipment, and began to plot in their navigational data. Navigation done, the skipper began giving last-minute instructions. Earlier, Stets had reviewed the tactics to be employed, and I, as the air combat Intelligence officer, had given the pilots the latest available information on the Jap force and briefed them on our air-sea rescue plans, in case they were shot down. Everything had been covered.

At last the ready-room teletype began its rhythmic thumping, and on the screen the order read:

"Pilots man your planes. Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!"

The pilots picked up the chant—"Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!"—which in their slang means, "Come on, fellow, get a move on," and they streamed from the ready room.

I felt anxious. I pictured our Avengers flying through a solid curtain of antiaircraft fire, and I wondered how many of them would come back. But if the boys themselves shared my concern, they didn't show it. Stets had a twinkle in his eye as he waved good-by and cracked, "I'll bring you back a piece of the battleship."

Other squadrons from other task groups already were on their way when our planes took off for the target, now 260 miles to the northwest. The weather was murky, with a solid overcast at 2,000 feet. At times you could see barely five miles.

When the Jap warships finally hove in view, just after one in the afternoon, it was plain they already had been hit. Their formation was scattered, and two cruisers lay dead in the water—one badly afire and sinking. But the biggest prize of all, Nippon's proud battleship Yamato, was steaming away at a brisk twenty knots, heading southwest. She appeared undamaged, save for a fire amidships.

The flight leader, from another carrier, immediately split our task group's planes into two sections. All planes from one carrier would tackle the sinking cruiser and the battleship. The others, including our own carrier's planes, would clean up the second cruiser.

BEFORE attacking, our planes made a wide sweep around the enemy force to make sure that other surface units were not hiding in the rain squalls that dotted the area. As it happened, this ten-minute delay paid rich dividends. Our planes were still sweeping when the flight leader from the other carrier called out, "We've hit the battleship pretty hard. A few more torpedoes should roll her over."

With one cruiser already sinking and only one cruiser left to attack, Stets saw the chance he had been hoping for. Immediately he asked for permission to finish off the battle wagon.

"Can you split your force?" asked Lieutenant Commander Herbert N. Houck of River Falls, Wisconsin, commander of our air group. "If so, put half against the battleship and half on the cruiser."

"Yes, sir!" Stetson replied.

"Then go ahead, and good luck!"

Stetson and the five other pilots in his division broke away from the formation and headed for the big baby. From a safe distance, beyond AA fire, they surveyed their prey. She was showing signs of the earlier attack. Her speed was cut to ten to fifteen knots, and her hull was listing ten degrees. Yet she was far from finished.

"One thought," Stetson recalls, "ran through my mind: What a set-up for a starboard run!"

With her hull listing to port, she was indeed vulnerable to attack from the starboard side. Her hull was cocked at an angle that would raise her armor plate nearer the surface and tilt her thin belly into position to receive the full force of the torpedoes. Meanwhile Stetson concluded that a normal torpedo attack would be an invitation to suicide. The Yamato bristled with guns, and her five-inch and 40-mm. batteries were blazing away like mad, their fire augmented by an intense barrage from each of her four screening destroyers.

The myth that a battleship could not be sunk by air power has been well exploded in this war. But here, for the first time, is an eyewitness account of how it's done. And this time it's the Jap's Yamato which rolls belly-up and sinks

Lt. Thomas H. ("Stets") Stetson, whose flight sank the battleship Yamato. After their torpedoes hit, they saw her blow up.

Facing that stuff would be dangerous enough even if you came barreling down at 300 miles an hour. But today the clouds were at 2,000 feet. If you stayed below them to see your target, you couldn't get up speed enough to give yourself a ghost of protection. And if you came in slow, Stetson knew, those gunners would pick you off like clay pigeons, perhaps even before you had a chance to drop your torpedo.

Stetson explained, "I figured I'd better climb into the clouds until I got enough altitude, then come diving down at high speed, pop out, and make a hit-and-run attack. At least, that's how I planned it in my mind."

And that's just how it worked. It was, of course, almost literally a shot in the dark and a desperate one. His six Avengers would have to chance it alone against the battleship and her four destroyers. This time they couldn't count on fighters to silence AA guns and divert fire. With fighters, too, there would be too much danger of collision.

So, all alone, Stetson's six Avengers skirted the Yamato and drew abeam on her port side. Here he led his flight up into the overcast, climbing through misty clouds which shielded them from observation from the ship, yet were thin enough so that each plane could keep the others in sight.

Flying the compass, they felt their way to a position four and one half miles off the Yamato's bow, and there—with nothing but clouds before them—began their screaming high-speed dive. They popped through the overcast at 2,000 feet two miles away. In a flash, Stetson saw he was a trifle too far out and ducked back into the clouds again before the Yamato's gunners spotted him. A few seconds later they ducked down again. This time their position was perfect. The battleship lay dead ahead at 2,500 yards.

Four planes were flying roughly abreast now—Stetson, Lieutenants (j. g.) William Collins of Bridgeport, Connecticut; William Gibson, Jr., of Huntington, West Virginia; and John Kirwin of Union City, Indiana. The other two were somewhat behind and above them—Lieutenants (j. g.) John Carter of Portland, Oregon, and Grady Jean of El Dorado, Arkansas.

Hard on the Yamato's beam the first four came and dropped their fish. By good fortune, the big ship was turning to port, thereby exposing the full broadside expanse of her enormous hull to the converging torpedoes.

Carter and Jean saw the first ones hit even before they had a chance to drop their own fish. Three explosions sent up geysers of water from amidships to bow, two of the torpedoes hitting so close together that they made a single blast.

As the Yamato continued her turn to port, Jean bore in on the bow to deliver another lethal blow near her forward turret. Carter swerved astern and sent his torpedo racing across the vessel's wake to hit her on the inside of her turn on the port quarter, close to the fantail.

BY now the Jap guns were blazing away with a murderous barrage that filled the air with black puffs. It didn't seem possible anyone could fly through that stuff, with every gun on the Yamato and her four destroyers concentrating on the six planes. Miraculously, though three Avengers were hit, not one was badly damaged. Collins had the closest call. A 20-mm. shell tore into his wing stub, right beside his main fuel tanks. It was an explosive shell, but luck was with him. It was a dud. Once clear of the worst of it, all six planes circled to survey the damage they had done. Plainly the battleship had suffered mortal wounds, for even in this short time she had listed more sharply, and great clouds of smoke were gushing from her hull.

Five minutes elapsed, however, before the full effect of the attack could be seen. Suddenly, as if a child had pushed over a toy ship, the high tower of her superstructure toppled into the sea, her hull rolled until nearly all of her bottom was visible—and then it happened. A column of flame swallowed the entire ship and rose blood-red to the clouds, 2,000 feet into the sky. There the fiery mass billowed into a giant mushroom top, like a thunderhead.

For several seconds the fiery column hung there, then faded into swirling grayish black smoke. When this cleared, there was no trace of the Yamato save a vast slick on the ocean and tiny bits of debris. Her boilers, magazines—everything—must have blown up at once. Perhaps 3,000 Japs perished in the blast.

"It was the most breath-taking sight I've ever seen," recalled Grady Jean. "It made me tingle inside to know that I'd helped to do it. I felt as if I'd really done something in this war."

Meanwhile, ten miles away, another dramatic scene had unfolded. The crippled Agano-class cruiser, which the other planes were attacking, was smashed to pieces and sunk in an air assault which, for concentrated fury, is unexcelled in this war.

When Stetson broke away to tackle the Yamato, the rest of the air group circled the cruiser, while Lieutenant Commander Houck sought an opening in the clouds. He wanted altitude to give the dive bombers a chance for a halfway decent attack. Under ideal conditions, they would have made a seventy-degree dive from 12,000 or

(*Continued on page 75*)

That Girl

BY ALWIN W. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD DOWN

BUD funneled downstairs like a tornado out of control, his stuttering heels making the whole house shake.

Lillian looked up from the book she was reading. "One of these days," she warned patiently, "you'll break your neck. Besides, it pulls the stair carpet out of kilter."

Howard Latham observed his wife's perturbation with amusement. What Lil couldn't seem to understand was that *until* Bud broke something, all the admonitions in the world wouldn't do any good. Odd, how she was unable to comprehend the psychology of a seventeen-year-old. Then he frowned, remembering that *he* would have to fix the stair carpet if it pulled loose.

"Take it easy, Bud!" he said with belated authority. "Seems to me your mother shouldn't have to tell you over and over—"

Bud grinned down at his parents. "Nag, nag, nag, all day long," he groaned.

"Shall I crawl downstairs, or something?" Then, watching his father's face take on its and-I-mean-business look, he said hastily, "O. K. I'll put on the brakes. Always willing to co-operate with the family unit."

Howard warily eyed his progeny's sartorial get-up—the sports jacket that would render its wearer invisible in the middle of a botanical garden in June; the nattily creased pants which Bud had definitely outgrown the day before yesterday; the casual sweater and unbelievable tie; the slickum that made the spiky crew cut look like something an Indian fakir might run barefoot through. Bud, aware he was under inspection, looked nonchalant and buffed his nails on the cuff of his jacket.

"Trick, hey?" he said hopefully.

"Hideous, darling, but I'm sure it's what all the boys are wearing," Lillian murmured loyally.

Howard and Lillian raised their eyebrows at each other as the same thought struck them simultaneously. *That girl.* For no one else would Bud exercise this degree of spit and polish. Lil cleared her throat.

"Going anywhere special, dear?"

Bud looked crafty. "Oh, not so very."

"You're going out with a girl, I bet!" Lillian bridled prettily. "Who's the lucky woman?"

Bud dug his hands in his pockets. He looked at the ceiling and whistled a casual note or two, hiking up his pants so that the cuffs swung ridiculously at mid-shin. Howard chuckled, and Lillian silenced him with a glance.

"Bud, darling," she said firmly, "I asked you a question."

"A girl. Natch, pos, abs, def!"

Lillian's control began to slip. "Oh, *do* talk English, *please.*"

Bud elaborated agreeably: "Naturally, positively, absolutely, definitely. That's what I said, mom. Na-tu-ral-ly, pos-i-tive-ly, ab-so-"

Lillian closed her book with a snap. Apparently control triumphed over inclination, for at last she said too gaily, "Some particular girl, dear?"

Bud opened the hall-closet door, reaching for the battered felt hat he reserved for special dates and fixing the furnace.

"Sort of." He broke into violent song to create an impression of nonchalance; then, looking neither to right nor left, he went loping through the living room like a doe that hears the baying of hounds.

"Come back here, young man" Howard roared. "Now, all we want to know is the name of this—this female. She has one, I suppose."

Bud drew himself to his full height, which was considerable, in an emaciated sort of way. "Sir"—and he made his eyebrows go up and down with simulated emotion—"you are speaking of the woman I love."

Howard put down the evening paper. "Her name, young man, or you don't go out. Come to think of it, how about that Latin homework, anyway?"

"Pat Kelvalis," Bud said hastily. He sidled toward the door. There he paused, twisting his lean face into lines of disapproving austerity, and growled, *"That girl!"* The door banged and he was gone.

"HE'S overheard us talking about her," Lillian said unnecessarily after a moment. "I told you to keep your voice down, dear."

Howard said, *"My* voice?"

"Yours. And I'm worried. Why in heaven's name do you suppose he is so set against bringing her to the house?"

Howard looked baffled. "He says that girls used to meet the family in the *olden* days, but that things are different now."

"That horrible word." Lillian smiled forlornly. "Are we really as ancient as all that, do you suppose?" And she added, without waiting for an answer, "The thing is, he's always brought his other girls around. Why not this *Pat* creature?"

"If only we knew something about her—about her family," Howard agreed.

"Or even what house they moved into! He's so uncommunicative."

Howard lit a cigarette, careful not to let Lillian see the extent of his concern. "That's understatement. But maybe Bud doesn't talk about her because she isn't particularly important."

"Nonsense," Lillian said. "He's been mooning around ever since he met her. He — he's probably emotionally unstable right now," she went on delicately, "and *anything* could happen."

Howard glanced about the comfortable living room. "Oh, pshaw!" he said rather ineffectually. He leaned forward, the worry he thought he was concealing plain to be seen on his face. "Listen. I'll get to the bottom of this. I'll figure an angle. Now you relax."

A look of alarm crossed Lillian's pretty face. "Howard Latham, don't you do anything rash. Every time you figure an angle something awful happens. You mean well, but—"

"O. K.," Howard said shortly, hurt. "I'll just talk to him. From a distance."

"I'll go to the next P. T. A. meeting," Lillian promised. "Perhaps some of the mothers will know the Kelvalises."

DURING the next few days Howard observed Bud closely. He felt that the continuity of his corner-of-the-eye scrutiny was skillfully veiled, until Bud said one afternoon, "Hey, what you staring at all the time, pop?"

"Staring?" Howard said blandly. "I was just thinking."

They were in the kitchen at the moment, dividing the contents of a jar of peanut butter on a loaf of bread just before dinner. The time seemed propitious for a few forthright questions. Howard's observations had confirmed his worst suspicions: Bud had it bad. His gray eyes wore that dreamy, idiotic look; he whistled tunelessly from morning till night; he was using a new after-shave lotion which reeked; and occasionally, when addressed, he replied with a courteous "sir."

Howard took a bite and said, "What about this new babe, Bud? You know—this Pat Kelvalis?"

Bud's eyes narrowed with quick suspicion. "What about her?"

"Oh, you know. I mean, she's pretty nifty, huh?"

"Oh, sure." Bud's enthusiasm ran away with his better judgment, and he added, with a man-to-man grin. "You'd go for her, pop. No kiddin'."

"Er—I'm sure I would. Your taste hasn't been on the sour side yet."

"Well," Bud said, changing the subject hurriedly, "I got to work on the bus now. Swell buy I got for ten bucks, huh?"

Bud had bought a tire-wheel-and-tube combination for ten dollars from a junkie. His car looked as though it had come from the same place. Incredibly, it went.

"Sure, swell buy. But listen, Bud. About Pat Kelvalis. Why don't you bring her around some time?"

Bud leaned against the icebox. "I told you, pop. We don't do that these days." He hesitated. "She'd think I was serious, or something. That I was trying to put her on the spot with my folks."

Howard frowned. "I don't see why." An idea struck him. "We could all go to the movies some evening."

"Oh, me!" Bud held his head in his hands and shook. When he could stop laughing, he gasped, "Listen, pop. I won't elope, or anything, if that's what you're worried about."

"Have you met *her* family?" Howard pursued doggedly.

"Oh, sure. Picking her up for dates, I had to. That's different."

"What's her father like?"

"I saw him mowing the lawn once. He's got store muscles."

"Store muscles?"

"Yeah. Boy, what a build!"

Howard nodded bleakly, picturing Mr.

(*Continued on page 62*)

What's a father supposed to do when his son's best girl makes a pass at him? Bud's father certainly didn't know the answer—but Bud, he was seventeen, and knew the answer to everything

Suddenly Pat put her arms about his neck and looked up at him, her black eyes laughing impishly, her mouth inviting.

They Shall Rest in Honor

BY SENATOR LISTER HILL

Some day our soldier dead will come home from far-off lands. Awaiting them and all servicemen will be scores of great national cemeteries which will serve the living as well

WHAT has America planned for its war dead? The answer to that question directly concerns a vast number of citizens, for a quarter of a million American veterans of this war lie dead in foreign soil. That is far more than were killed in the first World War; it exceeds the toll of the Civil War. Senators, congressmen, and War Department officials are constantly getting letters asking, "Where will my son be buried?" or "How soon can my husband's body be brought home?" or "What is being done to provide a permanent resting place for our war dead?"

Those questions can now be answered. Our government plans a system of seventy-nine national cemeteries—at least one in every state and territory—so that America's veteran dead may be buried near their homes, and relatives may visit their graves with a minimum of trouble and expense. Space for about five million graves will accommodate the many veterans who will want to be buried there in peacetime. But —and this belies a common misconception —there is nothing compulsory about the burial of veterans in a national cemetery. They simply have that privilege. Nothing so absurd as regimentation of our war dead has at any time been contemplated. But no American war veteran must be permitted to lie in a potter's field.

More than merely providing graves for veterans, these cemeteries will perpetuate the ideals for which the slain fought and died. The best of America's sculptors, artists, architects, and engineers have long been at work on plans to make these national cemeteries not only beautiful, but useful and significant as well. Children a hundred years hence will be able to read the meaning of St. Lô, the Siegfried Line, New Guinea, Tarawa, and Okinawa—not alone from history texts, but also in imperishable sculpture. Here our national ideals and principles will be carved in ageless marble.

These cemeteries will serve the living in still other ways. Each will contain a memorial amphitheater or place of dedication, which will be used as a community shrine and civic center for all solemn occasions, anniversaries, and meetings. Here, on ground hallowed by heroes of past wars, the community will find strength to meet fresh crises. The national cemeteries will enrich and dignify those communities in which they are situated. They will give every state its monument, executed with an artistry heretofore limited to a few of the nation's largest cities.

The details have been worked out in the Office of the Quartermaster General, the War Department agency responsible for memorial activities, and legislation for the program is now pending in Congress. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has unanimously reported favorably on the Senate bill which I wrote. Congressman Luther Patrick of Alabama is author of a companion bill in the House. Some details may change, but the blueprint as a whole will hold and will soon take shape.

When hostilities cease, the War Department will ask the next of kin whether or not they desire the repatriation of their loved ones who died overseas. The War Department policy will be this: if 70 per cent or more of the next of kin request the return of those buried in any one theater of operation, all the American war dead in that theater will be brought back. If less than 70 per cent request their return, the Army will bring home only those whose return is requested. All others will be laid to rest in American cemeteries to be established in friendly foreign countries.

Approximate sites for the proposed seventy-nine new national cemeteries have been selected. They will offer burial privileges in the areas of Boston, Hartford, Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Columbus, Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, Seattle, Spokane, Portland (Oregon), Los Angeles, Topeka, Kansas City, Des Moines, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth, Houston, Birmingham, Charlotte, Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baton Rouge, Springfield (Illinois), Little Rock, Richmond, Raleigh, Knoxville, and in many other cities of more than 40,000 population.

THE War Department, carefully estimating the postwar veteran population of various sections of the country, has selected cemetery locations which will be within fifty miles of half the veterans of the country and within 100 miles of three fourths of them. This contrasts sharply with the haphazard means formerly used in locating national cemeteries. If a veteran's family desired his burial in one of the active national cemeteries, they sometimes had to ship his body as far as 1,000 miles and travel that distance themselves to attend the burial services. The cost of shipping was high and the expense of frequent visits to the grave often discouraged the use of national cemeteries.

Today there are seventy-eight national cemeteries in the United States under the supervision of the Quartermaster General, providing at most for 350,000 graves—far less than our long-term needs. Most of them were established to take care of veterans of the Civil War, with little thought as to their suitability or accessibility. Twenty states are without national cemeteries.

War Department officials expect that virtually all overseas dead of this war will be returned to this country for burial in either national or private cemeteries. World War I experience was that 12½ per cent of those returned to this country were buried in national cemeteries. The War Department believes that when national cemeteries are placed nearer the centers of population, about 16⅔ per cent of war dead returned to this country will be buried in them. Eighty per cent of the wives or widows of veterans buried in national cemeteries will also desire to be buried with their husbands, according to War Department calculations.

Allocation of the new national cemeteries among the states will be based on the number of eligible veterans of all wars in the respective states.

This is the way the location of national cemeteries within a state will be determined. Take Alabama, for example. At present, it has only one national cemetery, at Mobile. This was established in 1865 and has 3,003 occupied graves. There is no land adjacent that would permit its extension. Yet at the end of this war, 280,938 veterans, living and dead, will be eligible for burial in a national cemetery. The

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Until America's war dead come home, a grateful government watches over them in cemeteries like this one at Iwo Jima.

16⅔-per-cent estimate indicates that 46,823 veterans will want burial in a national cemetery. Add 80 per cent of that figure for wives and widows, and you have an additional 37,458—a total of 84,281 for the state. Mobile has 1,617 grave sites available, leaving 82,664 still needed.

Birmingham is the proposed site of a national cemetery in Alabama, because it is the largest city in the state and but forty miles north of both the center of population and the geographic center of the state. It is the hub of all railroads and national highways in the state. It undoubtedly will be a focal point for veteran activities in the area. The communication system serving Birmingham would facilitate transportation of remains from every section of Alabama, thus minimizing shipping charges.

Anticipating the necessity, Alabama has already offered the United States a suitable tract of land at Birmingham. Many other cities and states have expressed their realization that national cemeteries will be necessary. There is a growing consciousness that our national cemeteries will continue to have an important patriotic and historical function, in addition to commemorating the sacrifices of the men who lie buried there.

Civic leaders, patriotic organizations, and veterans' groups will co-operate with the federal government to inculcate pride in the local national cemeteries. They will be maintained, as most national cemeteries have been in the past, by veterans of the highest type—men chosen through examination and qualified by experience, background, and temperament for this responsibility.

The actual repatriation of our overseas dead must await the defeat of Japan. However, in order that national cemeteries will be ready when they are needed, their development must be started just as soon as Congress enacts the necessary legislation.

Meanwhile America's war dead overseas are under the care of the Graves Registration Service, an Army Quartermaster Corps division supervised by Lieutenant General Edmund B. Gregory, the Quartermaster General of the Army. Even under combat conditions the Quartermaster Corps is working manfully to discharge its responsibility to the American families at home. As of March 3, 1945, it had charge of about 340 American cemeteries outside the United States, seventy-eight of them in Alaska, Hawaii, and South and Central American countries; forty-nine in the Burma-India theater, and five in China; forty in northwestern Europe, and thirty-eight in the Mediterranean area; thirty-three in the Middle East and Africa; forty-seven in the Central Pacific islands, and forty-seven in the Southwest Pacific islands. Many Southwest Pacific cemeteries are being consolidated in Finschafen, New Guinea. The smaller, outlying cemeteries in other areas are also being consolidated.

In France and England most of our cemeteries are of such size as to make impractical any consolidation at this time.

OUR World War II overseas cemeteries, though temporary, are selected with an eye to the natural beauty of the site, the physical characteristics of the grounds, and the landscaping. Each is laid out according to an established plan.

Our soldier dead are given a dignified, reverent burial, with services of their respective religions conducted by an Army chaplain.

Their graves are being cared for by the Army's Graves Registration Service until their bodies can be sent home.

That is the picture of America's plans for the dead of World War II. We will bring their bodies home as soon after the end of the war as transportation facilities will permit. Every discharged veteran of

(*Continued on page 70*)

Salvatore had watched the scene from the bar and came hurrying over in time to hear Thelma say, "What if I am married?

Little

Clementina, though only ten, was the real boss of her father's restaurant. She had ideas of her own about whom Mario, the waiter, should marry and she managed to make them stick

CLEMENTINA followed the waiter to the table as he served a pizza to Rose Lugano, and her clear voice said, "Mario, must I always tell you to serve from the left? It's just as easy. Please don't throw the pizzas at our customers like a funny man in the movies."

There was a shine that came to Clementina's eyes and a sharp certainty to her voice on such occasions, and those who went frequently to Salvatore's Pizzeria knew how firm was her control. Hers was the woman's touch in the restaurant, and her opinion and taste usually prevailed, though she was only ten years old. She commanded her father, Salvatore, and she bossed Mario, the waiter, and even the customers were careful not to cross Clementina.

Mario shrugged his shoulders. "I been a waiter fifteen years," he said. "Since before you was born, Grilla."

He called her Grilla, or Little Cricket, when he was annoyed, because he knew that she felt she had outgrown the babyhood name her father had given her.

He was annoyed that afternoon, because she had corrected him in front of Rose Lugano.

Rose Lugano was a quiet girl with soft brown eyes and an abundance of shiny black hair worn like a round Italian loaf from her father's bakeshop. She came often for a pizza in the afternoon, and Mario had a special attitude for her.

Mario was the only waiter, and often Clementina took orders, drew beer and served the pizzas. Naturally she claimed her share of the tips, and Mario was willing to make an equitable adjustment. He was resentful only when she called attention to a stubble of beard on his chin, or complained that his apron was untidy, or criticized his service.

When Mario began to improve that spring, when he came to work invariably clean shaven and with wax on the tips of his black mustache, Clementina took the credit for it. Her frequent reprimands, she thought, at last had taken effect.

"Mario is the best waiter in the world," she told Rose, "when he wants to be."

But one day Mario sauntered into the pizzeria wearing a new green hat, his chin shaven and powdered, and his black mustache fiercely waxed. He went back to remove his hat and coat and put on his apron, and when he returned, Clementina noticed his fingernails.

"Look!" she cried. "Look at Mario. He's had a manicure!"

Mario was embarrassed and hid his hands under the folds of his apron.

"No, no, Mario," Clementina said. "Let me see. Oh, yes, that's nice."

Mario grinned and walked off to take an order, and Clementina watched him with a fond proud smile. "Mario is such a good waiter," she said softly. "And now with a manicure, too. It's wonderful, I think."

"It's not Mario who is wonderful, prob-

They like a manicurist to be single, so I took the ring off my finger. I didn't expect anybody to go peeking in my handbag."

Cricket

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

ably," said Mr. Delucca, who had stopped in from his shoe-repair shop for a beer. "It's the new manicurist at Sam's who is wonderful. Hair like spilled red wine she got."

Clementina's eyes were large and troubled as she looked up at Mr. Delucca.

"Thelma, her name is," said Mr. Delucca. "See, I had a manicure myself."

Clementina hardly glanced at the fingernails shining oddly on his blackened hands. Her eyes turned back to Mario.

"She's a nice girl?" Salvatore asked. "Maybe it's time for Mario to get himself a wife."

"A nice girl she is," Mr. Delucca said. "Very pretty, Salvatore."

Clementina examined both their faces and shook her head. Then she said primly, "Mario's too old to get married."

"Too old?" said Mr. Delucca.

"Mario is thirty-five years old," Clementina said.

"Ho-ho," said Mr. Delucca. "Too old! Tina, no man is too old in the spring. Not even old Mr. Delucca, who is fifty-two." He winked at Salvatore. "Your little cricket is growing up."

"Maybe too quick, I think," Salvatore said.

Clementina saw Rose Lugano come to the door, pause a moment, and go to her usual table in a booth. She always entered the restaurant timidly and hurried to the booth like a rabbit to its hutch.

Mario was busy and Clementina went to the booth with the menu. She was wearing a dress that had been a present on her tenth birthday, a gay dress that marked the end of mourning for her mother, and the colors brought out the promise of beauty in her face.

Rose Lugano looked at her sober face and said, "My, Tina, you look sad today."

"Oh, no," Clementina said. "The usual pizza, Rose?"

"Please."

Clementina made a sign to Mario and sat down in the booth, across from Rose. In Salvatore's Pizzeria it was an honor if Clementina chose to sit with a customer.

"I'm not sad, Rose," Clementina said. "I'm worried. I'm worried about Mario. He wants to get married."

The dark blush came in Rose's cheeks.

"To a redheaded girl," Clementina said.

Rose sucked in her breath and her toneless voice said, "Mario is old enough to make up his mind, I guess."

Mario arrived then with Rose's pizza. As he set it down he grinned and said, "You nibble all day in your papa's bakeshop and you come here and eat pizzas every day. Rose, you gonna get fat."

Rose blushed, and stared at the pizza.

"Rose is nice fat," Clementina said.

Mario chuckled. "Tina, maybe you right." He walked away.

"I was on a diet last year," Rose said. "It's no good. I guess I'm gonna get fat all right."

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

CANDLELIGHT COMMUNION—In a darkened tent-chapel somewhere in the Pacific, Seabees receive Holy Communion. Improvised "pews" are sandbags.

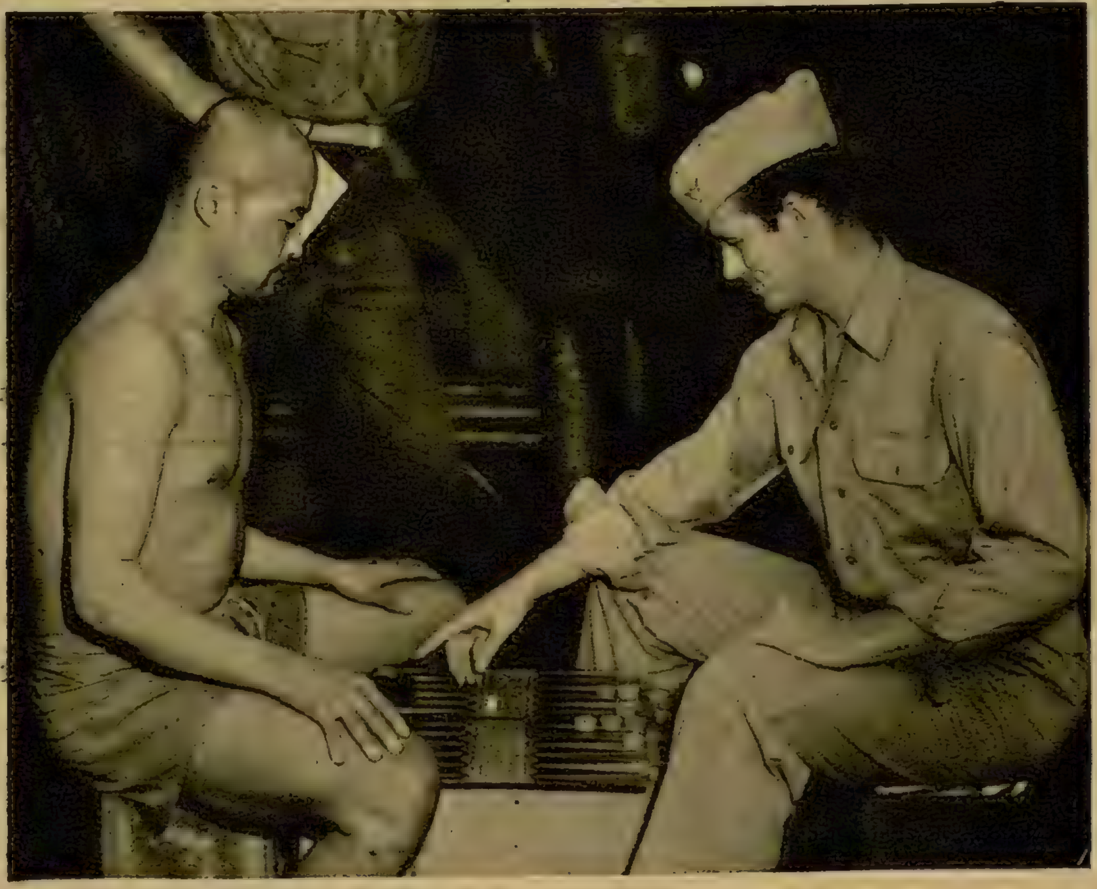
THE HUMAN BUFFALO—Is a tag won by Jack Laemmle, Swiss strong man, eight times world champion weight puller and lifter. He made horseshoes from iron bars during exhibition at Basle, in Switzerland.

WRITING ON THE WALL—But the Krauts never saw it. In Berlin, a British Tommy adds his autograph to the scores of Russian signatures scrawled on the Reichstag wall.

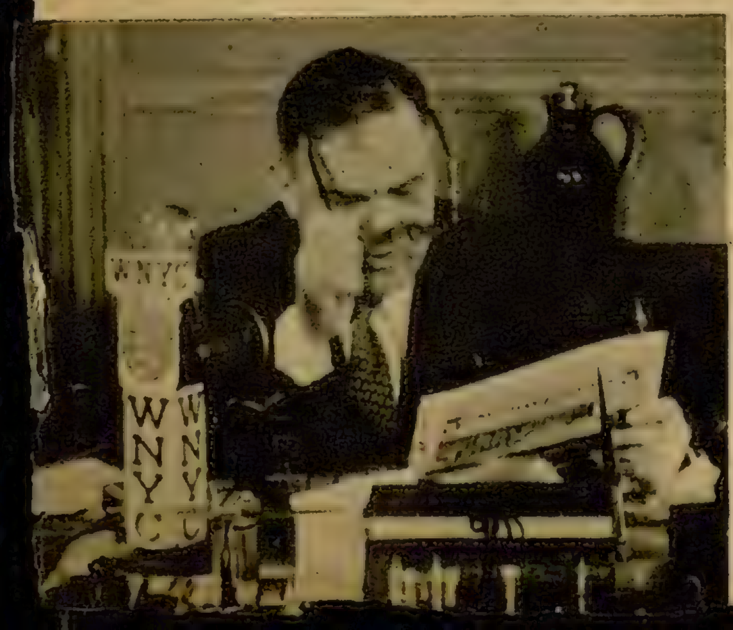
TABLE D'HOTE—Sgt. Jay W. Moore and his pet skunk, Smokie, whom he saved from a pack of dogs, enjoy a furlough dinner in Chicago with the sergeant's wife, who completely ignored her rival.

CHILDREN'S HOUR—During the recent strike of newspaper deliverers, the irrepressible Little Flower, New York's Mayor LaGuardia, read the "funnies" over the air on his regular Sunday program. Giving it all the zip and enthusiasm he constantly musters, the mayor kept his constituents happy by keeping them up to date on Little Orphan Annie, Dick Tracy, the Gumps, *et al.*

HEY, MA, POINTS!—But they're all used up. At each OPA regional center red and blue stamps and gasoline coupons are destroyed after they're turned in. Here's how they are thoroughly shredded at Dallas, Texas.



YOUR MOVE—Captured in the Palaus, where the Japs impressed him into service, this Korean is an apt pupil in the game of Acey-Deucey, a form of backgammon. Coast Guard Lieut. Ralph H. Brown of New York City is the tutor.



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Stallion Road

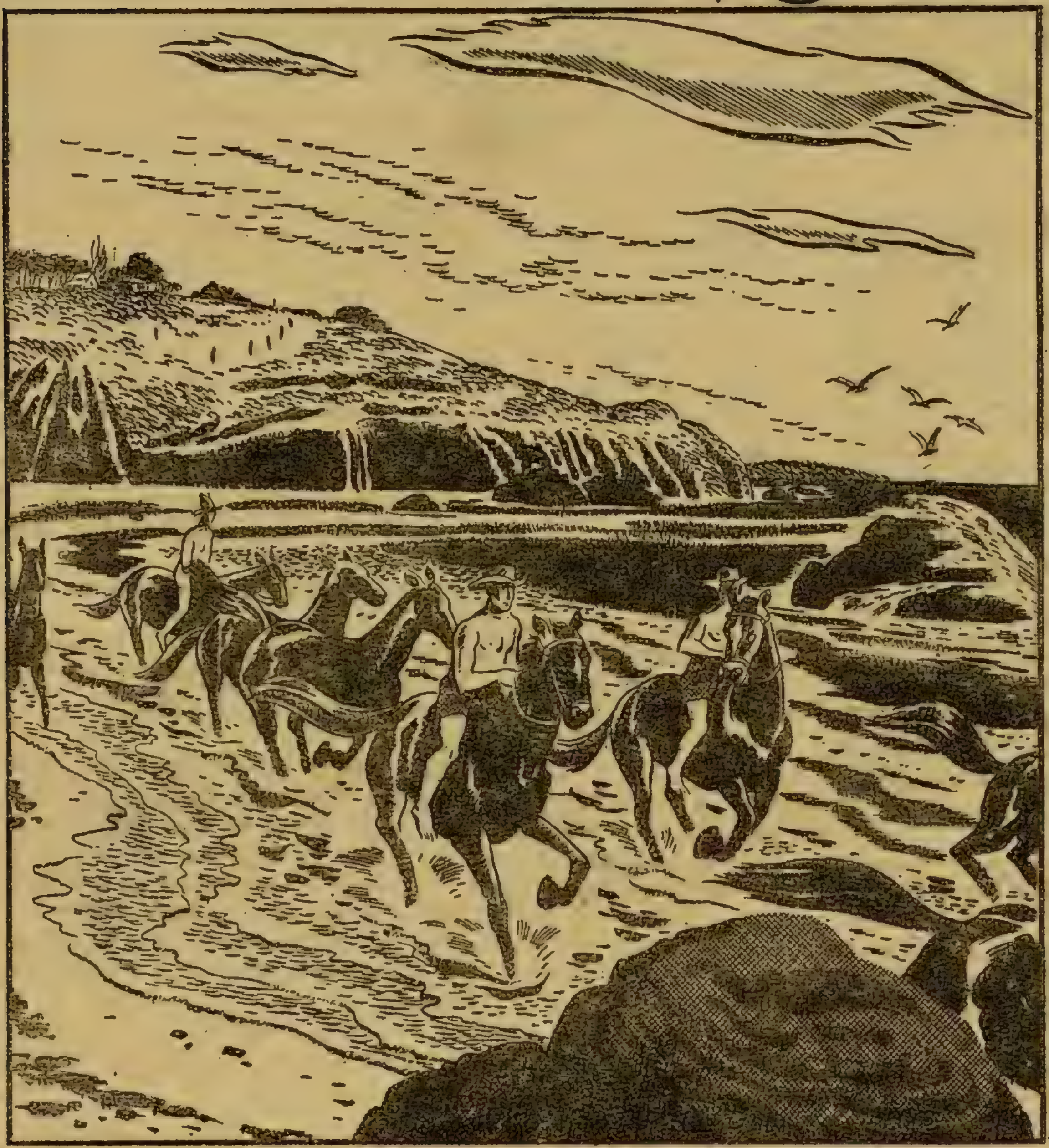
BY STEPHEN LONGSTREET

ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS

Fleace Teller was as high-spirited as the Arabian horses she raised on her range. Her fragile beauty had a dramatic impact on the lives of three men. Their tense story is told in a novel remarkable for its combination of narrative vigor and sensitive insight.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING



LARRY HANRAHAN, very tall in the beam of a heavy flashlight laid on the table, was stuffing his shirt into his pants and pulling down veterinary tools at the same time. Outside, the sea wind was blowing around Stallion Road, Larry's ranch, at which I was a guest, and I could hear it prowling through the garden.

I looked at my watch, ticking on the chair beside the cot. It was ten minutes after three.

"What's up?"

Larry shut his bag with a click and finished buttoning his shirt.

"Sorry, old man. Thought you'd stay asleep. It's a night call."

"I'll go with you. Can't sleep any more."

"All right. You can hold the horse's head in case we have to pump his stomach."

"Thanks. What's wrong?"

"I don't know. The kid just said he was told to hurry and bring me back."

"What kid?"

"The wind has knocked out the phone wires going north. He rode down. He's only ten years old, too."

Outside, the wind was dying down in whimpers, pushing slowly against the trees, and a full creamy head of mist was crawling in from the sea. I was aware of a small figure under my elbow among the jonquils and yellow roses. It was a thin brown little boy.

"What's your name?" I asked. Children intimidate me and I always ask the wrong questions.

"Dud. Dudley Teller." We crowded into the front seat and Larry bunched an old buffalo robe, almost bald with time, around us, and with the boy between us two giants we followed the yellow fingers of light carefully up onto the road.

"Kid warm?" Larry asked.

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"He was shivering a little. He's calmed down now."

"Like kids?"

"Not much," I said. "I'm polite to them."

"I'm going to have six of them."

"Don't you think you ought to get married first?"

"Plenty of time. Kids are all right. Pelón has the damnedest chocolate-colored babies you ever saw. He says the feel and touch of them make life worth while."

"It's a matter of taste, Larry. They've always frightened me with their big eyes and sticky fingers."

"Fleace," said Dudley from the rug.

"What?" Larry leaned over.

"Fleace," he said again, very low, and I knew he was talking in his sleep.

"Aren't they wonderful?" asked Larry, bunching the child up in the robe. I said they were.

A RANCH can be anything from a shack with a soapbox fence around a plum tree to four hundred acres and a steel-framed modern box designed by a lover of book ends. The Teller place was neither. It ran down from the road past meadows waving in the night to a house of white clapboard and reclaimed adobe brick and Wedgwood-blue shutters. A neat old place with huge eucalyptus and live oaks and a big white barn in neat repair.

A large hound-dog with a frayed voice barked at us as we drove into the yard. Dudley came awake and said, "That's my dog. His name is Hamburger."

A girl came out to quiet the hound. The girl held a heavy box-shaped flashlight and stood in the glow of our fog lights, caught for a moment in a certain shy, direct pose of suspended action.

She was a tall girl with slim legs in a man's tight pants shoved into knee-length rubber boots. She wore a man's shirt that molded impertinent little breasts.

"Dr. Hanrahan?"

Larry was busy getting his bag from the back. "Yes."

"I'm Fleace Teller."

It was a good head, with wide brown eyes and a nose a little long but matching a full mouth. An outdoor face, no make-up, heavy eyebrows.

Larry had put aside his bag and lifted out the boy wrapped in the robe. "Here is Dudley."

"Fleace . . . made it," said the sleeping child, and then came a large dark woman and disappeared with him.

"The phone is out of order and I couldn't leave Sulty; she is so sick. Dudley was very brave about it, and Richmond Mallard said you were a good vet."

"Oh, he did," said Larry, taking the girl's arm to help balance her as we crossed a muddy stretch that seemed to drain the barn. We were walking toward the stable, and I was getting sleepy again.

It was a whitewashed stable, and the wash was peeling in great flakes. A light burned yellow in a large stall in which stood a graceful Arab mare swaying from side to side. She was a plump little horse, the pink skin gleaming through the white of her coat. And the very dark eyes over a pink mouth, almost human, gave the mare a womanly quality that was a little startling in a horse.

Larry's tone was very professional, and the girl had lost some of her impassivity as they stood by the mare talking in low confidential voices, as if they had known each other for some time. Larry thumped the horse and pulled back an eyelid and flapped up the great doughy lips and moved the little mare around tenderly by gently slapping her flanks. At last the examination was over.

"Well?" said Fleace.

Larry again opened the mare's mouth and looked at her tongue with great care. With a small wooden paddle he scraped the tongue and examined the hard yellow granules on it with the wooden-Indian stolidity that made people trust him.

"Does she have much trouble with her tongue?"

"It appears stiff and she has trouble chewing. What is it?"

"It's a fungus. It appears in the head mostly."

"Will she be all right soon?"

"Two or three weeks."

"I have her entered for the Horn Award."

Larry was mixing some vile brew in a wide-mouthed bottle. He looked up.

"Rivals, are we, huh? You think Sulty will win?"

"Sultan's Pride is the best mare on the range."

"We shall see," said Larry, and he wedged the mare's mouth open with a shiny spreading tool.

"I hear everyone is entering a horse. But I don't think we'll have any trouble if Sulty is ready to show in time."

"She will be. Have the stall resprayed, burn all the hay in the bale she has been feeding on. It's mostly from infected hay that we get this."

Fleace stood there fingering her flashlight, very tall against the barn wall. "Will—will it cost very much?"

Larry groaned and gazed disparagingly at the girl. "Aren't there any rich horse breeders?"

The girl flushed. "We're not asking for charity and we can afford to pay our bills!"

Larry grinned and began to wipe his hands. "Of course you can, Miss Teller. I'm just a tired, sleepy, nasty vet. Right now my fee would be a hot cup of coffee."

"I'm sorry. Of course."

We followed the girl to a small brown door and went into a low room paneled in plywood and hung with bridles and saddles and faded ribbons and pictures of horses and people proudly standing together during great moments in their lives. A rumpled cot stood in one corner. There were also an electric grill and coffeepot, a box of food, and three books: Neumann's Parasitic Diseases of the Domesticated Animals, Dashiell Hammett's Red Harvest, Villon's Poems.

"Just you and Dudley run this place?"

"Gramp is with us, but he's a very old man. It's hard to keep men these days."

"Nobody buying Arabs?"

"We sold two last year to a rich oil man at Carmel."

We sat drinking coffee and talking horses, and the bite of the hot drink and the smell of it were fine at that hour. I picked up the book of poems and tried to remember my French."

"You write books, don't you?"

"Sure he does," said Larry. "I've tried some, but I'm not the reading type."

"You like Villon?" I asked, shaking the little book.

"I'm having trouble with the old French forms."

"Henry will read it for you," said Larry, getting comfortable on his chair and enjoying the situation.

The girl put down her cup, pulled off her rubber boots and rubbed her naked legs, then leaned back on an elbow. I was getting sleepy again, but I read.

I LOOKED up. Larry was slowly closing his bag. The girl had fallen back on the cot and was sleeping, her chest rising and falling in that slow rhythm that the long strain of watching hours at last brings. Larry put a finger to his lips, pulled the cord from the coffeepot, switched off the light, and very quickly we tiptoed from the stable.

There was a kind of false dawn near the sea, and the stillness of tight-locked night still hung over everything.

Once in the car, I almost slept; sleep was just within reach when Larry's elbow was in my ribs and his voice scattered the sleep I was reaching for.

"There is the kind of girl you should marry, Henry."

"Huh?"

"She'd get you to love children."

"Don't want children."

"I do. Damn trick of nature's, I suppose." He laughed. "That girl—"

"You damn fool! You're in love."

Larry laughed again. "Just like that?"

"What did you want, lightning?"

"I treat a horse, meet a girl. I'm in love?"

"Sure, all reflexes."

"Because she has good legs?"

I turned around. "Listen, you dope. Love is legs, too."

He drove on. "I'll let you know. I don't feel bad."

"You never do at first."

"I could even like it."

THE next afternoon I drove over to Richmond Mallard's. Mallard's place was set among firs and oaks, the grandest live oaks for miles around. It was a U-shaped fieldstone building with a façade of Georgian stucco; nothing expensive-looking, but well built.

Richmond Mallard had drifted onto the Sierra Madre Range with an idea that he could breed polo ponies there, and had soon drifted out of the idea after a bad season.

There was some Southern strain in Richmond, and in middle age he was too proud to go back to whatever part of the South he had come from. Besides, he was a romantic. He believed in things like pride and family, and chin up, and everything is all right in God's world. So he stayed on and put out a neat sign of a running horse mounted by a wooden man in a red coat carrying a banner: MALLARD'S.

Mallard's really existed, for all its good food and fine wine, for the left wing of the house which held the wheel, the faro table, the felt dice tables, and two direct phones to important betting offices, one in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco. Mallard's that afternoon was surrounded by dusty station wagons, a few elegant cars highly polished, and flivvers with truck bodies that still gave off odors of farmyard stock, fertilizers, hog feeds, or greenhouses.

Mallard was host to the Range Group, a loose gathering of ranch owners and animal breeders who could afford to take time off every fortnight and sit around in the dining room (closed that day to the general public) and drink Martinis and sip wine and talk about taxes, horse liniment, and the curse of the gasoline engine. The talk was, of course, about the Horn Award.

A small boy stood at the door leading to the bar, tossing salted peanuts into the mouth of an old wheezing hound who made scraping motions at the nuts and sneezed with joy when he caught one. It was Dudley Teller, in clean overalls and wearing high-heeled boots.

"Hello, Dud," I said, pulling the hound's ear.

"Fleace is very excited today," he said. "Mr. Mallard is giving her an order for a horse."

"That's fine of Mr. Mallard," I said, wondering what he was using for money.

I went into the dining room. The groups and committees were busy at every table. Larry was standing in a corner against a decoration of desert flowers, twirling his father's silver watch chain.

"Hello, Larry," I said. "I didn't know you liked these gab fests."

"Well, I thought I'd run in and get an entry blank."

He slid the watch into its pocket. Fleace Teller was coming out of Mallard's office. Richmond Mallard, with a long lean black cigarette, Mexican style, hanging from his mouth, followed Fleace over to us.

"Hello, doctor. You know Richmond?" There was almost a self-accusatory tone in her voice.

" 'Lo, Larry," said the innkeeper. "Hello, Purcell."

There was a laying on of hands all round, and everyone was smiling a great deal. I knew why Larry had come to the Range Group. It was a very pretty reason, a reason that dressed in men's clothing, didn't use make-up, and seemed to have been born on horseback.

I heard Fleace say, "I'm still worried about Sulty. She isn't making a very good recovery."

"I've been very rushed with this sudden calving going on all over the place. But I'll be out tomorrow."

"You sure she'll be all right for the Horse Show?"

"You may mark it up on your chimney."

When it was almost dark on the range, Mallard's served its last Martini, and we drifted out to the cars.

Fleace and Larry stood by the side of a dusty motorbike, and Larry was busy writing something with professional seriousness on a small blank of paper.

Dud and his hound were crowded into a sidecar attached to the motorbike, and the hound and the boy were almost asleep.

"Here you are." Larry handed Fleace the small bit of paper. "I'll try to get away from the calving long enough to examine her mouth."

"You're very kind."

"Sure." Larry smiled and stepped back, and the girl pressed with a long leg against the kicker that brought the motor roaring into life and the hound into a yelp. With a twist of the handle bars, the motorbike stank its grinding way across the drive and up the road. Fleace waved back with one shapely arm and then the motorbike was hidden by the blue light drifting down from the foothills.

Larry looked at me. "Do you think Richmond Mallard has any morals?"

"Gambling morals?"

"No. I mean, do you think he can see how fine and sweet Fleace Teller is?"

"He bought a horse from her."

"I know. I endorsed his note."

"That's dandy. Neither of you has any cash assets."

"Why not?" Larry started for the station wagon. I followed, wondering if he were naïve or ironic.

A FEW days later we took the horses down to the sea. In the morning, before the day had any visible structure, Larry would wake me and we would walk barefooted down to the wind-ridged sands.

There was the guttural gawk of herring gulls, and far off the broken echo of a whistle from a ship smudging past on the lead-colored horizon. And there was the smell of horses, that half-acid, half-briny, oaty, oiled flavor that is the horse; pleasant, fragrant, a little hard to like at first.

The water was iceberg cold at that hour, and the sea gave up a white snarling foam at its edges.

After breakfast the stallions were driven into the sea, the stableboys and Pelón, the foreman, and his helpers riding them naked. The great horses went plunging into the sea, snorting and raging at this bathing, but liking it, too.

When all the animals had had their sea baths, Larry and Pelón would examine their hoofs and comment on how much good the sea water was doing the animals. Then we all bathed again before lunch and returned to the chuck wagon to tilt our hats over our eyes or recline in shadows—hard to find at noon—and smoke hand-rolls and watch the cook prepare lunch.

It was a simple sort of life—direct, honest, and filling. The sort of life, Larry would say, that people should never have grown away from.

"Look at us—happy here—womanless, machineless—not a machine, not a gadget, not even a radio. The trouble with progress, Henry, is that for every toy they give you, they take away some needed hardship. Chasing those horses through the sea is hard work, but it's good for you. Reading a lying newspaper or listening to a fool howl on the radio may be better than nothing, but making your own life, your own kind of history the way you want it—"

Pelón came over to us and scratched his left ear with his right pinky and winked at me with a sharp intensity.

"We are having company."

I turned my head. A buckboard driven by a girl and pulled by a wide horse was coming along the path from the main road. Following it came an old man leading two white horses, and after him came a boy on an old horse.

I could make out the figure in the buckboard. It was Fleace giving us the honey of a wet smile. Her yellow hair was flowing free in the sea wind, and her shirt sleeves were rolled up as she guided the wide horse down to a spot on our left.

"It's good to have neighbors," I said.

Larry nodded. "I'd better go over and tell them to bring the horses up here to our spring."

"Better invite them over for lunch, too," I said. "It would be very neighborly."

Larry looked at me for a moment as if he were going to say something harsh. Then he smiled and walked down toward the buckboard. Fleace was looking as healthy and as brown as ever in her man's clothing, and I wondered if I'd like her in a dress. It was a hard picture to sketch in my mind. The old man with the Hanoverian face was her grandfather. Fleace called him Pappy Child, but the rest of us called him just Pappy.

Larry and I went down to the hollow and set up the Teller tent and chopped some firewood and put the bedding in order and inspected the three Arabs that were the hope and, I suspected, the entire assets of the Teller ranch. Sultan's Pride whinnied and came over to us and put her velvet nostrils against Fleace's shoulder.

"She isn't right yet." Fleace stroked the graceful neck.

"She looks fine."

"She doesn't eat well. She shivers in her sleep."

"I'll give her a complete checking over soon."

"I want her just right for the Horse Show."

"Still going to win that award?"

"We've just got to. There's a rich fruit rancher at Bakersfield who wants to buy Sulty and the stallion for a good price if she gets that award."

"Too bad," Larry smiled. "Mrs. Astor is going to get it."

"Mrs. Astor is a fine horse, but Sulty is better."

I KNEW this would last for some time. I went down to the sea and watched the sun dance on the waves. After a while Fleace, wearing a white-rubber bathing suit, joined me.

She sat down beside me, and I was pleased to see that she had hips and a chest and the full white skin that goes with blondes.

"Henry—is Larry very much in debt?" she asked.

I turned to look at her closely. "Look, Fleace—I'm a stranger here, on my best behavior."

"I was just wondering how much he wanted Mrs. Astor to win the award."

"Very much."

"His ranch is mortgaged?"

"What ranch isn't?"

"That's too bad, because Sultan's Pride is going to win that award."

"I hope you both win."

"You didn't grow up with horses, did you, Henry?"

"No—only New Yorkers."

"Pappy Child came out here fifty years ago with six horses. In twenty years' time he had the biggest ranch you ever saw. Then horses slumped and slumped, and people bought tin cars, and the grass sickness came, and—anyway, the old days never came back."

"They were good days, I hear."

"I'm going to put the Teller ranch back on the horse map."

"I wish you luck, Fleace."

"Thanks. That's why Larry must have Sulty in top form for the show."

"It's a good thing he's an honest mug, or he'd put drops in Sultan's Pride's coffee and win with Mrs. Astor."

Fleace stood up and combed her hair, and I watched her as she twisted it behind her head, arms high. She looked at me with a candid fixed gaze. "I've got a problem."

"What kind?"

"I'm in love with two men."

"That's no problem. I understand it's very delightful."

"Not really in love with two men. Richmond Mallard wants me to marry him."

"Oh . . ."

"I like him. He's got something real—a kind of hardness; a life from the past. You understand?"

"Yes . . . no . . . I'd rather not say."

"But I only like him. It's not real love. But I'm crazy about Larry. Do you think he wants love?" She was very earnest.

"I don't really know, Fleace."

"I know he's been very busy. But the first night I saw him and talked to him about Sulty, I knew he was the kind of man I liked."

"It was strange talk, as I remember it."

"It was about a horse. We talked about her condition and her— Damn! It was very clinical, wasn't it, Henry? Does that make me more or less glamorous?"

I didn't know, I said, and she went away.

I WAS flat on my back, while the radio on the table was foaming at the mouth, and I could see the world was slowly going mad and no one with time to yell "mad dog." Larry came in with a dusty saddle on his shoulders. He put it down and turned off the radio.

"Trouble is like sex," Larry said. "It's always around."

"The trouble with you is you think you're too smart, with all your animal doctoring, to fall for the sight of naked legs and a wet mouth. Go worry about something you can't get away from. I want to hear Fred Allen."

"Damn highbrow."

AT night the beach took on the feel of deep, dark, wide pools of mystery, and what in the day had been sand and sea and rock was at night a wild stage set as our fire burned brightly against a rock cliff.

Fleace wore a striped fishing jersey with a crew neck and tan shorts.

"There is something about food eaten in the open with just the faintest taste of cinders and the feel of only a flake of grit on it, *compañeros,*" she said, "that is better than anything they serve up on tablecloths."

Pelón nodded to Fleace and poured her some port, his idiomatic soft Spanish low. "That is what I like about you. You eat like a woman and do not nibble like a girl."

"I have hollow legs."

"A toast—from *gente de razón*—people with reason."

"To what?" I held up my glass, a crawfish in my other fist. Pelón patted his bald brow. "Ah, to the award."

Larry shook his head. "No range politics. The enemy is in our camp."

Fleace laughed into her glass. "To the best mare on the Madre Range."

"*Ojalá*—God grant it."

"As long as you don't name her."

THE wind sang to the fire and the sparks flew upward. I gathered up the empty crawfish shells, the corn husks, and went to bury them in a hole farther up the beach. I heard low voices. Larry and Fleace had gone with a bucket to bring back water to smother the fire.

I saw them standing close together, the girl with her back against the cliff. For a moment the embers flared up and I saw her serious face, the eyes very wide and her mouth open, and then Larry kissed her, and the flare died down and I heard her moan, and she said, very low, almost breathlessly, in a voice I had never heard before, "Larry . . . Larry . . ." and she seemed to have difficulty breathing; and his voice, husky, almost bitter, "Oh, Fleace . . . ." and the voices died away and I could just see them standing there.

I dug the hole and buried the shells and debris and they were still standing there, their arms around each other, and I went back to the fire.

I felt suddenly very cold. There was mist rising from the sea, like music of infinite sadness. The fire winked once, twice, and went out. I put my cold hands under my armpits and waited.

I WAS awake, after a night of almost no dreams. I got up, hunted my towel, and looked toward the beach. Larry hadn't waited for me.

He and Fleace Teller were swimming strongly out to sea, fighting the incoming tide, spreading their arms and driving ahead against the full fury of a choppy surf.

When they were about a half mile offshore I saw them turn over and begin to float close together. For a long time they stayed that way. The sea was calmer out there, but every once in a while a whitecap would break over them and they would float apart but drift together again.

I went to breakfast, and there was Richmond Mallard coming down from the pastures, swinging a cane and wearing a small handsome hat with a red tiny feather in the brim.

"Hello, Purcell."

"Hello, Mallard."

Mallard sat down. "How's Larry feeling?"

"Good. He's off swimming with Fleace Teller."

Mallard looked at the sea. "Wonderful girl. I had the nerve to ask her to marry me. To think—at my age to be madly in love. Lucky she wouldn't have me, because I'm in a spot."

"Money?"

"Money. But I don't mind for myself. I've been strapped for years. It's Larry. I hate to appear an unmitigated heel."

"How's he involved?"

"He's been endorsing some of my notes. Just three this last year. But the bank is protesting them. I can't cover them."

"You came to break the news to Larry?"

Mallard lost his poise and seemed to wilt. His hard precise ostentation was gone. "I feel a dog about this, Purcell."

"That feeling will not pay the bank off, will it?"

"No. You're lucky you weren't born bubbling over with charm as I was."

"Thanks. That knowledge and this coffee make my morning complete."

"I mean—all my life I've been getting people into trouble because I could always be charming—make them feel I could do anything."

"Mallard's is doing good business, isn't it?"

"My partner owns most of it. Only the gambling parts are really mine."

"The Horse Show will bring a lot of people from Pasadena, Monterey—money people."

"I feel very bad about Larry. I feel I've taken advantage of him."

Larry and Fleace were coming up the beach, he red and very big, and she slim and wet, the white suit draining down her long legs and her head back, looking at Larry's face as if he had just said something very wonderful indeed. My stomach constricted with expectation.

"Don't feel so bad about it all, Mallard. Larry has just swiped your girl."

Mallard stood up and looked, first at me and then at the couple and blinked, as if in pain behind the eyeballs. They greeted each other loudly and with earnest cries that they were happy to see each other.

Fleace popped off her bathing cap and handed it to Mallard and shook water from her ears. "It was very good today, Henry. Cold, and just enough punch to the water to make it hardy."

Mallard put the white cap on his cane and twirled it over his head. "I was wondering if I couldn't take you out to dinner at Santa Barbara, Fleace. I've got a fast car."

Larry was blowing into a towel and rubbing his ears. "Fleace and I are going for a ride in the hills."

Mallard and Larry looked at each other. It wasn't a good moment for them, and even if there wasn't any hate, there was a certain tight feeling that seemed to stretch their friendship like a rubber band at the point of snapping.

"Have a moment alone with you, Larry?" Mallard said. I remembered the notes and wondered how it would affect Larry.

"Sure," Larry answered gaily.

I watched the two men walk toward the beach. They were, I thought, fine men.

THERE was a crazy pigeon called Pidgy, because he wasn't bright enough to have any other name, and he used to come in the morning and sit on my window sill at Stallion Road and look at me. I came awake feeling I was being spied on, and there was Pidgy watching me with his round simple eyes. I stretched and turned, and there, too, was Larry in his whipcords, sitting on his desk with the phone at his ear.

". . . there isn't any danger. I tested everything under the high-power lens. You say you destroyed the bale of infected hay? Well, then, you're all right. Look, Fleace. There is hog trouble up at Dutch's place and I'll be there all morning. It's cross-country from your place, but I'll see you at noon."

I sat up and got into slippers and hunted a towel. I had a swim and floated a while and came back and Larry was still on the phone. The talk was no longer about horses.

"Look, honey. Mallard is a fine man and a gentleman, but he can't come around and take my girl. All right, I took *his* girl! All right, you're *nobody's* girl—you are fond of us. What I mean is . . . All right, honey, you go back to Sulty and I'll be over at noon."

He hung up and turned to me with a sentimental look on his face. "That was Fleace."

"I thought it was Honey."

"Don't be so witty so early in the morning."

"That wasn't witty, Larry."

"I'm a lowbrow. I wouldn't know."

"How sick is Sulty?"

"Not sick at all—just spoiled."

He sat down and looked at his hands. There was a quiet simplicity in his voice: "You ever been in love, Henry?"

"Never mind me."

"Well, I'm off the deep end. I've got it and very hard. Maybe you think I've reached my age full of ideas about the ideal woman. Well, I haven't. Always was busy studying, running the ranch."

"Gambling, drinking wine, singing songs with the horse hands."

"All right, that, too. But the animal life, that was my life. To me, this range was a little world, see? And I was here to keep it running. Because if the animals failed, the ranches would fail, and then we would be here like the outside world—going mad, doing dirty things. Don't think I mean we want to cut ourselves off from everything. We want to be an example, want to keep what we have and stay what we are. You understand me?"

"Almost."

"I guess I better forget speeches. Anyway, now that I've figured out why I stay and why I do things, I want somebody to share it with. Now laugh."

I buttoned my shirt. "I'm not laughing."

He patted my arm. "You listen good, anyway. Want to come along to Dutch's?"

"I've seen a pig."

He went out and I sat a while and then went up for breakfast.

I spent the rest of the morning in the corral helping Pelón with a young colt that was being broken to the bridle, bit, and saddle. The new colt went through his fears and lessons, and when he stood there champing, foaming around the bit but not acting up, I felt very good. I had helped, too, and felt the physical, horsy intimacy. One of the hands came down to us and said I was wanted on the surgery phone.

I went up there and found out it was Richmond Mallard.

"Where in all hell-fire is Larry?"

"Out."

"I'm calling from Fleace's—the Teller place."

"I see."

"Larry was supposed to be here at noon. Sultan's Pride is very sick."

"He should be there."

"Where is he?"

"At Dutch's."

"Dutch has no phone."

"No. Is the mare really very ill?"

"She's off her feet. Fleace is going insane. It's enough to give her ideas Larry is doing this to keep her mare out of the Horse Show."

I thought a minute and looked at the table and drummed my fingers.

"You wouldn't be putting ideas like that into a young girl's mind, would you, Mallard?"

"What? Of course not. But we've been sitting here waiting—and talking."

Perhaps I was a little too curt. "I'll tell Larry about the mare as soon as he calls in."

I hung up and sat down full of painful premonitions and made myself a cigarette and put the fixings away. I smoked, and didn't like what I thought. Mallard was a very slick hombre and Fleace was very young, with fluctuating emotions. And the insinuating remark about Larry not doctoring Sultan's Pride because he wanted Mrs. Astor to win would be foolish—unless something did happen to the mare. Fleace would think back, and Mallard would be very pleased to find he was ahead with the girl. Or was I an apprehensive sap?

I needed courage for the long drive over bad roads to Dutch's place in the dreary foothills. I stopped in at Mallard's to have a small beer and call the ranch. Phillippi was decorating a ham with cloves and aspic behind the cold-cut table and I took my beer over to him.

"Mr. Mallard been gone all day?"

"All day. He is almost living now at that Teller place."

"What do you think, Phillippi?"

He waved his hands and looked at the ham. "What do I think? I think men are fools over women."

"I mean, what's going to be?"

"Mr. Mallard will marry her. Your friend doc is a fine fellow, you understand, but with a woman, the devil knows—and what the devil knows, Mr. Mallard knows."

I PAID for the beer and turned, and there in the doorway was Richmond Mallard looking as usual neither happy nor sad, only that shining blandness.

"How's the mare?"

He took a bottle and poured two small glasses and handed me mine. "Sultan's Pride died half an hour ago."

"Too bad."

His mocking eyes watched me as mauve sunshine fell across the bar. "Yes."

"I don't see how it could have happened."

Mallard shrugged his shoulders and drank small appreciative sips. "Simple, if a horse gets anthrax and the vet doesn't treat it."

"How do you know what it was?"

"We dug up an old retired horse man, Doc Halliday, from near the Point. He spotted it at once. Fleace suspected it, but couldn't believe dear Larry could be so wrong and neglectful."

"He wasn't neglectful, Mallard."

"Maybe not. Maybe he can explain it to Fleace."

"I don't think so." I looked at my fist. "I think you have explained it to her very well, in your own way."

"All's fair in—"

"Don't quote me that elegant bromide or I shall knock your teeth out."

Mallard stiffened, his habitual self-restraint down. "I don't think you will."

"I can try." I tossed some change on the bar. Mallard's voice was colorless:

"The drink is on me."

"No."

He said to the barman, "It's a tip. Keep it."

IT didn't matter much about going to Dutch's. I drove home and took a shower and sat down by a small radio in the surgery to listen to some foolish music. I heard the station wagon make snarling sounds as its tires crunched the blue stones on the path down to the stables. Larry came in, soiled, smelling of pig bile, his clothing greasy and marked with muck. He looked at me and obviously wanted to say something, but he hunted for the cake of soap instead. When he found it he tossed it up into the air and caught it.

"I've had a hell of a day."

"So I gather."

"Fleace is having a fit."

"Was it anthrax?"

"Sure."

"But you—"

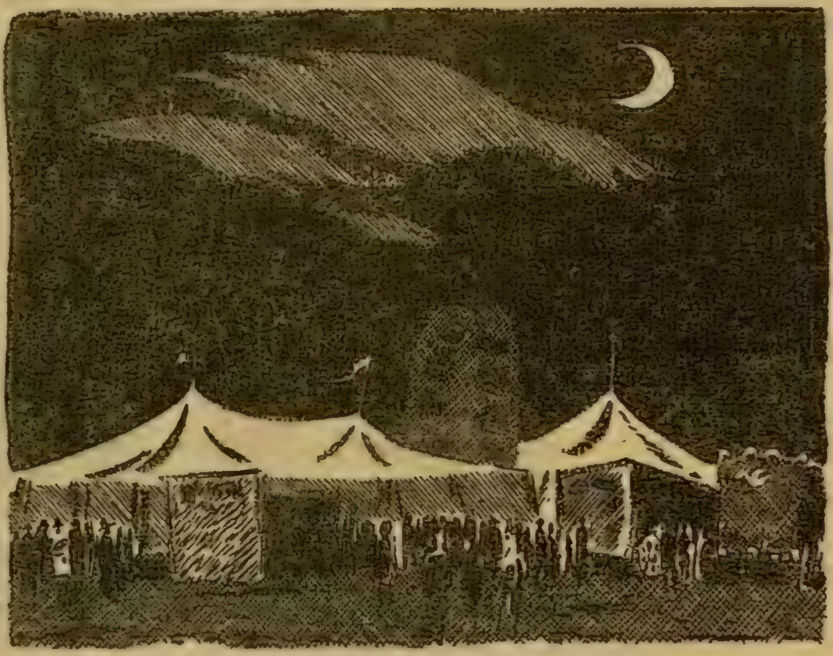
"Hell, they used the other bale of hay they had on hand. I should have condemned everything they had."

I could hear Pidgy, the mad dove, cooing on the roof. "What happened at Dutch's?"

"I saved his pigs. It was very messy."

"Animal tragedies don't touch me hard."

"That's because you're city bred. If I had lost Dutch's pigs, he would maybe have killed himself and the kids and his wife. I'm sorry about Sulty. It's the gamble a vet has to take. It was either Dutch or Fleace, and I'm sorry it was Fleace."



"You didn't know. She'll understand."

"It would have been lousy to know. This way I didn't have to pick."

I got away later and reached the Teller place on the phone.

Dud answered.

"Could I speak to Fleace?"

"No, you can't."

"Please, just for a minute."

"You better get goin'," said the boy, sobbing, "because Pappy is goin' gunnin' for you two."

"Why me?"

"Well, maybe not you."

"Well," I said weakly, "just tell Fleace I called."

Somebody took the phone from the boy and slammed it down hard. It was going to be difficult.

Dinner was a dismal, distraught ordeal. Larry got up and began to twirl the big silver watch at the end of its chain. "Let's do something tonight."

"Not much to do."

"Mallard's big wheel is open."

"I'd rather not see Mallard tonight."

"I can't sit home and think I'm becoming the blight of the Madre Range."

"Don't think about it."

"I can't help it. Fleace meant a lot to me."

"She'll come around—maybe."

"Why maybe?"

"Mallard has been talking to her. He was there all day."

"I know. Richmond is all right."

"He's been hinting to Fleace and myself that maybe you let the mare die."

"What for?"

"So Mrs. Astor would win the Horn Award."

"Nonsense. Not Richmond."

"All right, then, forget it. I was drinking a small beer. I guess it went to my head."

Larry emptied his pockets and balanced the money in his hand. "I feel my luck has to change. Let's go buck the wheel."

"Don't you take Mallard seriously?"

"Richmond is all right. Don't we endorse each other's notes?"

I gave up and finished my wine and followed Larry out into the sea mist.

THE wheel was busy. I found a place by the side of Mrs. Major Alcott who, in a low evening gown, was exposing her age while her little schoolteacher-looking hands handled a jade cigarette holder and a pawful of chips. "Larry here?" she asked me.

"Getting some checks O.K.d."

"Too bad about the Teller mare."

"How do you mean that?"

"Don't get huffy. I've lost a dozen mares in my time. I don't blame the vet for those things. God and medicine and a coarse humid mind and a lot of luck—that's what a horse breeder needs."

Someone dug at my kidney and Larry pushed his way to my side. "I'll stick to red for a while."

Red wasn't very good. Larry switched to numbers, but they were no better.

Larry put down his last chip, and it went away, and Mrs. Major Alcott looked at him and shook ash off her jade holder.

"No, not a red cent."

"I wasn't going to ask for any, Major."

"The look was enough."

The room was very hot, pink shadows vacillated. I took Larry's arm. "Come on, I'll buy you a drink."

The croupier held the wheel ready. "Any more play?"

Larry leaned over the table. "How about a hundred blues on the cuff?"

"Mr. Mallard is very strict about putting it on the slate."

Mrs. Major Alcott shifted her chips from hand to hand. "Getting mighty moral at his age."

Larry was flushed and ugly. A whisper ran round the room, and I wondered if I should try and calm him or let him yell it out of his system.

"Listen—"

Mallard's quiet voice came from behind us: "He has his orders, Larry."

Mallard stood there, swaying slightly on his toes, very big, and I knew that I could take him, but I wanted the first punch and you can't always get that. Larry spoke low, as if it were all a harmless little interchange.

"I never had a limit of play here before."

"You have now."

Larry went up close to Mallard, very angry, his neck red and throbbing.

"I'm beginning to believe those stories about you spreading lies about me."

"I don't spread stories."

"Shall I call you a liar?"

Mallard looked very sad, as if his patience were being tried. "No, don't. I'd have to hit you then."

"You'd try."

I stepped in between and held my two hands up, palms out, ready to push them apart.

Mallard brushed me aside. "I haven't spread any stories. It's true the Teller mare died, but everybody knows it now."

"Why did it die?" Larry spoke hard and very earnestly.

"You ought to know, Larry. But I forget. *You* weren't there."

Larry hit first, coming up from the floor with a haymaker, but Mallard was waiting and moved aside so that the fist left a red welt on his chin, and then he ducked and rocked Larry back on his heels. That was no good, but Larry was as angry as I've ever seen him, and he came up windmilling, and staggered Mallard off his feet. There was a lot of blood, and someone tried to swing past me and I sideswiped the croupier. He half turned and half pushed me and shot his right into my cheek twice—not hard, not soft, and I went down and saw feet, and when I got up, Larry had a chair and was pounding the croupier's arms with it and Mallard, very ugly to look at, his face scarred with badly wiped blood, was coming in.

I hit out and he turned and sputtered something, but I felt I could take him now, and I did, twice hard, once under the Adam's apple and once a full down blow where the ear and lower jaw meet, and then again, again, fast into his face. He swayed and I turned and Larry had the croupier in a corner. I picked up a chair leg.

"All right." I didn't know my own voice. "Step back."

Larry rubbed his cheek. "Let me finish him."

"You're out on your feet."

"Where's Mallard?" Larry asked.

Mallard stood against a wall. He was too tough to fall. He made little coughing sounds and over his swelling lower lip one tooth hung loose, turned around, so I could see the tobacco-stained back of it.

Larry smiled, even though it hurt. "You took him."

"I said I could, but I wasn't sure."

Mrs. Major Alcott put a fresh cigarette in her holder and pushed back the waiters and players with her elbows. "Stand back. It's just a little brawl, very even. You'd think they never saw a barroom fight before."

Mallard did not stir from the wall. "Get out."

We went out slowly and I still held my chair leg. I grew very fond of that chair leg. As we passed the bar everyone stopped drinking and turned and looked at us. No one said anything.

THE water in the pool was very cold in the dawn; I didn't stay in long. I drifted back to the ranch buildings and stood looking at the house. The surgery door was open and I went in. Larry was seated at his desk in his shirt sleeves, busy with a batch of noxious green test tubes boiling over some alcohol flames.

"Morning, Professor Pasteur. What are you cooking?"

"I'm working out an idea."

"What kind of an idea?"

"Well, I guess nobody thinks I'm back in the service yet. It's been a dull morning—no calls—and I got to thinking of anthrax. I think I've thought out a way to lick it. The anthrax that killed the mare isn't a true anthrax—I had the Health Service get me specimens from the horse. I've been watching it. I've had it growing in alga. Suppose there's a way of making a serum out of it?"

"They've tried serum of everything. Haven't they given up on this?"

"I know, but this is an idea of my own. I cultivated it and tried it on rabbits for a few generations. But I got mixed up. I'll try until I get a kind of lab-tamed brand that will not kill rabbits but will make horses immune."

"That doesn't sound easy."

"It's a pipe dream, maybe, but if I can begin making this serum inside a live horse I could get pints of it and inject a lot of horses."

"Well, it would be a fine thing."

Larry was picking out fragments of nasty jelly with a sliver. I reached for the shallow dish.

"Easy, Henry. A drop of this on a cut or opening in your hand and you'll get a sweet case of anthrax."

"Is that very bad?"

"In a man it's usually fatal in three days."

Larry sighed and looked at some notes, edited with stub-pencil annotations. "I don't know how I'm going to do it yet. I've got to catch up with methods and a lot of reading. And I never have the time. That phone is going to ring any minute and out I'll be, on the go until three this morning most likely."

But the phone didn't ring that morning.

THE morning the sheriff came with his legal papers from the bank, Larry was in the stables injecting a dozen new rabbits. It was Pelón who came down to us with the news that the bank was serving papers to seize half the horses on the place.

"Is it the Mallard notes?" I asked.

Larry nodded and began to fill a chart nailed over the hutch. "That's about it. Mallard says he can't pay the notes. Everything at the inn is in Phillippi's name and I guess I'm the goat."

"How much is it?"

"About twenty-eight hundred dollars."

"I can get it, Larry. Promise an extra few books to a publisher—wire my agent—"

"No, I don't want to be in debt to you, and this is only a drop to what I owe."

I shrugged my shoulders and went back to the rabbits. The sheriff came into the stable and cleared his throat. "I'm sorry, doc, but that's the way it is. You'll get fair valuation."

"Sure I will, Hartley. Can I pick the stock to make up the sum?"

"Oh, sure, doc. You know Stallion Road stuff is always sound."

"Thanks."

Pelón glared. "I tell you when Spain ruled here with *caballeros,* these dogs of lawyers' vomit could not do this."

Hartley rubbed his chops. "I don't want no trouble."

"There will be no trouble. How's that cow of yours, Hartley? The one that had that milk fever?"

"Oh . . . oh, we had to destroy her."

"Nonsense. It was a matter of simple opening of the grown-over ducts."

Hartley ate the corner of a plug of tobacco with a little amorous tug, and chewed it to fit. "Well, Doc Halliday, he said—"

"Oh!" Larry stiffened, still half incredulous of Hartley's words. "I see. Well, let's go talk to the appraiser."

A SMALL carnival had pitched its weatherworn tents near us, set up a Ferris wheel, and begun to stew its spiced meats and pop its corn. I had done a bold thing. I had called Fleace and asked her if I could take her and Dud to the carnival. She sounded perfectly calm, and said that Dud shouldn't be out so late and that she had been hard at work all day. But a note in her voice betrayed her; it was like a kid's when told there was a department-store Santa Claus to see.

I shaved carefully and counted the money in my wallet, and at four minutes to nine I was at the Teller Ranch.

Fleace came in looking at me sideways as if she had still not forgiven me for knowing Larry. She was wearing a dress for the first time since I had met her, and it gave me a shock to see how much of a grown woman she was and what sensual warmth skirts gave her.

Dud was happy to see me and said so. I parked the car at the carnival entrance and bought popcorn and pink drinks and a hissing paper bird on a whip for Dud, and we plunged into the thick of it.

"Can I shoot?" Dud had found a place where the tin ducks looked tempting. I hired three guns, and we blasted away at the tin birds and swinging stars. Fleace was the best. She knocked over the ducks and hit the stars and rang the biggest bell and broke three clay pipes.

"What about supper?" Dud, his face quivering with anticipation, stood looking at a brightly lit tent where a fat girl with two wonderful gold teeth stood at an iron throne frying onions and chops.

We found a corner of the square counter where the rush had let up and sat down, and there was Larry, drinking coffee. He smiled and pushed the fly-specked menu at us.

"I figured Dud might get hungry sometime."

Fleace turned on her stool and almost got up and then didn't, and bent over Dud as if struggling hard with some emotion. "What would you like, Dud?—and *no* chili!"

I looked at Larry, but he was studying the menu and twirling his big silver watch. He didn't look at Fleace as he said, "I have been at the Big Benton ranch below Burbank, Fleace. They have a white Arab mare I'm buying in your name."

Fleace closed her mouth hard. Her eyes opened wide. I looked at Larry and wished he had a sense of prudence. "But, Larry—with what? You're almost bankrupt now."

"That's all right, Henry. It's really a trade. They're taking Tar Baby."

Fleace almost broke into tears. Her mouth was slightly twisted. "Oh, no. You mustn't do it. Not Tar Baby. Why, it would mean the end of Stallion Road!"

"Stallion Road isn't much any more. You will take the Arab mare?"

Fleace stood up, and I saw how a dress emphasized her supple figure. Her voice was hard, cool again, and very much on edge. "No, I will not take the Arab—and I never want to speak to you again. If for a moment I was sorry for you, I regret it now! Come, Dud—and thank you, Henry."

"Wait!" I started after her. "I'll drive you back."

She kept on walking. "No, thank you. I'll take the bus."

"Gee!" Dud held on to her hand, puzzled. "Gee, I guess we're still mad, Henry."

"Dud!" She dragged on the child's arm.

"Wait, I'll take you home, Fleace."

But she and Dud dashed into the crowd and disappeared.

I sat down again and Larry ordered two more coffees and a raw carrot. "Sorry I spoiled your evening."

"The evening was about over."

"Fleace looked fine tonight. Did you notice that dress?"

"I noticed it."

"You also noticed, Henry, how well liked I am."

I fingered the sugar bowl. "Larry, why not confess you're almost off the range, and on the outs with Fleace. Sell out and find another spot."

"I like it here, Henry. This is my own—my kind of land, my kind of mountain."

"You think it will all smooth over?"

"It's got to smooth over, Henry. It will smooth over."

"I hope so. But what about the money you owe?"

"I'll pay off the mortgage. Wait until Mrs. Astor wins that award."

"You pay the entry fee yet?"

Larry put aside a half-eaten carrot and dug into a pocket and counted out twenty-two dollars. "No. I'm a little short; accounts aren't paying up—but I'll get it soon."

"Let's go home." I was baffled, beaten.

"No, there's a crap game behind the Dixie show. Let's try and hoist this money into Mrs. Astor's entry money."

"You're no good with dice."

"I'm no good with anything. Let's try this. I can't be worse at it than anything else."

"It's your money."

THE back of the Dixie show was filled with ropes and stakes and trailers and dirty trucks on which the paint was fading and peeling. A small green tent had been pitched between two trailers and a canvas floor laid down, and about a score of people were engaged in a crap game.

Larry got the dice and rolled them between his palms and threw them out and he was faded and made money, and then he rolled two sevens in a row, and then he made two hard numbers after cutting his bets, and when he lost the dice he had a good little pile of folding money between the fingers of his left hand.

It was his good night and he made three passes and then settled down to earn some money. The gasoline lamp made an angry hissing and someone stepped forward from near the tent opening. It was Mallard, almost healed up; but when he opened his mouth I saw the tooth had not been replaced.

He held a roll of money in his hand. "Can anybody fade?"

"Sure." Larry held the dice between his palms, ready to leap up quickly if he had to, scant recognition on his face. Mallard threw in a bill and withdrew some change, and Larry, instead of watching the dice, looked at Mallard and threw. Four. He knew his streak was interrupted. He withdrew most of the pot and left fifty on the ground and crapped out.

I was watching Mallard closely, my hands damp with excitement, but he made no move nor paid any attention to us, and the game went on. Mallard took the dice with one hand, rattled them at his ear, then sent them out hard but with enough control to stop them short of the board.

Larry, with no expression on his face, looked at his handful of bills. "Make them hit the board."

Mallard picked up the dice. "No play."

The next time he hit the board and they bounced back, and Mallard had a seven.

"Nothing up my sleeve. I'll leave it."

Mallard made money and kept it down, and then when the money was down for his biggest risk, Larry covered most of it and Mallard rolled himself out. Larry picked up his share, and Mallard stood up and rubbed his meticulously parted hair.

"Very interesting game."

Larry looked around the tent. "Game too steep?"

It looked that way, and men began to drift from the tent. Mallard went out, and then some of the carnival men and Larry walked toward the tent opening, and I followed.

"Larry—" It was Mallard, standing near the tent, lighting a thin black cheroot.

"You call me?"

Mallard came toward us, puffing smoke from his nose.

"Yes. Look. I'm sorry the way the whole range has taken this thing."

"What thing?"

"Everything. The mare business and our fight at the wheel."

"We licked you." Larry waited, standing very still.

Mallard smiled. "Sure you did. I've always tried to take these things as they came. But it's a nasty knocking around you took. Ranchers getting a new vet, and the bank taking part of your stable."

Mallard took his cheroot out of his mouth and looked at its glowing end. "I wish I could cover those notes you endorsed for me."

"But you can't?"

"No, but I will. I'll pay it back."

Larry cocked his head to one side. "You know, Richmond, I really think you would if you could."

Mallard held out his hand. "Let's hold fists on it."

They shook hands coldly but understandingly, and then Mallard held his hand out to me. "Purcell, I didn't think you could take me—but you did."

We shook hands and made some simple remarks. Then we walked slowly to the car lot. The wheel gave a last turn and the music stopped in the middle of a note. Lights began to blink out every place.

THERE was to be a big meeting of horse lovers at the college across the divide. Everyone went because it was an excuse to travel and get together with other horse breeders and talk about the coming Horse Show.

My promise to attend had been carelessly given.

There were six rabbits in a wire cage in the station wagon when I got down to the stables that morning, after remembering the date.

"They going to college too?"

Larry added a huge buck to the cage, and closed the little door carefully. "Yes, I want to inject them with a grass fungus they have in culture there."

"You have a new lead?"

"I don't know. I keep feeling I'm near it and then it all ends in messy test tubes. You dressed warm?"

"Snow in the pass?"

"Radio said a big depression moving in from the sea. We could have trouble up there—but it's too early in the season for real drifts."

As we went up and up, I saw patches of snow and quartz crystals among the tree roots, bleaching the clumps of moss that bordered the road. I could feel the station wagon slip sometimes, and noticed there was ice here and there. Then it grew trickier and covered more of the road.

Near the top, the pass ran level for a mile, hooded over almost by the rising mountain range, and then the mountain fell away on one side, and on our left there was a great, supple, swaying forest.

The pass twisted here a little and we came to a leaping fire of fir logs burning in a gasoline tin jabbed full of holes. Here the plow had stopped and the crew and a highway captain were standing around the fire while two highway troopers were stringing flares across the road.

The captain came over to us and saw Larry.

"Hello, doc. This is the end of the line."

"Look, Kelly. I'm almost through—"

"I can't let you try it, doc. The plow broke a link and I'm waiting for a new section of chain to come through."

"Let me take the chance."

"I'm getting soft. I let two other cars through ahead of you—but, damn it, you're the last."

"Thanks, Kelly. It's too early for real trouble."

"I'm happy to hear that," said Captain Kelly gloomily, and we skidded into a start, rode a snow ridge, turned, recovered, and went on.

The captain was yelling something after us. I put my head out in the wind and snow and waved my arms and got some words in return. Then I withdrew my head and shivered.

Larry held the station wagon in second. "What did Kelly say?"

"Something about remember the loggers' cut-off."

"That all?"

"No—something about be sure and hit the turn right."

"What turn?"

"Didn't get it."

After awhile I noticed that the going had become bumpy with a peculiar repeated quality to every jolt. We went on, but the bumps grew worse and the windshield was covered with white fuzz that the wipers just managed to control before it shaded us off from the view—what there was of a distorted tumbling view.

THE whiteness suddenly parted for a second and we hit something black and shiny, but as our speed wasn't very high, we settled into the snow, our wheels spinning.

We got out and there was a Buick sports coupé, its front wheels and most of the body badly bogged down in an icy stream. Someone tried to get out of the Buick, and I opened the door. A man in a black wolfskin coat got out, his face almost blue. It was Joe Beaseley, the rancher.

"What happened?"

"Damn car ahead of me—got off the pass road and took this one."

"Isn't this the pass?" I looked around us.

Joe pointed to the little bridge that he had missed in trying to cross the icy brook. We saw it was made of heavy logs and that part of the road was laid down with logs, too.

"It's the old timber road."

I suddenly remembered the highway captain's shouted warnings. "The captain warned us about this loggers' cut-off, and taking the turn to the right, not the left."

Larry tried to look ahead into the now heavy snow. "Well, we'd better turn around and get back to the road before we get snowed in. This is going to get worse."

Joe blew on his numb fingers. "What about the car I was following?"

Larry kicked snow from his high shoes. "They'll find it out sooner or later and turn back."

"Maybe." Joe got in back with the huddling rabbits. Larry started the motor, which coughed spasmodically. He raced it to clear it and then he looked around him.

"Maybe I better run along a mile or so and see if the other car got through to something."

He let the clutch in slowly, and we backed, skidding, but we got some free space and went carefully along past Joe's car and over the bridge and ahead up a bumpy log road.

"Let's turn back, Larry."

"Yes. I guess they either got through to something or the highway patrol will find them in the spring thaw."

Larry tried to turn around but couldn't, tried to back but couldn't, and the back wheels went down and spun wetly and dug deeper. We were stuck.

AS WE went clumsily stumping along past the white dripping blue spruce and limber cedars, there was a low call, almost a wind sound, that stopped us.

The call came again from the left. About twenty yards away was a cabin and two figures stood in front of it, one of them wrapped in auto blankets.

"Hello." Larry tried to peep at them through the burnished gloom.

"Hello, Larry."

It was Richmond Mallard.

"So you started the lost parade?" Larry pounded his arms together.

"Isn't this the damnedest thing?"

"What are you waiting for? Let's go in."

"Padlock as big as a dog on the door."

Joe was digging in the snow and came up with a three-foot log. "Here, we'll bang it in with this."

The four of us hammered with the log, but the door was solid, the lock strong. Larry looked around for help.

The shape wrapped in auto blankets that we had first seen with Mallard hadn't made any move to help us with the log. It stirred now. I could see it shiver. The bundle of auto blankets opened slightly, and I saw the red cold face of Fleace.

"I'm dying."

I put my shoulder up to the log. "Give us a hand. Once inside, we'll build a big fire."

She leaned against the end of the log as if in a freezing trance, and we all leaned on it with all our strength. Suddenly the door opened and we fell into the cabin. It wasn't much of a place, but there was a stone fireplace and a lot of old logs cut into short lengths.

Mallard helped Fleace pull the blankets tighter around herself. Joe carefully built up a pile of papers and bark and wood chips and then lighter sticks and at last two small logs. It caught and the fire grew. It wasn't warm fire yet, but we stood before the leaping flames smiling, knowing that soon it would be warming, and meanwhile we could enjoy the sight of the golden-orange fire.

MALLARD opened his coat collar. "Damnedest thing, how we found this place. Matter of fact," Mallard lit one of his cheroots with a burning stick, "we were planning to cross the state line and get married."

Joe Beaseley growled as he stirred the fire. "No wonder you didn't have your eyes open ahead of you."

Mallard, basking in the warmth, rubbed his face with his hand. "Do you think they'll be looking for us?"

"Not until after the storm." Larry, his hands in his pockets, was standing by the side of Fleace.

"But they must! They'll telephone ahead they let three cars through."

"They can't send a sweeper plow through in this weather. They'd drive the plow off the road in this blinding stuff, or jam it into a mountainside."

"What then?" Fleace looked up.

"They'll have to wait until they can see where they are driving, after setting up guide stakes."

"This storm might last for days."

Larry said, "It's sort of bad, having to delay the wedding."

Fleace didn't answer. Mallard looked at Larry.

"We'd rather not talk about it."

"I wish you both all the best—"

Fleace turned to look at Larry. "Do you mean that?"

"No, I guess not. I feel bad about it."

Joe Beaseley looked at me and shook his head, then began figuring on a bit of paper.

"Well, I figure there are enough logs here to last the night, and enough timber rejects from the lumber saw lying around outside to last a long time—if we could find an ax."

"I've got a small ax in the car," Larry said, without turning around, "and some rabbits."

In the morning the fire was almost out, breathing feebly through a layer of ashes, and the snow had sifted in and it lay on Fleace's shoulder. The door opened and Joe Beaseley came in, followed by Mallard, each loaded with firewood, most of it rotted timber that could be broken by hand.

I had a drink of tepid sooty water from the iron pot. "Where is Larry?"

"He's up behind the cabin, trying to see the countryside."

Mallard looked at a cigar hungrily and decided to save it. "Larry said something about rabbits."

"That's right," I said. "We have seven."

"We can't get too fat on those."

Larry came in, his head almost buried in his coat collar. "Well, I've got a pretty good idea of the land."

Mallard stirred the fire and took a drink of warm water. "Can we get back to the road?"

"No. I could see the cars from the rise in back of us. Snowed under, and no sign of a road. We'll just have to stay here until they find us."

"If they do."

"If they do. I'm going to try to reach the cars—no use us all going. Henry and I can do it."

Joe rubbed his badly frozen ears awkwardly. "I hope you make it."

Fleace sat back on her heels. "You'll make it, Larry."

"Sure, Fleace. But no heroics. If we get stuck in a sudden snow flurry, don't go hunting us."

THE cabin looked very cozy, the fire warm. We each had another drink of water, and Larry and I bundled up again and went out into a white wind-whipped world. We found Mallard's car with ease and took whatever we could find. Newspaper, magazines, floor rugs, and some hammers and a small portable radio. Larry put his foot through a snowdrift and wet his leg to the knee. He stripped his leg, rubbed it dry with a floor rug, wrapped a car blanket around it, and put his now stiff icy clothing on over it.

"Maybe we'd better not go on, Larry."

"We've got to go on. Those rabbits and that ax are all we have between us and starvation and freezing to death."

The wind had suddenly stopped and all we could hear was a great silence. We reached the station wagon at last—a great white blister—and we dug into it. The rabbits were dead and stiff and seemed to be leering at us with hostility, which was just as well. I don't remember much about the return trip except that Larry had to lead me part of the way, as my eyes were troubling me. I remember Fleace rubbing my ears so hard I thought they would come off, and I remember being promised rabbit stew. I couldn't see very well, but I could sense a strange feeling in the cabin. Maybe it was the sight of the rabbits and how little they looked (and how big and hungry we were) and maybe it was the sound of the big storm starting up again outside.

"What do you think?" said Fleace, taking me aside.

"It's snowing."

"About me."

"You're a big girl. Make up your own mind."

"I wish I knew what people thought of me."

"It doesn't matter. It's your life."

"That's a lousy answer."

Thinking it over, I realized it was.

IN the morning I could not see very well. There were fine red and blue lights shooting in front of my eyes. "Let me see." Larry looked at my eyes and tears came from them as I seemed to stare down an endless perspective of dark hallways. "It's a touch of snow blindness."

"That helps."

I felt a tension in the cabin, an edge in everyone's voice. It could have been that they were very hungry. I was. We had divided the rabbits and placed half of them high on a tree outside. We made a stew out of two of them.

We ate the stew, and put the bones back into a sort of soup boiling on the fire. Only it wasn't soup. It was a pathetic disguise for hot water.

I MUST have slept. My eyes were watering and were still not in focus.

Someone sat down by my side and took my hand.

"Is it bad?"

"It's all right, Fleace."

"I mean us—here."

"Oh, it will be all right."

She didn't say anything for a while.

"It's too bad about your plans, Fleace."

"They weren't really plans. It was just talk at first, and I said I might—"

"Well—"

"You don't like Richmond, do you?"

"I don't dislike him, Fleace. Maybe I don't understand him—but then, I don't understand anybody. I just try to. I think about people and when I think I have something interesting and I feel like it, well, I write a book."

I could hear her stir. "About Larry—Dr. Hanrahan—"

"You don't have to talk about it."

"I must. I really believed he killed Sulty—then. But I don't now."

"You get to like people on a desert island."

"I never thought of it that way, Henry. This *is* sort of a desert island—only colder."

I shivered. "Yes, colder."

IT must have been morning again. My eyes were worse, and Larry made me wear a muffler tied over them. It kept me warmer, anyway.

Late in the afternoon we all sat in front of the fire.

Joe sighed. "It's hell, that's what it is, to be here and not know if they are looking for us, and wondering what the wife and family think has happened."

"What has happened," said Mallard, "is that we are simply starving."

"I'm going to try and reach the pass road." Joe sounded very matter-of-fact. "I'll start at dawn and I should beat my way to the highway by two, three o'clock at the most."

Mallard said, "Larry should go. He knows the land better than Joe."

"I'll go. Keep out of it, Mallard." Joe sounded angry.

I just sat there waiting, I don't know for what. When Larry spoke, his voice was low and almost amused. "Let's change the subject." He sat down in front of the fire.

"Well," Joe broke the silence, "I've got to get ready to go."

Larry moved. Perhaps he turned to face Fleace. I seemed to sense he did, but I may have been wrong. When he spoke I couldn't make out what was behind it.

"Joe, you go if you want to—but it's foolish."

"Make him stay." Mallard sounded tired and juiceless.

"Nobody can make me do anything. Someone must try and get through. It would be damn foolish to risk the whole party. Larry doesn't want to go—I will."

That seemed to settle it. I didn't take any part in the argument, and Fleace didn't say anything, and outside it really seemed as if the storm was letting up.

JOE must have been up early in the hours before dawn, because when I came awake I knew he was gone. There was that much more space in the cabin—I could sense someone missing. A permanently blind man could explain this, but I couldn't. I just knew Joe was gone.

"Larry!" I shouted.

Someone stood at my elbow. "Yes? What's up, Henry?"

"Why did you let him go?"

"He wanted to."

"Why didn't you go? You know this country."

"Every man decides for himself. He wanted to go—I didn't."

"Larry—you let Joe go out there and die!"

"Joe is a grown man—a stubborn Scot. The only way we could have kept him here was by hitting him over the head."

Mallard's voice suddenly rasped out: "You don't fool me, Larry."

"Richmond, don't start anything."

"You still think you impress Fleace, don't you?"

"I don't want to impress anybody," Larry said.

"No? You still think you can stop Fleace from marrying me with a gesture, don't you?"

"Please, Richmond!" I was amazed at how weak Fleace's voice sounded.

"I can't see him grandstanding for you, Fleace. You know why he didn't try to get out? Tomorrow is the last day he can enter his mare for the Horn Award. He'd rather show you it doesn't matter. Damn you, Larry!"

"I don't believe it," said Fleace.

I either fainted or passed out. I missed a lot of time. There were weak torpid voices after a while, then only one voice, real and alive, very earnest—Larry's.

"No, I wasn't thinking of winning the Horn Award. I admit I knew I was missing my chance to fill an entry. But what I was thinking was—well, say that maybe it was all hopeless—and I wanted to be here with my friends—with Henry—with you, Richmond—and you too, Fleace."

He must have expected her to say something, but she didn't, and he went on with a calm intensity: "I didn't think there was any chance of getting through, and I saw no reason to die out there in the cold—to lie in the wind and stiffen up alone. I wanted—I suppose, like all animals—I know animals—I wanted to be with my kind. Do you see?"

And then I don't clearly know what happened. Just a lot of lights went off in my head.

SOMEONE beat the door hard, and I felt cold clean air on me, and I was aware for the first time how stale and foul the air inside the cabin was.

Someone held my head up and poured brandy into me.

"How's the head?"

"It's snow blindness, I think."

A new voice, emphatically professional, said, "Don't uncover his eyes."

After a while I just sat there smiling. There was a lot of talk, and I felt suddenly very sad, and I groped at an arm. "How—how is everybody else?"

"Fine. Doc is trying to fight his way to his feet."

"They are all right?"

"Oh, sure."

"Larry!"

"What, Henry?"

"Just wanted to know you were all right."

"Yes. So are Fleace and Richmond."

"That's good. Oh, Larry—"

"Yes?"

"Did Joe make it?"

The voice at my elbow spoke almost into my ear. "Mr. Beaseley is all right. You can't kill a Scotsman. Can you walk?"

"I can try."

"Fine. They're sending a bulldozer with a light plow through to here."

THE treatments I took for my eyes in the big medical center in the Middle West were really not needed. I had just used them as an excuse to get away for a while from people and be by myself, and rest in a small white room. When they decided my eyes were all right, I sent Stallion Road a wire saying I was on my way back.

When Larry met me, I saw that he had changed, but in what way it was a little hard to tell.

"Hello. How are the eyes?"

"Pretty good, Larry."

"I missed you."

"How is the experiment going?"

He took out his silver watch and twirled it on the end of its chain and appeared extremely cautious before he spoke. "It's not going."

"Maybe the freezing of the cultures first will do it, Larry."

"Nobody knows enough about this new spore."

"Give it a try."

"I will."

"How is Fleace?"

"I don't know. She's off me and Richmond, and doesn't want to see either of us. She's busy with some Arab geldings for the Horse Show."

"How about you? What are you showing?"

"I don't know. Pelón has some sort of list."

"Mind if I ride in the show?"

"Huh? No, go ahead. Let Pelón give you some pointers. I'm going up the coast for a few days."

I looked at him and made myself a cigarette and smoked it. I would have liked to have gone up the coast with him, but I was damned if I would ask him.

The station wagon with its flying black stallion painted on the panel was gone the next morning and Larry with it. I spent the morning on Tar Baby, who seemed amused at me. But he didn't try to kill me.

All morning I went around and around in three gaits and even Pelón grew happy, almost rejuvenated, at the idea that maybe Stallion Road would take one important award at the show.

"It would be a good thing, *madre de Dios*, if Tar Baby wins a ribbon."

"I'll try."

"And Tar Baby will try. He is lazy now, but in the ring he is a new horse—so proud—but dangerous, very high strung."

"I'll handle him."

"I know you will. Too bad doc does not want to ride. What a man with animals! Good as a fandango dancer."

"Yes. . . . Pelón, has there ever been a lot of this anthrax around here?"

"In the old days, very much. Some they catch in time with this vaccine, but a lot in the old days was bad stuff. Not like anthrax at all. It kills every time. Horse leech come and look wise down their wet red noses, but they know nothing."

"So you really think there is a new form of it hereabouts?"

"New? What is new and what is old? It was always here. Nothing is new. You ride this afternoon?"

I rubbed my stiff hams. "Let it go until tomorrow."

THE day was tender and strong. The Horse Show had been laid out in the great lower pastures belonging to Mrs. Major Alcott, and it ran on to sweep up over her tailored lawn.

I walked across the meadow to where the pepper trees threw a stippled ethereal blue shade. Dud Teller, wearing a red jockey's cap with a long peak, was rubbing down the legs of an Arab gelding, and Pappy was watching him and helping him with directions and groans.

Fleace came across the meadow from the main house. She was wearing spotless white pants with a knife pleat, a white silk shirt, and a heavy broad black belt with silver clasps.

"Hello, Fleace. I thought I'd come over and wish you the best."

"Thank you."

"You riding the stallion tomorrow in the three-gaited event?"

"Yes, but I don't think we'll take anything."

I felt very good. I put my hands in my belt and teetered on my heels. "Who are you afraid of?"

"Oh, there are a lot of good stallions on the range."

"Name three."

She leaned against me, took my arm, and laughed.

"All right—you're going to ride Tar Baby. I'm very happy for you. I hope you win."

"I bet," said Dud, "that Fleace beats you in the stallion class."

"What do you want to bet? A hound-dog puppy against your mouth organ?"

"No kiddin'?"

"Joe Beaseley has some good hound puppies. I've been promised one."

Dud looked at his mouth organ and whistled through the space between his teeth. "Hey, Fleace, you *gotta* win!"

"Fleace, I've been wanting to talk to you—ever since we got down from the pass."

She looked at me with a sarcastic pucker of her lips—a very odd look—and smiled. "You think I love Larry?"

"I think so."

She made a sullen fist and put it in her pocket. "Maybe I do—maybe in me I do, but if I do, I hate him, too. He's bad luck to me and I'm not having any of him. Teller Ranch was something—had something—before he came along. We had plans—we were going to breed Arabs. Now we have nothing and will have less than nothing except for a few cross-breeds. I don't say any more he killed Sulty—but I believe in luck, good and bad—and he's bad for me. And as for Richmond, I feel the same way you do about him."

"But I don't feel anything about him."

"That's what I mean. Something is missing in him as a man. Maybe there are extenuating circumstances, but let's not talk any more."

We went on past the judges' stand. Fleace stopped now and then to exchange hopes for victory in the afternoon. "That's what I like about a Horse Show. This part of it. Everyone is so full of expecting to feel better later."

"Later?"

"Later they say they'll do better *next* year."

Pappy was rubbing a saddle, and Dud was lying across an open bale of hay playing Pop Goes the Weasel! on his mouth organ. I excused myself and said I had better go back to my own group. Dud pocketed his mouth organ.

"Has Mr. Beaseley got a spotted hound puppy?"

I guessed he did have, and the band began to play.

I WENT over to where Larry and Pelón and a tall red-faced Army officer stood under the live oaks watching the horses.

"Oh, Henry—meet Major Gillray, United States Army."

We shook hands and I managed to get a few ineffective fingers back into their original shape. The major was a hard lean man with a face not at all military; in fact, he looked like a scholar in uniform.

"Pleased to meet you." His voice was cold, colorless, and slightly nasal.

"The major has the strange idea that I'm a scientist. He's interested in that new anthrax, too."

"The Army has lots of horses, you know."

"I don't know a damn thing about this anthrax." Larry looked out over the pasture.

"You practically discovered it. Your report is the first one on file in Washington on the subject."

"I was asking for help—not telling them anything."

He went away. The major watched him go and then he turned to me. "Modest?"

"I don't think so, major. He's not impetuous and he's had a lot on his mind."

"I hope it's this new anthrax. He's done a wonderful thing, just observing it. The Army wants to know—and Washington wants to know—all about it."

"So far, everything he's tried hasn't worked. It's not at all like the ordinary anthrax."

"Well, I'll hang on here until he gets something. There are hints of this new stuff. Nobody knows much about it or what plants it came in on, but there are hints it's spreading. Hell, we may have an epidemic any day and we must know much more about it."

I WAS sitting under a live-oak tree at dusk when Fleace came up to me, carrying a canvas bucket of oats. "Want to come help carry?"

"Sure," I said.

She handed me a heavy flashlight. "Here."

The barns were still and smelled of mice and hay dust. We sat, deeply submerged in a stall full of hay.

"Henry, you're a fool."

"Not an original statement."

"How long have you loved me?" she asked.

I turned over to look at her and I smiled, but it was too dark to see her face.

"You think it's still Larry, don't you?"

"Sure—you could do worse—somebody like me."

Her lips, soft and tender, yet oddly resilient, were against my mouth, and I liked it. I asked for more and kissed back, and I wondered why, if I was foolish and weak, I was also thinking I couldn't do this to Larry—or, on second thought, to Fleace.

"Oh, hell!" she said. "What comes next?"

"Nothing comes next."

"Like hell it doesn't, mister."

"You better get yourself another boy."

"You don't kiss like that."

"Look, Fleace—"

"Where is your mouth?"

I kissed her again, and held her slim body; it was like nothing I had ever done, and yet I knew it wasn't going to work and I wasn't having any. All I had to do was to get her out of that barn so I could run away some place and damn myself for a better upbringing than I thought I had.

We didn't say good-by. She just pressed my arm and kissed me on the cheek very tenderly. "Thanks for not saying 'Some day you'll thank me for this.' "

"Well, I don't think I'll ever thank myself, Fleace."

THE stallion event was set for eleven o'clock. Tar Baby looked very fine and he was chewing his bit, foaming a little, but it was not from nerves.

I walked across the meadow, and instead of Pelón leading Tar Baby toward me, it was Larry. He was handling the big horse just right, getting him into the proper mood.

"Ready?" Larry looked me over.

"Ready," I said.

"All right—he's all yours and he's in fine trim. Just let him do it his way."

The bugle went off like rapid gunfire. I got up on Tar Baby and gave an even pressure on the reins.

"Luck, lug."

I made a very fancy gesture with my whip at Larry and turned Tar Baby and rode over to where the stallions were waiting. Slowly we arched our way around the judges' stand. There were six stallions in the event.

A white stallion stepped out of line a little and I saw it was Ahmid, with Fleace, riding better than most of us.

The judges said something to us that I didn't hear, but I was familiar with the procedure and we all turned and went to the end of the field. A tan stallion came forward and trotted to the judges' stand and then he cantered and then walked and a light ripple of applause went around the meadow.

Someone nudged me and I saw I was next in line. This was *it.* I got Tar Baby into a trot and he trotted as he had to trot—his best—as if they would never let him trot again. I held the reins steady, kept my knees just right. The canter seemed to me a little off, but the walk was pure art. I was too confused to listen to the hand clapping, and then I was at the end of the pasture again.

I patted Tar Baby's neck and said, "Good going, Tar Baby."

He made a little throaty sound, maybe meaning "Keep calm, old boy, I'll see you through."

THE public-address system was saying something amiable and superficial, and after a while I caught on. The field was now myself, Fleace, and a red-faced man with blond hair on a hammerheaded brute with yellow teeth who looked ready to bite us. Fleace went across to the judges' stand first this time. Her face was very calm, and she didn't even smile at the judges.

The hammerheaded brute did very well, but I thought both man and horse ugly. It was strong, however.

This time I went in feeling very sure that Tar Baby was a better horse than the other two and that nothing I did could keep him from winning.

The judges huddled in decorous badinage and then the public-address system said something I couldn't catch, and Fleace rode up to me and kissed me.

"You've won!" she said.

Everyone rushed onto the field after that, and I got off and someone was pushing me up to the judges' stand and offering me a set of ribbons and a silver soup dish (or what looked like a silver soup dish).

It was all very exciting, even the wine drinking later on, but when I went to my tent I found a bundle tied in a red handkerchief on my cot and my name printed on a bit of paper. I opened it up and there was a battered old mouth organ and another bit of paper: "You won. Dud."

I suddenly felt tired and went to look for Joe Beaseley to see about a spotted hound puppy. . . .

THE dinner at Stallion Road that night was very brisk and cheerful. Major Gillray was the guest and Larry kept getting up to hunt for something, a bowl of nuts or a special wineglass.

We had black coffee and sat around expanding, as men will after a good meal. I still retained the glow of winning the three-gaited class and I supposed it would be days before I deflated myself to my normally aimless, ineffectual self.

"Henry, you feel pretty proud of winning, don't you?" Larry said.

"I feel good."

"The major knew you would win."

The soldier nodded. "Knew it right off. The Army is paying five thousand dollars for Tar Baby—and getting a bargain—but I had to have a prize winner."

"Don't look so sad, Henry," said Larry. "The cup and ribbons aren't part of the deal. You can keep those."

I rolled myself a bad cigarette and set fire to it. "I intend to keep them. As a matter of fact, major, you're a fairy godmother. Stallion Road needed a little cold cash."

"I could use a few more fairy godmothers." Larry got up and shuffled through the gramophone records, but found nothing he liked.

The major stood up and looked at his wrist watch. "Well, I must be getting back to town."

We all shook hands. The major buttoned his collar. "And we're always in the market for good stud stallions. Keep after that anthrax stuff."

BETWEEN Christmas and New Year's Day no one did much work at Stallion Road.

One morning I went down to the barn where four old horses chewed hay in their stalls, their necks scarred by silver tubes that Larry used to draw off their blood for vaccine purposes. Larry looked up as I came in and took a raw carrot from a bowl at his elbow and began to chew on it. He yawned and got up and went over to the oldest horse (an old yellow creature approaching senile decay, with a bare tailless rump). He patted the old yellow horse on the head and fed it the remains of his carrot.

"He looks good, doesn't he?"

I inspected the yellow freak. "I don't agree."

"He looks dandy, Henry. He's got enough of the new anthrax-type spores in him to kill a dozen stallions." Larry patted the bony head. "And he's had it in him for six days."

"But he ought to be dead!"

"Sure he ought to be dead. But twenty-four hours before he got the spores, I gave him a shot of vaccine prepared the new way."

I turned and went up to Larry. "You've got it!"

He looked at me and shook his head. "Don't go off half-cocked. I've got an old yellow horse alive. But I don't know if he'll stay that way. I'll have to repeat the test maybe a hundred times and get about ninety-nine score."

Yellow Boy made a rubbery bubbling sound with his lips, and we looked up, and there he stood, swaying, goggling stupidly, and staring at us, and for a moment I expected him to fall to his knees. But he just stood there and his stomach rumbled and then he picked up some hay and began to chew with a croaking sound.

THE next day a dusty tan Army car drove up to the stables and Major Gillray got out and came into the lab. He looked at the test horses.

"Larry, your last letter worried me. You're still thinking of the damn range—and you're doing a much bigger thing."

"I am part of the range."

Major Gillray sat down, took off his cap, and rubbed his fingers together. "You can spoil everything now by going soft. If, as you think, an epidemic of this new form of anthrax breaks out here, you may begin injecting every horse here with your vaccine."

"I would tell them, first, it might kill or cripple horses—but it has worked—here, anyway."

"And where would your vaccine be scientifically? No place. Damn it, man, you would have ruined something just on the brink of achievement."

"That's a big word. I'm only a range vet," Larry said.

"Look. We don't know what does work, we don't know in what form for sure. We have no tested control yet. Larry, *don't* go soft."

"I'm not soft, I'm not hard. I'm a horse breeder."

"All right, you're a horse breeder. Think of the Army. And think of all the horsemen and breeders; you owe them a real vaccine that will work one hundred times out of a hundred—not a piddling, unfinished, botched misfit!"

Larry went over and looked at Yellow Boy's chart. "Major, put yourself in my place."

"I do. If there is an epidemic coming, divide the horses on the Madre Range into groups. One group gets no vaccine, one group gets it full strength, one group gets it after infection, and one group you infect and inject after the disease appears."

The soldier stood up. "I'm depending on you to carry out the experiment as called for. I'll be back in a few weeks to see how things are going."

THAT week a quick illness crept in among the horses of the range. It spread from field to field and there was a calling for Larry at all hours of the night and day.

The horses seemed to know. Or perhaps my mind and eyes saw more than was there. But the great stallions, the mares in the clover, even the leggy colts moved nervously around their pastures as if suspecting treachery.

Two of Mrs. Major Alcott's horses died. Nothing the three veterinaries did seemed to help the afflicted horses. They just remained sick horses or horses about to die.

I HAD been feeding Yellow Boy and the other test horses, now that Larry was so busy with his regular duties, and I went to the surgery after carefully washing my hands.

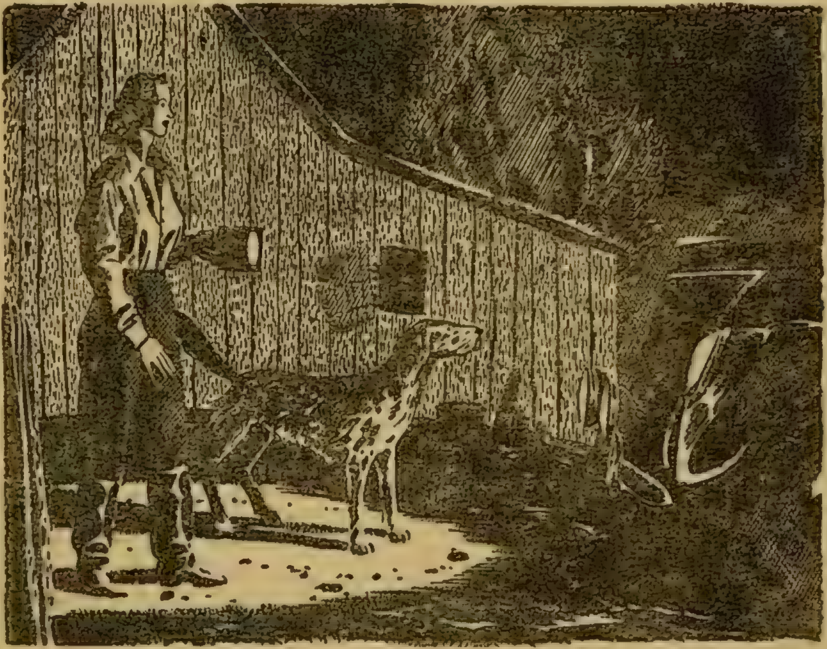
Larry and Doc Halliday were sitting at the desk, their hats on the backs of their heads and their booted legs crossed and muddy before them. The veterinary they called the Frump, unshaved, and his knotted neckcloth all unwound, was walking back and forth.

"Well, it's no go. None of the regular vaccines and serums are any good," said Doc Halliday.

Larry opened his tired eyes. Doc Halliday said, "We might as well admit it isn't the regular form of anthrax."

"That's true, isn't it, Hanrahan?" the Frump asked.

Doc Halliday rubbed his chin. "We know you've been working on a new anthrax vaccine. Just tell us one thing—*have* you a real vaccine?"



"None that has been tested and found safe."

"To hell with that. Whatever you have—use it!"

"No."

The Frump leaned over the desk. "The ranchers are willing to take full responsibility."

"No."

"You'll still get the honor for the discovery."

"I don't want the honor. But there are not more than three per cent of the horses on the range sick. It would be foolish to put maybe a million dollars' worth of livestock in danger with an untried vaccine. These men would be ruined."

"They are willing to take the risk."

"I am not. Good night. I'm very tired."

The Frump wanted to say something else. But Doc Halliday got up and hung his jacket on his arm. "Good night, Larry. Looks like a busy day tomorrow."

IN THE morning the surgery phone would begin ringing and I would let it ring. About noon, ranchers would appear, asking for Larry, and they would sit around waiting.

I went to the chart of the Madre Range cases on the surgery wall and there the losses were eighty per cent of the horses who got the anthrax infection.

I was looking at this chart when two ranchers came in. They were sad men, seeing their savings, lifework, and futures die in their stalls. Larry came in after them.

"You're wasting your time." Larry began to wash his hands.

"You've got a vaccine."

"Everybody knows I have. But it's sure death half the time. Maybe more."

"It's almost a hundred per cent sure death *now* for a horse."

The phone rang and it was Fleace.

I held the phone out to Larry. "Fleace Teller."

He took the phone, looked at me quizzically, and spoke into it. "Hello." He listened to something for some time. Then he said, "I see. Well, let me come over and look."

He hung up and looked at the sweating ranchers. He walked to the door and looked out at the white hyacinths, then back to the desk and said, in a very tired tone of voice, "I'll see you men tomorrow. I'll have a new form ready which you will sign, giving me permission to inject an untested vaccine. I'll have the other two vets do the same all up and down the valley. Everybody that signs a release can get it."

The men were too shocked with joy to say anything but mumble their thanks. Then they went out. Larry turned to me. "Well, say it."

I said it, emphatically: "You're a pretty great guy. I never liked you as a mere scientist."

"I'll regret it."

"Sure you will. What changed your mind?"

He looked at me, puzzled, then shook his head. "In a way, Fleace's call did. If her horses were down I think I would have injected them—and then I thought, why? Because she is my neighbor, my friend—and, yes, I love her. I love all the range, Henry. Maybe not with the same kind of love. But they *are* my problem. Let somebody else—somebody who doesn't have to live on the range and look into the people's faces until he dies—let him make a perfect thing."

"See you at dinner," I said, smiling.

"Send mine down. I've got to brew up a lot of vaccine. No telling how much we shall use up. You're not angry?"

"No." I looked at the old horses in their stalls. "No, leave that to Major Gillray. He'll be angry—properly angry. That's enough for one man to take."

THE next few days were odd days, busy days, and nothing seemed to matter but horses and vaccine. The three vets, like modern witches (riding vaccine needles instead of broomsticks), went up and down the range injecting every horse, sick or well, they could find that had an owner who would sign the release form.

Larry lived in his clothing and slept little.

I went along when he went to Fleace Teller's to inject her horses. They were well, but she had signed the form and mailed it in. All around her were ranches that had lost many horses.

Fleace, wearing men's trousers and a silver buckled belt, stood at the door of the stable.

"Hello, Larry. You look tired," Fleace said.

Larry did not smile. He shook hands with her. "Hello, Fleace. It's good to be back here."

"Aren't you working too hard?"

"Maybe—but I like being back in the running again—seeing people, visiting ranches."

"I should think so."

They went into the stable and I went around to the yard palpitating with chicken life. Dud was lying under a knotted apple tree eating crackers. He pointed a melancholy thumb at the stable. "Ain't they disgusting?"

"Who? Doc and Fleace?"

"Yes. You watch—they'll get married and have a lot of brats and get fussy as schoolteachers."

"That's life, Dud."

I WAS beginning to feel worried about my journal. I spent the next morning rereading part of it and wondering why it lacked form, and I came to the conclusion that the whole Madre Range had so fascinated me that I had no need of form and that if I ever wrote about it I would write a formless thing in which the people appear as casual and as unexplained as in my journal, and that they would not be too clear or too well understood ever, and that if I could capture the everyday life and its high lights and the casual way it was lived, I might do something that would please me and be very true. But I closed the journal and put it away for a future date.

A car came down the drive and I saw it was Richmond Mallard with Larry sitting at his side, looking very pale and dirty. I went to the car and Mallard helped Larry out. Larry stood there in pain and then he smiled—an enforced artificial smile that he didn't mean.

"Hello, Henry. At my age, a horse has to kick me."

Mallard held Larry up and looked at me like a schoolboy caught beating a smaller child. "I told him to leave the horse alone—he's been very upset since he got sick—but Larry had to go into the stall with him."

Larry groaned, and I set a garden seat under him and he sat down very heavily. "It was the damnedest new form I ever saw. Clusters of spores under the skin—like small grapes. I guess I got too interested, and he kicked me and then crowded me against the wall."

I looked down at his hand wrapped in a bloody handkerchief. "Hurt your hand?"

"Must have, somehow, during the process."

"Better get him to bed," said Mallard. "He's got a sprained back and a torn leg ligament, I'm sure."

Larry tried to get off the garden seat. "Look, Richmond. Have Doc Halliday get me a specimen from that cluster. It's a new form the spores haven't taken before."

Between us we carried Larry, garden seat and all, into the house and into a small den off the living room. His body was badly bruised, but I could feel no broken bones.

I found Dr. Bradley's number and called his office. He was at a fishing village down the coast, but his nurse said he surely would come over as soon as he got back. I took a look at Larry lying in the freshly made-up guest bed, and went out.

Mallard said if he could do anything to call him. Then he went away.

IT grew dark and I called Dr. Bradley's office again. The nurse had communicated with him, and he would come direct to Stallion Road. I went into Larry's room. He was still on his side, and he was sweating. His head seemed hotter, but he looked restful, so I went out and had dinner. I was just finishing the cheese when finally I heard Dr. Bradley's flivver cough up the road, and I went out, after switching on the patio lights.

A large man with a wide rump got out of a small car and puffed his way up the path. He had a big red face with very good eyes and a firm chin. His clothing was rumpled and he carried a patched bag and his pockets sagged from too much packed into them. He was an austere red rock of a man.

"Dr. Bradley?"

"Yes. What's up with young Hanrahan?"

"I'm Henry Purcell. A horse kicked him."

"Kicked his father, too, I remember. Well, my patients never kick me until I send in the bill."

Larry was still sleeping, but he had tossed off the covers, and his sleeping suit was wet across the torso. He opened his eyes and his voice was low and clotted. "Hello, doc."

Dr. Bradley said, "Hello, doc, yourself." He shoved a smooth sliver of glass into Larry's mouth. "Let's see how much steam you're carrying."

While Larry lay quietly, the thin glass tube in his mouth, the doctor examined him and then sat back and looked at a large gold watch. Then he took the glass tube out and read along its marked surface carefully.

"You're running a big fever. Let me see your hand."

He undid the bandages and looked at the hand and pulled back Larry's eyelids. Then he sat back and got up and walked around the room.

"Do you know what I think is the matter?"

Larry nodded and his face twitched in exasperation. "I've been sort of afraid of it."

"You may have gotten it days ago, or when the horse kicked you. Anyway, that's *it*."

"Anthrax? I was wondering when it would catch up with me."

LARRY died at two o'clock in the afternoon. The doctor had been in to feel Larry's pulse, because the day nurse had said he had suddenly turned his head to the wall and groaned. When the doctor held up the wrist, the life had gone and it was still a strong hand, but it was different.

He lay well back on the pillow and I looked at him and he looked just as he had always looked, yet I could see it was different, too. Someone was crying outside the door, and I went out and said something to Fleace (what, I don't remember now), and I went across the garden to the surgery. Pelón stood under the mimosa tree weeping, and he rubbed his bald brow and I went past him and got to the surgery and closed the door.

MY journal was open on the desk and I have been writing in it, and when I have done I shall stay here after they have buried him. Someone has said that life can only be lived forward, and only understood backward.

THE END

Puzzle 331 9/1/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

"TO Tom Paine belongs the honor of naming our country The United States of America. He was the first to use the name in print, and it was his own creation," says **W. E. Woodward** in **Tom Paine: America's Godfather.**

W. E. Woodward

Paine's brave and brilliant pamphlet, Common Sense, made him the leading exponent of the colonies' grievances against George III. His contributions to the cause of freedom won him the respect of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson. Yet the picture of him that was handed down to posterity was a black one. Theodore Roosevelt, for example, described Paine as "a filthy little atheist"—a charge to which the biographer replies calmly by producing evidence that Paine was not filthy, not little, and not an atheist.

Why the campaign of vilification, so intensive that T. R. and millions of other good people grew up believing it was true? Mr. Woodward finds that it originated in aristocratic circles in eighteenth-century England, and was eagerly adopted by a group of contemporaries on this side of the water who regarded Paine's theories on human rights—views that are part of our national fabric today—as dangerous radicalism.

Injudiciously going to England after the Revolution, Paine escaped to France just one step ahead of a warrant that would have meant his execution for his renewed attacks on the divine rights of royalty. Paradoxically, he almost went to the scaffold in Paris because of his plea that mercy be shown to deposed King Louis XVI.

A clearheaded writer, Mr. Woodward has never been in the habit of putting historical figures on heroic pedestals. He doesn't do so now—but Tom Paine emerges from this biography as a character of appealing courage and honesty, though endowed with his fair share of human weaknesses.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $3.50.

ENRICO CARUSO, a biography by his widow, **Dorothy Caruso,** tells a bizarre and at times beautiful story.

Enrico Caruso

The great tenor's letters to his wife, liberally quoted in this book, are gems of sentiment in settings of broken English. A typical one begins:

"My sweet Doro; Then, sweetheart, you cry on my letter? Wy? Have I the power with my bed Englisch to let you cry? I don't want that your beautiful eyes cry. You must dont cry even for funny and I will never let you cry. You must enjoy of your life and of my love."

Characteristic of the sharp contrasts that marked Caruso's career is the story of his relationship with an aspiring singer named Punzo. In their youth, Caruso and Punzo were both pupils of the great Maestro Vergine in Naples. The Maestro told Caruso: "You have a voice like wind in the shutters." But the self-assured Punzo made so fine an impression that he became Vergine's pet pupil and his son-in-law.

When Caruso was preparing for an engagement in Mexico City for which he was to receive $15,000 a performance, he hired a new servant to go with him. This was none other than Punzo, who, he told his wife, was "still very proud and stupid."

"Why do you want him then?" Dorothy asked.

"Because I will show him how to be a good valet—then he will know something and not be stupid any more."

Published by Simon & Schuster, New York. Price $2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

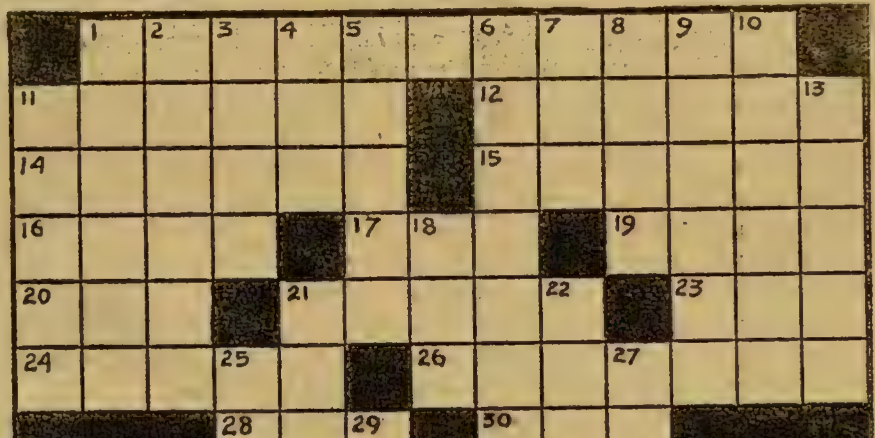
1 Shoeless Joe Jackson, Chief Bender, and Pop Anson were whats?
11 In the '20s women felt they had to choose between marriage and a what?
12 If Chopin wants you to play something smoothly, he marks it what?
14 What has never successfully sailed to England, but has from it?
15 Name a great French historical painter
16 Name the "Prince" of Russian opera
17 Who was a Paine in the neck to British Tories?
19 Because of his hands, what Indian deity would've made a great tax collector?
20 See I Chron. viii, 33
21 What slave became fabulous in world literature?
23 Doe of fallow deer in second year
24 Where do the Krupps do their krupping?
26 An analgesic and painkiller is called what?
28 Mel who is quite a Giant?
30 Complete this letter opener: "Dear Sir: —— cur!"
31 Whom would you pal politically with a Herzegovinian?
35 Both landlords and tenants are complaining about what these days?
39 What agency's in charge of wartime transportation?
40 Complete: —— de menthe
42 What agency did Congress recently almost snuff out (stupidly)?
43 The dog has given its what to weaving?
45 Bronx Park, N. Y., is famed for its what?
46 The stratosphere's also known as the great what?
47 Beethoven's Third is commonly known as the what Symphony?
49 What's to goad in present slang?
51 Name a Prime Minister of Republican Spain
52 Canaries have given their whats to singers?
53 Because of his oratory, whom would you tag the Churchill of old Greece?

VERTICAL

1 LSTs are invasion whats?
2 Medieval mails are called whats?
3 What king got the dirtiest deal in Shakespeare?
4 Complete: No European king —— his troops in action in this war
5 To yututuh-yututuh
6 What's known as the high cost of loving?
7 100 sen equal one what?
8 Turtleberries
9 A German who says he didn't hate the Nazis is a what?
10 What gent's name means a crown or garland? (var.)
11 Who wrote The Eternal City?
13 From what kind of orange tree did Indians make bows?
18 First name of famed lady Livingstone
21 Complete: —— Hay, by Aldous Huxley
22 American journalist and historiographer (1820-87)
25 A few million years of time
27 What kind of bill is given for "moneyless" advertising?
29 Whose popularity was hijacked by Superman?
31 What American envoy had great influence over Castro, ex-Venezuelan dictator, defied T. R., etc.?
32 Smelled up the joint
33 What's another word for foil?
34 Plotinus was tops in the what-platonic philosophy?
36 What Britain calls the old bean, we call the old what?
37 Serges and cashmeres are technically whats?
38 A tetrahexahedron has twenty-four whats?
41 A lunar what averages 29.53 days?
44 What kind of foundation garment is every woman interested in?
46 Name the pipe line to the blood bank
48 What's the left-wing American union?
50 Beforehanded palindrome

S	O	A	P		C	H	A	T	S		S	O	F	A
P	U	R	E		R	A	J	A	H		Q	U	I	D
A	C	I	D		O	R	A	T	E		U	R	S	A
S	H	A	D	O	W	E	R		P	O	I	N	T	S
			L	A	D	S		S	H	I	N			
A	L	D	E	R	S		S	H	E	L	T	E	R	S
P	A	I	R	S		S	O	A	R	S		L	I	I
S	U	N	S		M	O	U	N	D		W	A	N	D
E	G	G		S	E	N	S	E		T	E	N	S	E
S	H	O	R	T	A	G	E		G	R	A	D	E	S
			O	A	T	S		F	O	O	T			
A	B	S	O	R	B		B	A	L	D	H	E	A	D
R	A	T	S		A	D	O	L	F		E	S	N	E
A	B	E	T		L	E	A	S	E		R	A	T	E
B	E	T	S		L	I	T	E	R		S	U	E	R

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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The Gordon Highlanders
(Captain)
Mysore—Vittoria—Peninsula—Waterloo
Egypt, 1882, 1884—Defense of Ladysmith
Marne, 1914, '18—Cambrai 1917—Vittorio Veneto 1917, '18

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DEWAR'S *"White Label"*

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and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

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Schenley

WILL PEACE BE WITH US?

Continued from Page 21

after country into the Moscow orbit, willy-nilly. It is not so much a question of Russian pursuit of power, as of power—and most Europe—dropping more or less of their own accord into the Russian lap.

There are several reasons for this. For one thing, in most European countries the Communist Party was the root fiber of the underground; the Communist Party led the resistance to the Nazis, and in some cases was the *only* group with the guts, faith, and discipline to endure; hence its prestige and political power are greatly enhanced in the liberated areas.

For another thing, most of those who stayed inside Europe during the holocaust—who had to stay inside—were the poor, the underprivileged, the underpossessed. Their tendencies were, and are, leftist, and inevitably they now tend to support people's governments which are—or will be—friendly to the Soviet Union. The landless peasants, the small shopkeepers, the petty bureaucrats and workmen and, to an extent, the white-collar class look now to Russia with more hope and sympathy than they ever had before.

The Russians don't *need* to expand by conquest, since they have all the land they can possibly use anyway, or so at least it would seem. Nor do they *need* to incite revolutionary turmoil in Europe, since most of the continent is strongly sympathetic to them already. Thus, Moscow may henceforth actively *favor* the development of democratic and quasi-democratic regimes throughout western Europe, paradoxical as this may seem. To attempt to install an outright Communist government in Italy or France (though both these countries *may* go Communist some day) would, in effect, impede rather than assist the Russian program at the moment. It might seriously upset the delicate equilibrium of Russian domestic politics, and it would annoy and alarm Great Britain and the United States. But, also, installation of such revolutionary governments is hardly necessary at the moment, because the Communist Party will as a rule be the most important single faction in any People's Front government that may emerge.

The Russians thus have it both ways, since by encouraging the development of "democracy" they are at the same time encouraging the development of their own system. Heads I win, tails you lose. They will not favor "democracy" because they like our beautiful blue eyes, but because the Communist Party will be free to grow and expand legally under a democratic regime. Hence, if Stalin and the moderates remain dominant in the U. S. S. R., our chief bogey, fear of overt revolutionary Communism, is not likely to materialize.

But, you will say, is not a Europe friendly with and close to Moscow just as dangerous? Apparently not. If Italy wants a popular government with ties to Russia, that should in no way threaten the national interests of the United States. Our European policy, such as it is, has always been that the people of every country shall have the government they want.

7. The Russians think in Oriental terms, and cannot be "trusted." This of course is a bush-league view. Plenty of Russians are Orientals; but they often behave in character patterns unfamiliar to us mainly because their attitudes are rigidly based on a different philosophy, that of Marx and Lenin. When, in financial matters, the Russians do deal with our capitalist world outside, they more than meet us on our own ground. There has never been a Russian loan or trade agreement not paid for.

This brings up a relevant issue: that the Russians hope to get vast credits from the United States. The astronomical sum of six billion dollars has been mentioned to cover the need for reconstruction on an immense scale. Only the United States can help in a really big way, and therefore it will be to the Russian interest, if rational people are in charge in Moscow, not to alienate our good will.

A word on lend-lease. Some Russophobes attempt these days to depreciate the Russian war achievement on the ground that it was made possible in part by our matériel. This is an attitude appropriate to those who think in terms of money rather than of American lives saved.

Russia needs our postwar export trade; also we need Russia. For without prodigious exports—and the Soviet Union may quite easily become our biggest customer—the United States cannot easily reconvert industrially from a war to a peacetime basis. Russian purchases may well be a major source for 60,000,000 American jobs and a healthy peacetime economy.

So to conclude. Can we get along with Russia? To do so will take patience, strength, tolerance, good will, intelligence—all of which are, or should be, American virtues. The alternative is chaos, political disruption of two hemispheres, death to everything we believe in, and a third world war which our institutions—for which we would presumably be fighting—could not possibly survive. The only road to peace is via good relations between Moscow, Washington, and London. *Can* we get along? Anybody who prefers peace to war should know the answer. Why not try?

THE END

OPEN HANDS OR TIGHT FISTS FOR G.I.s?

Continued from Page 15

he can't establish credit, either because he went into the Army when he was too young or had no previous business experience, the G. I. Bill can't help him."

Why, then, was the bill written? How has it failed to perform its promise, and what is being done to correct its inadequacies? Going behind the high-powered language of the bill—how much of it is sincere and how much scuttlebutt?

Asked in angry mutters by individuals, these questions are building up to a national uproar. Congress, with its ear to the ground, has attempted to take steps. During the last session, more than 3,000 pieces of legislation pertaining to veterans' affairs were introduced, and more than one third dealt directly with the home, business, and farm loan provisions of the G. I. Bill, thereby intensifying the paper shortage. Some of the bills made sense, too. In fact, a few days before its recess, the House passed a measure making it unnecessary for loans to carry Veterans Administration approval.

Before going further, it would be helpful to examine the Veterans Administration record on loans made thus far. The figures are not nearly so dreadful as caustic critics of V. A. would have you believe. On the other hand, the bill is not beginning to work nearly so well as many expected. Perhaps that is the root of the trouble; maybe too much was expected.

As of June 9, 1945, V. A. had received 12,574 applications and had approved 9,839 loans with a total valuation of $15,972,103.38. In the three categories, the figures broke down as in the table following:

	Applied	*Approved*	*Rejected*	*Pending*	*Value*
HOME	11,504	9,084	1,462	958	$15,007,506.86
BUSINESS ...	681	535	43	103	615,088.10
FARM	389	220	79	90	349,508.42

The figures don't mean much unless you know how fast V. A. is acting upon applications. Its record now is pretty good after a painfully slow start. Between May 26 and June 9, a two-week period, 1,343 loans were approved for homes, 112 for businesses, and 39 for farms. On June 9, approximately 1,600,000 men had received honorable discharges from the armed forces and, theoretically, were eligible for the benefits promised in the G. I. Bill.

Now, all of a sudden, those 9,839 approved loans do not look so imposing. The disparity between home loans—mostly for improvements—and business and farm loans is surprising. It becomes astonishing as Army surveys indicate that 11 per cent of the men want to open their own businesses after the war. The Army also has discovered that 58 per cent of these men must borrow capital to go into business for themselves. Stir the figures well, add a dash of bitters, and you have a cold, unappetizing dish.

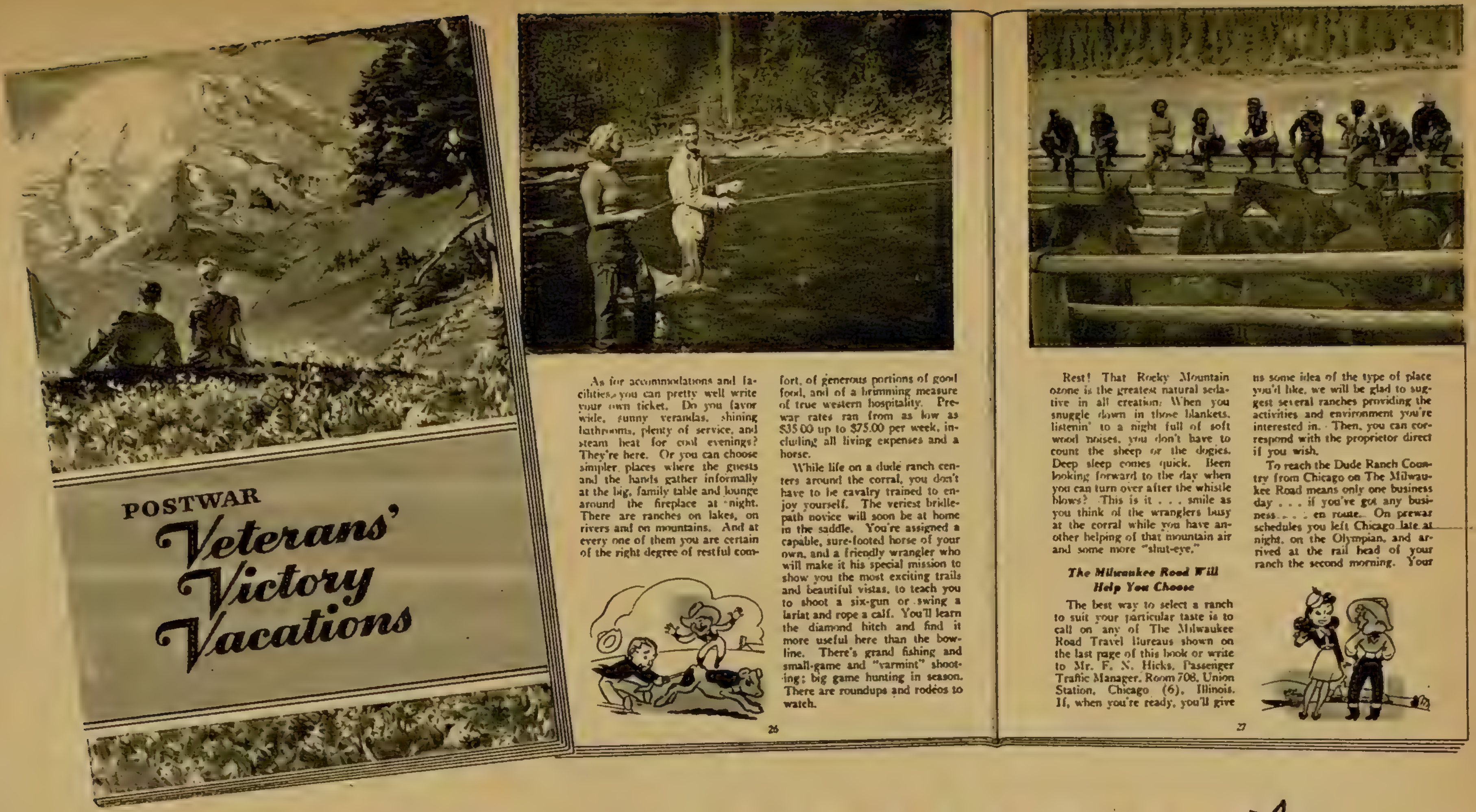
According to these Army statistics, there were 102,080 veterans among the 1,600,000 already discharged in June who wanted to go into business and needed help. Yet the red tape, delays, and misconceptions involved in the G. I. Bill discouraged all but 681 of the 102,080 from applying for loans. Only 535 men were given the help they required—an infinitesimal ½ per cent.

Something, obviously and radically, is wrong with the picture. The difficulties, disappointments, and delays in getting the financial assistance the guys believe they were promised have done much to intensify the traditional grievance of the returning soldier, who suspects—again—that he has been played for a sucker. After years of rigid obedience to orders and suppression of personal liberty, a man passionately desires to be his own boss. Building up his hopes, then knocking them down when he believes the pay-off is in sight, is bound to cause deep-seated resentment and hot, inflammatory questions such as, "What the hell did I fight for?" when he sees men who didn't go to war prospering in their own businesses.

Besides posing an emotional problem, this whole subject of loans for veterans is profoundly important to the country's economic future. The 14,000,000 men and women who will have been processed by the armed forces when the war finally ends are the most vigorous and resourceful members of the population in their age groups. In a few years they will be carrying the heaviest load of the nation's economy. The G. I. Bill, designed in theory, at least, to prepare them for this responsibility, therefore assumes enormous significance.

Small business is an integral part of American life; in 1939, more than 90 per cent of the establishments in this country employed fewer than twenty people, and 1,000,000 were managed and operated by the owners. There are today 500,000 fewer

(*Continued on page 54*)


POSTWAR
Veterans' Victory Vacations

As for accommodations and facilities, you can pretty well write your own ticket. Do you favor wide, sunny verandas, shining bathrooms, plenty of service, and steam heat for cool evenings? They're here. Or you can choose simpler places where the guests and the hands gather informally at the big, family table and lounge around the fireplace at night. There are ranches on lakes, on rivers and on mountains. And at every one of them you are certain of the right degree of restful comfort, of generous portions of good food, and of a brimming measure of true western hospitality. Prewar rates ran from as low as $35.00 up to $75.00 per week, including all living expenses and a horse.

While life on a dude ranch centers around the corral, you don't have to be cavalry trained to enjoy yourself. The veriest bridle-path novice will soon be at home in the saddle. You're assigned a capable, sure-footed horse of your own, and a friendly wrangler who will make it his special mission to show you the most exciting trails and beautiful vistas, to teach you to shoot a six-gun or swing a lariat and rope a calf. You'll learn the diamond hitch and find it more useful here than the bowline. There's grand fishing and small-game and "varmint" shooting; big game hunting in season. There are roundups and rodéos to watch.

26

Rest! That Rocky Mountain ozone is the greatest natural sedative in all creation. When you snuggle down in those blankets, listenin' to a night full of soft wood noises, you don't have to count the sheep or the dogies. Deep sleep comes quick. Been looking forward to the day when you can turn over after the whistle blows? This is it . . . smile as you think of the wranglers busy at the corral while you have another helping of that mountain air and some more "shut-eye."

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The best way to select a ranch to suit your particular taste is to call on any of The Milwaukee Road Travel Bureaus shown on the last page of this book or write to Mr. F. N. Hicks, Passenger Traffic Manager, Room 708, Union Station, Chicago (6), Illinois. If, when you're ready, you'll give us some idea of the type of place you'd like, we will be glad to suggest several ranches providing the activities and environment you're interested in. Then, you can correspond with the proprietor direct if you wish.

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27

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For you who are definitely considering a Victory Vacation Tour as a happy means of reconverting to civilian life some approximate overall costs are quoted—on a prewar basis, of course. Servicemen we have talked to, see in postwar vacation tours of the U. S. A. an opportunity to look around for a new place to work and live. The idea of relocating is not overlooked.

The book is also available, free, to mothers, wives, relatives, and friends of service people. As possible participants in Veterans' Victory Vacation Tours, they may be interested in looking it over and then forwarding it to *their* men or women in uniform. Or send us names and addresses of those in service and we'll send direct.

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

11,000-mile supply line for war and home fronts

DO NOT TRAVEL NOW UNLESS YOUR TRIP IS NECESSARY

(Continued from page 52)

businesses in the United States than when war was declared in 1941. Our demand for consumer goods after the war will create a fertile field for the products and services these half million shops supplied. No one can argue conscientiously against a veteran, who made important sacrifices in time and money and comfort, getting a reserved seat on the gravy train—if it leaves the roundhouse.

In fact, encouragingly, veterans are being offered some help by retailers themselves—big and little, chain and independent. The American Retail Federation, which represents more than 500,000 merchants, recently charted a national program on the community level to provide support for veterans who would enter this field.

EVERYONE is eager to give the ex-serviceman every break in the world. Yet there are sincere, well-meaning citizens who recommend a tight-fisted policy in handing out money, as opposed to the school demanding openhanded treatment of veterans. That is the fundamental conflict in the administration of the G. I. Bill, and before you leap to conclusions you should know that not all supporters of the tight fist are reactionaries, un-American villains, or even charter members of the "interests."

Consider Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace, certainly no enemy of small business or the little man's security. On May 30 he told a House committee there was room for only 500,000 to 700,000 veterans to start new postwar businesses, and, he added, it would be "unfortunate" if more attempted it. Estimating that two to three millions plan to go into business and cash in on the anticipated boom, Wallace said: "The same precautions must be observed in making loans to servicemen as to civilians." The character of the applicant and the purpose of the loan, he warned, must be considered.

It is imperative to give at least passing thought to the arguments advanced by the proponents of caution. They are, briefly and bluntly:

1. Buying on an inflated market may result in business failure later.
2. The times are uncertain. No one knows whether a roaring boom or a period of depression will follow the war. If it comes up depression, veterans probably will be the heaviest casualties.
3. An honest, sincere effort is being made to prevent inexperienced, overoptimistic veterans from saddling themselves with debts which will burden them harmfully for the rest of their lives.

The tight fists are trying to say that the American system of free enterprise also is a system of free and fierce competition. Even in normal times, half a million concerns go out of business every year. The life of a small business is short and sour; 30 per cent fold within the first year, and more than half roll over and play dead dog in three years or less. Business fatalities are highest among retail stores, which veterans on limited capital are most likely to open, and the death rate is particularly virulent among those enterprises favored by veterans. And the cost of widespread defaulting on loans and mortgages must be borne by everyone—including the veterans of this and the last war.

Many authorities with a sincere interest in veterans' welfare offer advice that probably will be disregarded. They point out that the war has caused important changes during the veteran's absence; he would do well to familiarize himself with them to gain experience, and mark time until the nation's postwar economy is stabilized. To repeat, such advice will be ignored. The veteran is impatient to make up for time lost in the service. Having risked his life, he's ready to gamble on his business success, despite the heavy odds against him. Above all, he wants to be his own boss, have first-hand control of his future.

In direct opposition to the wait-and-see bloc is the group demanding wholesale concessions for veterans, including the junking of all obstacles that now beset the lending process. The extreme viewpoint is represented by Colonel John Thomas Taylor, director of the American Legion's national legislative committee.

"Nothing is too much for the serviceman. I'm for everything he can get from the government," thunders Colonel Taylor, an overseas veteran of both World Wars. "The fault with the G. I. Bill is not in the law itself, but in the way it has been administered. When Congress passed the bill, it intended a liberal interpretation. It knew a lot of new businesses would fail and that there would be many defaults on houses.

"All this talk about the ultimate cost to the taxpayer of G. I. loans is a lot of bunk, anyway. The precedent for the G. I.'s responsible attitude toward borrowed money was established by Army Emergency Relief, which loaned money without any security. Army Emergency Relief had seventeen million dollars originally. It loaned eleven million dollars to servicemen. It has thirteen million in the till today and most of the outstanding debts will be paid. The G. I. appreciates his country more than anybody else because he made great sacrifices for it. He's not going to ruin it.

Bet you can't give the original full name of President Grant! It was Hiram Ulysses Grant until, entering West Point, he was recorded, erroneously, as Ulysses Simpson Grant—Simpson being his mother's maiden name. Thereafter, he himself left out Hiram and used S. as an initial.

"Sure, many G. I.s getting loans will go broke. That's the law of business averages. Let them go broke, I say. The least we can do is give them a chance to strike out for themselves, if that's what they want."

Emotionally, most of us probably will agree with Colonel Taylor that the G. I. deserves a break. The desire to own a home and a business is wholly and rightly in the American tradition of independence. Astronomical war budgets have taught us that a few billions will not break the country—and the money cannot be put to better use if it actually rehabilitates several hundred thousand veterans. And bitter experience has taught us that bonuses and pensions always are too little, too late, and to the wrong people. Exclusive of this war, we have spent more than fifteen billion dollars on cash payments to veterans, often without rehabilitating the men who really needed help.

Exhaustive statistics compiled by the Army, as reported by the Department of Commerce, suggest that the veteran will be a fairly good risk for business and farm loans. More than 80 per cent of the men with definite plans have had some experience in the field they expect to enter, and 42 per cent have been self-employed. The average initial investment contemplated is small—less than $4,000—and 60 per cent say they have all or at least half of the needed capital. The majority are in the twenty-five-to-thirty-four age group, high-school graduates, married, and had above-average incomes as civilians. As for their realistic approach to their problem, the Army states: "The fact remains that most of the men with definite plans to operate businesses do meet certain basic requirements of experience and probably have sufficient enthusiasm to carry them along the road to business ownership even if not all of them arrive."

Perhaps the severest criticism of the Veterans Administration is the interminable, irritating delay which ties up applications for loans. It would be no overstatement to report that for every man granted an approved loan, a hundred veterans, fed up with red tape and run-arounds, have gone out and raised money from private sources without taking advantage of the G. I. Bill. A Mr. Black at the V. A. central office in Washington assured me that most applications are acted upon within a week. That raucous horse laugh you hear comes from veterans who have been left hanging on the hook for months without getting action. According to Colonel Taylor, 7,000 men in Memphis inquired about loans when the provisions of the G. I. Bill were first publicized. Only 700 bothered to go through the long, involved motions of filing intricate applications. Loans finally made: a grand total of seventeen.

Under the present system a veteran who wants to get a loan must make preliminary arrangements with a bank or private individual before he files application. If the loan is certified, the V. A. appoints an appraiser to investigate the property or equipment and look into the veteran's background. The V. A. will issue its guaranty in time if the appraiser's reports are satisfactory—but, again, give it time.

Although the appraiser may not require more than fifteen minutes to look over a property, it often takes him weeks, particularly in localities distant from regional offices of the V. A., before he gets around to it. To eliminate this time-wasting step, it has been suggested that a reputable local bank—even the one making the loan—should name an appraiser in the vicinity.

Hundreds of banks throughout the country, eager to give the returning soldier a lift, have made loans without bothering to get approval and guaranties from the bureaucracy of the V. A. Scores of bills have been introduced in Congress to permit banks to make loans at their own discretion, with the government guaranteeing 50 per cent, for the purpose of breathing a spark of life and human values into the dreary process.

THE V. A., jealous of the power it controls, opposes such bills strenuously, but there is increasing support for such a law as the only solution of a first-class snafu.

"I'd like to see a return to the old philosophy when business was conducted on a personal basis and a man's word was important," Major Gubin says. "Why not let the banker be the judge of a borrower's ability to repay a loan? In a small locality the banker is familiar with a man's character, his history, family, and talents. There must be individual interpretation of rules when you're dealing with millions of veterans, and one central office cannot do it. It must be accomplished on the community level."

The entire mess is one of the major headaches inherited by General Omar N. Bradley, the new chief of the Veterans Administration. How he copes with it will determine, in large measure, the course of our ambitious, well-meaning plans for the rehabilitation of veterans—which no country has ever solved after any war. We know the government's guaranty of loans can't be permitted to degenerate into a handout for all comers. But we also know that we cannot break faith with the men who fought a bloody, soul-shattering war and now ask nothing more than the right to earn an honest living.

THE END

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MENG KAI'S DAY OF GLORY

Continued from Page 19

raging across the crude plank tables, for the war news posted on the public bulletin boards that morning was very bad. The Japanese advance upon the city had quickened—Wan-Tok Pass in the hills had already fallen, and now the brown hordes of Nippon would come rolling down the valley like a tidal wave.

Of all the voices in the room, that of Wang Gat the shoemaker was angriest. "Aye, our city will fall to the Brown Devils like a ripe plum!" he shouted. "How can it be defended, now that Wan-Tok Pass is gone? And why should Wan-Tok fall? How is it these Brown Devils always know where to strike?"

Wang Gat paused for breath, and a voice cried out, "The *han-giens!* The *han-giens* are to blame!"

"Aye!" Wang Gat thundered. "We have traitors in our midst—thrice-accursed *han-giens* in high places who purchase safety for themselves, and open our gates to the cursed enemy!"

But Meng Kai shook his head and shrugged. What did it matter to him whether the Japanese came or not? He need have no fears—he had nothing to lose.

Wang Gat was still shouting when Meng Kai left the food shop. "Three days! Mark my words—in three days the Brown Devils will be here, and we shall all be eating dust under the heel of the conquerors!"

At the ancient well in the square, Meng Kai scoured his wooden bowl and dried it in the sun, and then set out for Green Buddha Square, to make his daily inquiry for letters.

"I am sorry, Meng Kai, there is nothing," Sang informed him.

Meng shook his head. "*Ai-yee*, it is three months and eleven days since my son's last writing. I fear his silence."

"Have patience," Sang Poh counseled. "This is a time of war—the roads are uncertain, and the postal messengers are often late." He lowered his voice: "Do you think it is true, Meng Kai, that the Japanese will come to our city?"

"Aye, curse them, they will come, Sang Poh—as surely as death comes," Meng replied. "They come wherever rich looting is to be had."

"Then I must hide portions of my stock," Sang murmured. "I have some rare old editions of the Five Classics, and a truly marvelous copy of the poems of Li Po, with illustrations painted upon silk—"

Meng touched the bookseller's arm. "When the Japanese come, Sang Poh, your books will be safe enough, but if you are wise, you will hide your daughter Mei-An from their sight."

Sang Poh gave him a startled look. "Do you think—" His voice trailed to a whisper.

"I do not think, Sang Poh—I know!" Meng replied grimly. "I have seen these Brown Devils and their evil work before."

AND Meng Kai remembered the warm glow he had seen come into his son's eyes the very first time young Lee had caught a glimpse of Mei-An. Aye, he thought, perhaps in the fullness of time, when peace reigned once more, and the House of Meng stood restored, something might be arranged. They would be well and happily matched, those two fine ones—his son Lee and pretty little Mei-An.

Meng Kai said good-by and set about his daily search for some lucrative spot which had not already been seized upon and parceled out by the agents of the Beggars' Guild.

Business was very bad that day. Only a few *cash* and some coppers had come clinking down into his bowl.

Not that there was any lack of traffic in the streets, for the city was in a very ferment of movement toward the South and West Gates, and many shopkeepers had already fastened their heavy wooden shutters and locked their doors.

Later that day Meng Kai sat counting the meager contents of his bowl. "*Ai-yee*," he said sadly, "it is not a time for almsgiving, and by the look of the sky, it will rain before darkness. I will go to the Hutung Choy Lung and feast my eyes again upon the wondrous house of Meng Kai the lucky."

And arriving in Lucky Dragon Lane, Meng the beggar spread his mat in a gateway opposite the red-tiled wall of Meng the official. The *hutung* wore a hushed and deserted air, for almost all the wealthy families along its crooked length had already fled the city.

The family of Meng the official had been among these. Meng Kai had watched their departure several days before—two carts piled high with travel baggage, another cart for the menservants and women-servants, Meng's wife carried in her curtained sedan chair, sitting up as haughtily as a wooden goddess, and the son of the house, riding in a ricksha, smoking a foreign cigarette.

Meng Kai looked at the black-painted gate. The great house was deserted now, except for Meng the owner and one servant, the gatekeeper Yuan.

* * *

Why was Captain Kidd hanged?

The real reason why Captain William Kidd was hanged was not because he was a pirate, but because he was convicted of murdering William Moore, a member of his crew.

* * *

Meng lifted his eyes to the blue-tiled roof nestling beyond the high wall, and let his thoughts drift. In his mind's eye Meng Kai could see it all so clearly—the courtyards hung with colored lanterns, the night gay with music and laughter, the banqueting hall with great mounds of fruits and nuts and sweetmeats, the smiling guests lifting their wine-cups to his jovial shout of "*Kan-pei!*" (Dry cup!)

Aye, and then the procession of silk-robed servants bearing enormous platters of choice foods — whole suckling pigs, plump roast ducks stuffed with water chestnuts and ginger, fine white-fleshed fish swimming in brandy sauce, turtles slow-broiled in their own horny shells.

Then Meng Kai shook his head sadly. "*Hoya*, I am nothing but an old fool," he muttered. "If these dreams were known to my son Lee, he would surely think I had become a smoker of the forbidden *chandoo* pipe."

Meng reached into his pilgrim's wallet and took out the four precious letters from his son. The first two had come from far-off Szechuan, where Lee had taken his basic training; the third and fourth from Yunnan, where he had been in the fighting to hold the Burma Road.

Gently Meng Kai ran his thin fingers over Lee's last letter, in which his son told of his combat experience and announced that he was no longer a mere *lao ping*, but had won a sergeant's tab.

As a sudden flurry of rain pattered in the dust of the lane, a few drops rattled crisply over Lee's letters before Meng Kai could thrust them back into his wallet. While he had been daydreaming the overcast sky had darkened and in another moment it began to rain in earnest. And when darkness came, it still rained.

Then, as the rain slackened and died, Meng Kai rolled up his mat and started out. But he had only reached the street intersection when the rain burst forth again with fresh fury and he had to take refuge in a near-by gateway.

Presently an oxcart came lumbering along and the driver, catching sight of Meng Kai's huddled figure, pulled up. "*Hola!*" he called out. "Is this the Hutung Choy Lung?"

"Aye!" Meng replied.

"I seek the house of Meng Kai the official," the driver said. "Can you direct me to it?"

"Aye," Meng answered, and getting up, he climbed into the cart. "Keep straight ahead. It is not far." He glanced at the cart and the countryman driver. "Your beasts are splashed with mud to their horns," he remarked. "Have you come a great distance?"

"Five days' journey," the driver replied. "I am a Meng farmer. Old Grandmother Meng lies dying at the ancestral home, and will not draw her last breath until her son comes to stand by her side. So I am sent to bring Meng the official in all haste."

"This is sorrowful news," Meng Kai said politely. "And yonder is the house of Meng—the one with the black gate."

"Gracious thanks," the driver replied. Meng Kai climbed down and crossed the *hutung* to his previous refuge, from whence he watched the driver descend and strike the gong beside the gate.

IN a little while preparations for a hurried departure were evident. The driver and Yuan came out into the *hutung* carrying hastily wrapped bundles and bulging hampers of food, which they stowed away in the cart.

Then Meng Kai the official came through the gateway. He was evidently in an angry humor—cursing the night, the rain, the length of the journey ahead, the slowness of oxen.

Now the driver was in his place, with Meng the official beside him, but the cart did not yet move. Yuan the *mafoo* had gone back into the courtyard, closing the heavy gate and dropping its wooden crossbar into place. Then Yuan's head appeared above the rim of the high wall. The *mafoo* climbed over, hung by his hands an instant, then dropped down into the *hutung*. As he climbed into the cart, the driver prodded the black oxen and the rumbling wheels began to turn.

Meng Kai the beggar stood staring after the disappearing cart. Then his eyes turned slowly toward the black gate across the *hutung*—and temptation came to him. It was night, and it was raining, and there stood the house of Meng the official, completely deserted—offering him shelter, offering him a heaven-sent opportunity to explore for himself this hidden world of wealth about which he had so often sat and dreamed.

Abruptly Meng came to his decision. With a quick look around the deserted *hutung*, he crossed to the black gate. At first glance it seemed as unscalable as the high wall, but Meng noticed crosspieces and hinge joints that offered a foothold.

On the second attempt he managed to climb to the top of the tall gate and drop down into darkness.

He struck a match, holding his cupped hand above the yellow flame, and found himself staring at the great tiled dragon of the wide devil screen set inside the gate. To his left stood the little gate lodge of Yuan the *mafoo*. Across the dark compound the rambling house stretched its shadowy bulk.

"I have only three matches," Meng said to himself. "I will wait for daylight to explore this house of many courts."

(*Continued on page 59*)

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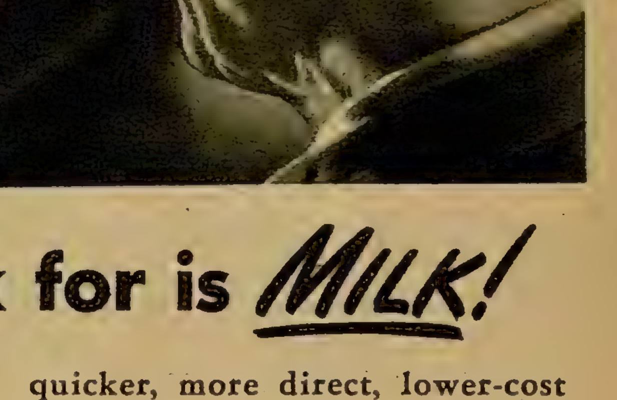

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(Continued from page 56)

Groping his way into the *mafoo's* lodge, he struck another match, and finding Yuan's bamboo cot, stretched out on it with a contented sigh.

It was full morning when Meng Kai awoke. For a moment he sat bolt upright, staring, not knowing where he was. Then he hurried to the door.

The main courtyard lay before him, paved with golden sun. There were trellised vines along the walls, and a garden pool where pink lotus buds floated on their green pads and golden-red carp lurked lazily in the crystal depths.

Through a round moon-gate guarded by a pair of stone *foo* dogs he entered another court, and still another. The place was a maze of courts, each with its own particular flower scent—the delicate fragrance of white priest lilies, the spicy tang of marigolds, the haunting sweetness of *kwe-hwa* blossoms.

And there were rooms opening upon these courts—rooms with silken hangings and lacquer panels and with beautiful furniture everywhere—hand-carved teak and lustrous blackwood and ebony inlaid with pearl. There were masters' rooms and servants' rooms and dining halls. There was a vast kitchen where a meal for a hundred might be prepared.

"Ai-yee!" Meng Kai exclaimed, staring at the endless shelves and storage bins crammed with the food left behind by the Meng family in their flight. "By Tao, I can now eat my fill," he muttered. "It will not be robbing Meng the official, who has left all this behind for the feasting of rats and mice."

So Meng the beggar cooked himself a princely breakfast. And after he had eaten he gently rubbed his stomach and continued his exploring. He entered a library which had ten times as many books in it as Sang Poh the bookseller had in his entire shop. Adjoining that was a scholar's den, an austere room paneled in white rice paper and containing nothing but a foot-high writing desk and two teakwood pedestals holding a pair of tiny dwarf pine trees, perfectly matched.

And then he came upon Meng the official's private chamber. It had a great carved sleeping *k'ang* with silken covers, even as he had seen it in his dream, and there were Soochow chests painted crimson and jade green and peacock blue, and crammed with clothing of all descriptions.

"Aye, it is a day of marvels!" Meng exclaimed. "I stand here like a shipwrecked sailor cast up by the seas of chance on an island of paradise." And seeing all this fine raiment, Meng the beggar found himself sorely tempted to see how he would look in the superior garments of his wealthy namesake.

SO Meng Kai took off his beggar's garb and clothed himself in a magnificent mandarin robe of blue and silver, with brocaded shoes and a blue velvet skullcap. Then he stood before a large round gong hanging on the wall, and stared in amazement at his reflection.

"Hoya!" he murmured. "Whose eyes would now be sharp enough to look upon me and say 'There stands Meng Kai the beggar'?"

And Meng was so delighted that he could not bring himself to strip off his borrowed finery. He was still wearing the mandarin robe when he came upon a wide gilded doorway to a quiet shadowy room.

"It is the Hall of Ancestors!" Meng said to himself, and stood silently before the ancestral tablets of the House of Meng, staring curiously at the endless list of names inscribed on the family scroll hanging on the wall.

And thinking of the neglected grave mounds of his own humble ancestors lying beyond the barley field of his lost farm, Meng placed a row of burning joss in the sanded bowl before the tablets, and striking the little red prayer drum beside the altar to gain the gods' attention, he made the nine-time kowtow, slowly and with deep reverence.

It was strange how quickly that day of marvels passed. When darkness came upon him, the great house was still half unexplored. That night he slept in the *k'ang* of Meng the official, with a night lamp burning beside the bed, so that he might feast his eyes upon the splendors of the room until the moment of sleep.

In the morning it seemed only natural for Meng to clothe himself in borrowed silk again. There were new rooms to explore, new wonders to exclaim over. He reveled in this new and strange world of luxury, oblivious to everything beyond the compound walls.

BUT that night there was a distant rumbling in the northern sky. It was thunder—the thunder of Japanese guns. Meng Kai did not hear it, for he lay fast asleep under his silken covers. But the next morning he could not fail to notice the extraordinary silence that hung over the city—an uneasy silence like the waiting stillness of caught breath.

In Lucky Dragon Lane not a wheel turned, not a step sounded, not a voice was heard. And then, midway of the Hour of the Serpent, the silence was broken—broken by the sharp crackle of rifle fire in the distance.

A nameless man raced through the *hutung,* screaming "The Brown Devils have come! Bury your silver and hide your women!"

Meng Kai could not make up his mind whether to stay or flee, but even as he hesitated, the Japanese reached Lucky Dragon Lane. He heard the trampling of their feet, the shouting of their orders: "Open to the soldiers of the emperor! Open—or die!"

Racing through the inner moon-gate, he made his way to the rear wall of the compound, and climbing a vine trellis, swung his leg over the top of the wall. But there were Japanese in this *hutung* too, and swift rifles slanted upward at him. Meng dropped inside again, a split second before bullets raked the green boughs overhead and ricocheted wildly from the tiled wall.

Now the gun butts were thundering against the outer gate. "Open! Open—or die!"

Gathering his courage, Meng went to the gate and unfastened the bar. As the gate swung back, four Japanese soldiers stormed inside, followed by a squint-eyed lieutenant with a black pistol in one hand and a notebook in the other.

"Your name?" the lieutenant snapped in badly accented Chinese.

"My name is Meng Kai," Meng answered.

The lieutenant's pencil poised in mid-air. "Meng Kai the official?" he said in his hissing accent. "Then it will not be necessary to search your house. Your family is here?"

"They have gone to the Meng summer home in the hills," Meng Kai replied, gaining calmness.

"And your servants? How many?"

"They, too, have gone," Meng said. "I am alone here."

The lieutenant nodded. "Perhaps it is better so. There may be trouble in the city for a few days, with looting and snipers. It will be safer that you do not show your face upon the streets. I leave this bamboo whistle with you. If you have need of help, blow it three times, and the soldiers on guard in the *hutung* will come to your aid instantly."

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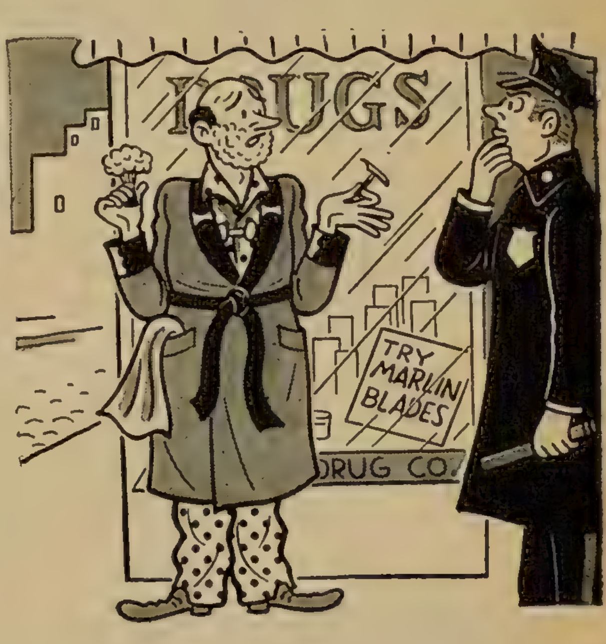

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The squint-eyed lieutenant clicked his heels together, made a stiff-necked bow, and strutted out, followed by his men.

"By Tao, what a wondrous thing it is to be a man of wealth and power!" Meng Kai muttered. "As Meng the official I am treated by the enemy with courtesy and respect—as Meng the beggar I would be given a bellyful of cold steel."

But that day Meng Kai could find no pleasure in the quiet courts of that great house, for hour upon hour the air outside was filled with distant shots and cries and all the dreadful sounds of a defenseless city given over to destruction and defilement.

And Meng Kai wondered anxiously what was happening in Green Buddha Square, at the shop of Sang Poh the bookseller. Had the Japanese searched the shop? Had pretty little Mei-An fallen into the hands of these Brown Devils?

AND then, at the Hour of the Fox, there came a peremptory rapping at the gate. Uncertainty and fear seized upon Meng Kai again, but recalling the Japanese lieutenant's promise of protection, he took his lantern and unbarred the gate.

A smiling Japanese officer in immaculate uniform stood in the *hutung*, with two soldiers as escort.

"I am Colonel Otoyo," he said in crisp, faultless Chinese. "I come from General Sabukichi's headquarters." He stepped briskly through the gate, motioning to the two soldiers to remain outside. "Is there a room where we can speak together privately?"

"I—I am alone here," Meng Kai stammered. "We—we can go into the Hall of Elders."

"Excellent!" Colonel Otoyo said. "I would have come sooner, but I thought it wiser to wait for darkness." He gave a laugh as he added, "Such things may be overseen—and misunderstood."

In the Hall of Elders, Meng Kai set the lantern down upon a table. Colonel Otoyo glanced around at the furnishings with admiration. "A charming room!" he said as he seated himself.

Then Colonel Otoyo's voice took on a more formal tone. "Meng Kai, I am instructed to bring you General Sabukichi's compliments—also a trifling gift as token of his friendship."

And Colonel Otoyo, drawing a wallet from his tunic, extracted a thick wad of banknotes—Japanese banknotes. Placing them before Meng Kai, he pressed down on them with his palm, giving a twist that made the notes spread out like a fan.

Meng Kai stared unbelievingly at the banknotes, his brain numbed by the magnitude of the sum spread before his eyes, and Colonel Otoyo laughed slily.

"You are astonished at General Sabukichi's generosity, not so? *Hoi!* We know how to reward our friends, even as we know how to punish our enemies! You have served us well, Meng Kai. It is a large sum, but the military information you have been furnishing us is well worth it. Indeed, without your valuable help we would still be fighting for Wan-Tok Pass—"

Wan-Tok Pass! The name clanged and clamored like a gong in Meng Kai's brain. His memory called up the scene in the rice shop that day when Wang Gat the cobbler had made his angry tirade against treachery and betrayal—against the *han-giens* in high places.

By Tao, and it was his own namesake—Meng Kai the official—who was the Number One *han-gien!* It was Meng Kai who had betrayed Wan-Tok Pass, and so delivered his own city and half the province into the hands of these Brown Devils! Meng the beggar felt a tide of anger surge through him at this sudden realization.

Colonel Otoyo was leaning forward, smiling, tapping the sheaf of banknotes with his finger. "Remember, Meng Kai, here are more of these — many more — aiting to be earned. Now that their armies re beaten, the patriots of the province ill organize into secret *ch'ons.* We will ay, and pay well, for a list of the *ch'on* ficers."

Meng Kai stared as if hypnotized at the oney spread before him. All he need do as make a false promise, pick up the oney after Colonel Otoyo's departure, and scape. Here was money enough to buy a ne farm—aye, a dozen farms! Money enough to live the life of a white-button mandarin the rest of his days!

Colonel Otoyo stirred restlessly. "Well, what do you say, Meng Kai? Shall I tell General Sabukichi he may count upon you?"

Meng Kai raised his eyes from the money and stared directly at the Japanese officer. "I have nothing to sell you!" he announced harshly.

Something menacing in Meng's tone as ell as in his words wiped the silky smile om Colonel Otoyo's lips. *"Hoi!* What is is you say?" he cried out, half rising.

Meng leaped to his feet, facing him, his oughts clear, words racing to his tongue ith ease and swiftness. "You speak to e wrong Meng Kai!" he shouted. "Aye, at is my name, but I am not Meng Kai e official—the traitor! I am only Meng ai the beggar! I am of the *hsiao ren*—the ittle people, and I have a son who fights o defend the soil of Han from the cursed nvader. Think you I could swallow rice ought with the blood of my own people?"

Colonel Otoyo's ears took in Meng Kai's ords, but his eyes could see only the legant and expensive mandarin robe, and s mind groped in bewilderment. "A beggar? A beggar?" he echoed stupidly.

"Aye, a beggar!" Meng Kai flung at him hotly. "A street beggar with a begging bowl! But before that I was a farmer, tending my own acres and bringing harm to no man. Then your Brown Devils came and killed my wife and drove me and my son forth upon the roads—"

Colonel Otoyo realized his danger then, and moved swiftly to meet it. But even as his hand snatched a pistol from its holster, the weapon was wrenched from his grasp, and a thin hand of steel closed upon his throat.

Colonel Otoyo's face turned dark with congested blood. His small eyes bulged, his swollen tongue hung out in a vain struggle for breath as the merciless minutes passed, and with a last convulsive shudder life departed. Only then did the hand of Meng Kai relax.

MENG KAI stood staring at the body, his anger still hot within him. Then, snatching up the lantern and the Japanese money, he strode from the room and went straight to the Meng Hall of Ancestors.

There he heaped the tainted wealth into the prayer bowl standing below the ancestral tablets, and set fire to it. And as the swift flames leaped and crackled he shouted, "May the evil smell of evil money make a stench in the nostrils of the ancestors of Meng Kai the *han-gien!* It is the unworthy joss of an unworthy son!"

He went quickly from the room then, and in the silken chamber of Meng the official angrily stripped off the mandarin robe, the velvet shoes, the velvet cap. Quickly he resumed his beggar's garb, and turned his back on the blue-tiled palace of treachery.

Aye, and now Meng Kai the betrayer would pay the full price of his treachery. Let him try to explain matters to his Brown Devil friends after those soldiers became impatient and entered the gate to find the dead body of Colonel Otoyo! Meng Kai the beggar had made of Meng Kai the traitor a doomed man, marked for swift death by the very enemy he had served. *Hai!* True justice, weighed out and balanced to a hair's breadth!

Silently Meng climbed a trellis at the rear wall of the compound. Silently he dropped down into the next *hutung* and crept along in its shadow, eyes and ears alert for Japanese patrols.

Slowly and cautiously he crept across the Inner City until he came to Green Buddha Square and the little shop of Sang Poh the bookseller. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the shop of Sang Poh stood untouched, its wooden night shutters firmly in place.

Then Meng Kai sought out a near-by gateway of proper depth and shadow. He spread his mat, adjusted his pilgrim's wallet to serve as a pillow, and stretched out, relaxed, yawning. And looking across at Sang Poh's little shop, he wondered if a letter from his son Lee might have arrived during his absence.

If not, there would surely be a letter the next day, or the next. That there would be a letter sooner or later, Meng Kai did not have the slightest doubt. As though he could see into the future, he was certain that his son Lee would come home unharmed from the war and marry Mei-An, and present him with fine strong grandsons.

Meng Kai drowsed happily. Aye, these things would surely come to pass, even as the rice grows and the rivers flow to the sea. To the Lords of Destiny who had heard and answered the prayers of Meng Kai the beggar for a day of glory, such ordinary matters as long life and quiet happiness for the two young ones would be a simple affair indeed.

THE END

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But KREML grooms stubborn hair neat as a pin— so *lustrous* — yet never looking oily or greasy . . .

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First day off in weeks found him on links. But what a wild, unruly mess it makes his hair for tonight's date. Combing his hair with water doesn't keep it in place. But Kreml grooms hair *handsomely.*

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VENUS

THAT GIRL

Continued from Page 26

Kelvalis mowing the lawn in undershirt and derby, his breath heavy with garlic. And probably Mrs. Kelvalis trod grapes into wine with her bare feet. But it wouldn't do, he knew, to press Bud further; when Bud got stubborn, he clammed up completely. *He would have to figure an angle, after all.*

HOWARD'S angle developed logically from a combination of fortuitous but unrelated circumstances. Bud asked permission to use the family sedan for a date. And Lillian departed on the spur of the moment to visit her sister in Pittsburgh who was scheduled to have a baby.

"I'll only be gone a week," Lil told Howard breathlessly. "I hate to run off like this, but it's the poor child's first, and—"

It was then that the idea—the angle—came to Howard, so he waved her hesitation aside.

"Go on, dope," he grinned. "And don't worry about Bud. I'll have all the facts by the time you get back."

When Lillian looked suspicious, her expression was just like Bud's. She said now, "Howard, you promised. No angles." She fluttered with her hands. "You always make things so complicated when you start solving them."

HOWARD waited until the day after Lillian left before approaching Bud, wanting to figure all the facets of his angle before starting the ball rolling. Actually he failed to see how the plan could miscarry.

If Bud did turn the proposal down—well, then it would be time to really start wondering if the Kelvalis girl had a juvenile-delinquency record, or something. It had been rather disquieting that none of the other parents at P. T. A. had met the Kelvalises; and a search of the directory had revealed that they were not in the book.

When Howard propositioned him, Bud gawked in stunned silence.

"Double date?" he demanded, as though his father were on the lunatic fringe. "I don't get it."

Howard fumbled in his corduroy pants pocket for a cigarette, feeling a trifle foolish. "I mean a double date with me." He exhaled smoke with dignity.

Bud dropped his cleaning cloth. "With you? Did you say with *you?*"

"Well, what's so funny about that?"

Bud composed his features. "Sure, that would be a trick, pop, but—well, I still don't get it. I mean, we belong to a different generation and all."

"I am not yet dead and buried, young man. And it has even been rumored that upon occasion, citizens of this community have actually seen me revolving upon the dance floor."

"Yeah, sure, but mom's away."

Howard hastened to explain:

"Oh, I thought I'd take Mary Bolton She's sort of between our generations, and could act as interpreter." Mary had attained the senile age of twenty-seven, and was supposed to get on well with young people—Lillian often said. The two girls were good friends and Howard was pretty sure that Mary would play ball when he told her the score.

"Dame Bolton is O. K.," Bud said without enthusiasm. Then, with sudden suspicion, "Who do I drag?"

Howard made his surprise casual. "Who? Why, Pat Kelvalis, I suppose."

Bud's grin was wise. "Oh, a plant, huh? Nix, pop."

Howard put all his cards on the table "I thought we'd go to the Rendezvous—dinner, dance, the works. In *my* car. *On* me—the whole business." And he added quickly, "I don't see why you and I can't do the town together once in a while."

"The Rendezvous," Bud said in thoughtful appraisal. "In your bus, and on you, eh?" His eyes brightened. "You know, I guess you and I ought to go out together once in a while, at that. After all, we're blood relations."

THE Rendezvous was jam-packed. Howard had reserved a table near the orchestra stand, and the four of them sat in a polite vacuum, smiling reassuringly at one another as they fidgeted. The Rendezvous was the mecca of the high-school crowd, and occasionally Bud waved a casual hand and said, "Hiya, boy!" or, to some sophisticated child scarcely out of her rompers, "Whaddya know, there!" When the kid grinned, Howard thought, he was damn good-looking.

The smoke-filled atmosphere made Howard's eyes smart and he blinked them, looking covertly at Pat Kelvalis across the table. So far he was agreeably surprised. Pat had a strain of Slavic blood, no doubt, but she was certainly not a foreigner in

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

DISDRESS: Unhappiness with a new garment.

AWED-IENCE: Patrons at the opera.

KILLT: A dead Scot.

HYPNOTISN'T: The science of not putting people to sleep.

EXPEDISHES: Washing them quickly.

LOWYER: A shyster.

DESSERTATION: A thesis on apple pie.

WINDOUGH: Where you collect at the horse races.

TEATOTALER: He just drinks coffee.

BATHDUB: A guy who buys a square one so he can't get rings in it.

the Ellis Island sense of the word. Indeed she was soft-spoken and charming; and she seemed to be one of those rarities among the younger generation who did not consider her elders as bearded patriarchs, to be good-humoredly tolerated.

She spoke now in a soft voice: "You must find this pretty noisy, Mr. Latham."

"Not at all," Howard said with pumped-up enthusiasm. "Great stuff!" And he added gallantly, "I must say I admire Bud's taste."

Pat's dark eyes smiled and she lowered her black lashes and blushed prettily.

"Oh, pop just says that because it's true," Bud drawled.

Watching Bud, Howard found it hard to believe that he was only seventeen. In his tux he seemed older, more worldly-wise. His eyes swung to Pat. No doubt girls matured much more quickly than boys. Certainly Pat could easily pass for nineteen or twenty. Her dinner dress was cut rather low, but it was in good taste; and right now she had the poise of a matron.

The youngsters ordered beer, and he and Mary dry Martinis. They lit cigarettes, and with a reassuring look in his direction, Mary took over. She was being young and gay and understanding, and she was making the party *go*.

But beside Pat, Howard reflected, Mary Bolton somehow seemed like a schoolmarm on sabbatical leave; and very definitely she talked too much. Odd that he had never noticed this before.

The orchestra blared forth and they danced. Mary Bolton was a good dancer. She smiled at him gaily.

"Bud's Pat is a nice child," she said with the air of a conspirator. "Terribly gauche, of course, but—"

Howard thought, Kitty! and wondered what dancing with Pat would be like. He decided to find out, and when they returned to the table, he suggested to Bud that they swap partners.

"Yeah, sure," Bud said, none too cordially. He turned with resignation to Mary and they glided out on the floor, doing something intricate and completely crazy with their feet. Howard looked questioningly at Pat.

She put down her compact, said with charming deference, "I'd adore dancing with you, Mr. Latham, but let's get a breath of fresh air first. This smoke!"

The night air was cool and sweet in their faces and a sliver of moon rode high in the sky. Pat led the way to a secluded corner, and he lit a cigarette for her, nostalgically aware of her youth and freshness.

Howard smiled, remembering what Bud had said when the girls had excused themselves to powder noses earlier.

"Well, how do you like *that girl*, pop?"

"Darn nice, Bud," he had replied fervently. "You sure can pick 'em."

"You do pretty good as a wolf yourself," Bud had said. "Pat thinks you're swell."

"She the one and only?" Howard had asked after a companionable moment of silence.

"For right now. She's super—see?—and the other guys try to beat my time, and—I mean, we're going steady and all, but—"

"I see," Howard said, although he didn't.

Something Pat was saying brought him back to the present. "You seem awfully *young* to have a son Bud's age, Mr. Latham. Honestly."

"Stuff and nonsense," he demurred, foolishly pleased by the compliment. "I'm old enough to be your father." And because that was far from the humorous exaggeration he had intended, he added quickly, "Your grandfather, I mean."

Then Pat was drawing him farther into the shadows. Suddenly she put her arms about his neck and looked up at him, her black eyes laughing impishly, her childish mouth inviting.

He remembered that this was Bud's girl, and turned his head quickly, so that the kiss missed his mouth, trailing a path of warm fragrance across his cheek.

He cleared his throat and stepped away, trying not to be too abrupt. "You're very kind," he said dutifully; and in the next breath, "We'd better be getting back to the table, don't you think?"

He felt that Pat was laughing at him, that she was savoring his discomfiture. A fine broken-down Romeo he had turned out to be! She had merely wanted to place the stamp of approval on Bud's old man, and he had shied away like a frightened horse.

Then they saw Bud—standing by the French doors, looking at them with a still face. Pat ran to his side and seized his arm with a pretty frown. "Snooper!" she scolded.

Howard stood there, watching Bud. His stomach felt queasy and his knees too loose at the joints. What the devil could he say? That Bud's girl had kissed him to be polite; that he'd had absolutely nothing to do with it? Oh, fine!

Only maybe Bud *hadn't* seen at all.

"Naughty-naughty!" Bud said, with a faint grin on his face.

Howard cleared his throat. "We came out here to admire the moon," he said idiotically. So Bud had seen.

"Some moon," Bud said. "Leer-leer."

Pat said, "Listen, darling. Let's—"

Bud interrupted: "Be back in a sec. Gotta get some cigs I left in the car." And he loped across the terrace and galloped down the stone steps past the syringa bushes.

Howard cleared his throat again.

"Well, shall we go in? I'm afraid Miss Bolton is alone at the table." The "Miss" he put in front of the Bolton was a handle to hang on to.

Pat had her compact out. "You go ahead, Mr. Latham, if you want to. I'll wait out here for Bud." She hesitated. "I see someone over there I know. You go ahead in."

Feeling like a rascal and a seducer, he turned and walked through the French doors. Could it have been that Pat had not intended the kiss as innocently as he had supposed?

When Pat returned to the table, Bud was with her, and his face was like a thundercloud. With frozen courtesy he seated her, yanked his own chair out. They've been fighting, Howard thought. Bud misunderstood what he saw out there, and Pat is too proud to set him right!

He knew, then, that he would have to explain everything to the boy. No matter what light it put himself—or Pat—in. After all, the whole thing had been absolutely innocent. *Or hadn't it?*

Mary was chirping like a sparrow full of benzedrine, but no one paid much attention to her. Howard told a story or two concerning his undergraduate days, gaily stressing how long ago *that* had been. When he had finished, Bud regarded him bleakly and said in a curiously level voice, "Ding-ding!" Pat just sat there looking angry—or was it guilty? As if by mutual consent, they all decided it would be a good idea to call it a night.

Howard drove Mary Bolton home first, then Pat. The kids had been quiet in the back seat, talking only in too casual monosyllables; and when Pat got out of the car, she let it be known that she needed no further escort, and after thanking Howard somewhat coolly (he thought) for a perfectly grand evening, she clip-clopped up the brick walk, chin in air.

On the way home Howard parked by the old Merrick Road and lit a cigarette. Might as well have it out right now, he thought uneasily. Bud had come up front when Pat

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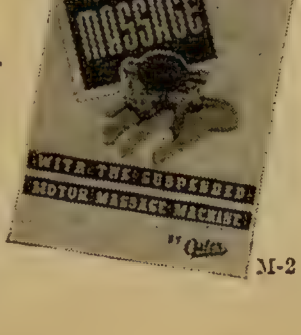

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M-2

got out, and now he lit a cigarette too, looking questioningly and impatiently at his father.

"Listen, Bud. This whole thing is a misunderstanding."

For a moment Bud remained silent. "Oh, I'll get over it," he said finally. "Let's not talk about it."

Howard squirmed. By heaven, this was ridiculous. He tried again: "No use being dramatic, son. Great scott, you can believe me, can't you?"

"Sure. Whaddya mean?"

"That kiss meant nothing. Absolutely nothing at all—believe me!"

Bud nodded with slow conviction. "I *thought* you were taken in."

"Just a friendly gesture," Howard went on quickly, wondering exactly how Bud had meant *that.*

Bud's voice rose on a note that was half anger, half hurt. "Yeah? That's what you think!"

Howard felt his patience begin to slip. "Don't be a dope, Bud. Pat was just being friendly and—and nice."

Bud swung about in his seat. "I don't want to talk about it, see? For crying out loud, pop!"

Long after Bud had gone to bed Howard sat in the armchair by the fireplace, smoking innumerable cigarettes and wishing to hell that Lil would get back from Pittsburgh.

SHE did, two days later, reporting beatifically that everything was fine, though slightly premature, her tone implying that she and the Almighty had teamed up to hurry things along.

Howard wandered out into the petunias to recapitulate while she was unpacking. He would sound like a complete idiot, of course, but he would have to tell all. He frowned, remembering how Lil had warned him against figuring one of his "angles."

But the present situation was intolerable. Obviously Bud blamed Pat rather than him; but perhaps if Lillian and he both talked to Bud, they could convince him that Pat's action had been the naïve prank of a playful child—as of course it had been.

Lillian made up a cup of tea and brought it into the living room, sitting opposite him on the divan. "My dear," she began, "it went just swimmingly!"

Howard hated to squelch her girlish enthusiasm for the cycle of life, but *this* was important. "Hold on to your hat," he said grimly, "and listen!"

Without sparing himself—much—he told the whole story. Lillian's reaction was peculiar, to say the least. She neither fainted nor paled. She merely favored him with a birdlike stare over the rim of her cup and asked if he were sure he weren't gilding the lily.

"I mean," she elucidated, "it doesn't ring true. According to what you intimate, this Pat Kelvalis was so irresistibly attracted by your dash and zip that she sort of swooned in your arms."

Howard was indignant. "That's not what I said!"

"It's what you thought." Lillian set the teacup down and smiled fondly. "Darling, you're such a nice old thing."

"If I may get a word in edgewise," Howard retorted with dignity, "this is not a situation to be laughed aside. Bud is pretty well broken up, you know."

Lillian continued to smile. "We'll talk it over with him tonight. But it wasn't your fault—do get that out of your head, Howard. Not," she added hastily, "that you're not attractive to females, sweetie, but—"

And with that he had to be content, thinking grumpily that it was just like a woman to underestimate the—well, magnetism—of the man she married.

AFTER dinner, Bud forestalled the heart-to-heart talk for a moment by going to the telephone. As usual, he lay full length on the floor, his feet on the chair by the table, the phone propped on his hest near enough to his face for lip service, his hands clasped under his head. The aucous voice of Spike Hart was heard in he far corners of the room where Howard nd Lillian sat, their ears genteelly cocked s they pretended absorption with the evening paper.

Bud said, "Whaddya know, boy?" and Spike said, "Hiya, boy?" and the meeting ame to order. For a minute or two conversation dealt with carburetors and the high price of secondhand retreads. Then Spike was heard to ask about Pat. Specifically he said, "How's La Flamme?"

Bud made his stomach protrude to slide the receiver nearer his face and drawled, "Oh, Pat? Heck, I don't know. . . . Say, this Jo-Jo Spears is pretty trick, hey? You now, the new babe in English lit."

Spike's voice gained in volume. "You ean to tell me that you and Pat have ipped out?"

Howard waited for Bud's reply, feeling illian's eyes upon him.

"For cryin' out loud, Spike, I'm not narried to Pat, am I?" And he added, his oice rich with scorn, "Heck, those things lon't last forever, boy!"

Howard breathed again. Bud's tone had ot gone tremolo with heartbreak. It had ot even sounded especially regretful. In fact, it sounded very casual indeed, until the new babe from English lit was mentioned again.

Howard looked at Lillian and Lillian ooked at Howard, and suddenly she lamped a hand to her mouth and began to hake all over. Not that Howard cared. He elt much too good over the fact that Bud was O. K.—that this unfortunate business was done and forgotten. Though he would have to watch himself in the future, of course. And he exhaled a thin banner of smoke, studying the toe of his boot through veiled lids with an insouciant smile of debonair amusement.

Presently Bud hung up and got to his feet by turning a quick backward somersault.

"Think I'll simonize the bus tomorrow," he offered, yawning luxuriously.

Howard stepped nimbly into the breach. "I'll hold it together while you work on it," he offered. Then, "So you and Pat Kelvalis are washed up?"

"Oh, sure," said Bud indifferently. "Flighty. Ever since that night when she kissed Charlie Peabody. You know—at the Rendezvous."

"The Rendezvous?" Howard said, sounding punchy. "Charlie Peabody?"

"Oh, sure. Saw it when I came back from getting the cigs in the car. Out on the porch. You did too, didn't you?"

"Did what?" Howard asked weakly.

"Saw her smack Charlie. Why, heck, from what you said, I—"

Lillian spoke severely but she didn't look severe: "Pat kissed your father too, didn't she?"

Bud looked puzzled. "Oh, sure. She bussed pop because I asked her to. Thrill-thrill." He grinned at his father; added, "You must have given her ideas, pop. Guess the body isn't buried yet."

Howard grinned too, because anybody could see that Bud had said what he did only because such a conclusion was obviously ridiculous to absolutely anyone.

"Your father," said Lillian too guilelessly, "was afraid that you were upset because Pat had kissed *him*. You weren't, though, were you, darling?"

Bud regarded his parents with an amused grin. "Why, sure," he said. "Hoot-hoot!"

THE END

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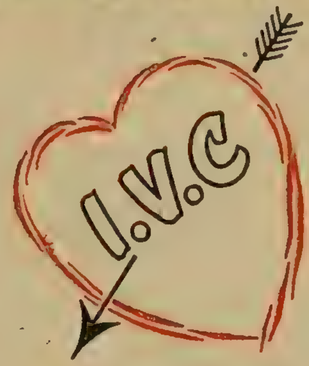

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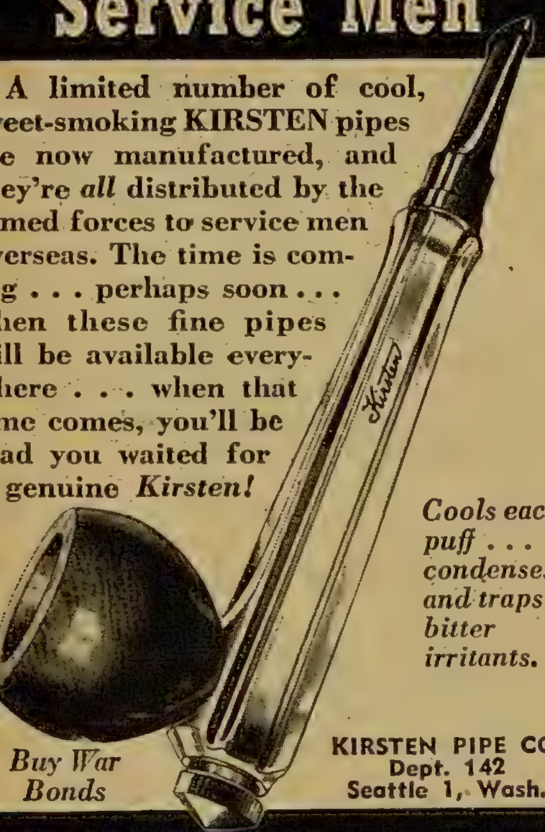

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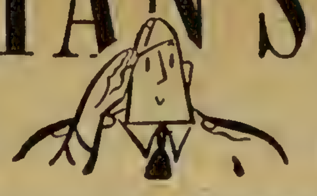

Sgt. B. Woods, Luzon, Philippines. No, General of the Army George C. Marshall is not a West Pointer. He was graduated from Virginia Military Institute. However, of the 1,500 generals in the Army, about 45 per cent are West Point grads.

* * *

Lt. Bill Thomas, Newfoundland. You can write to your congressman to your heart's content without violating any Army regulations, so long as you don't attempt to influence legislation affecting the Army. You can write congressmen your opinions on foreign affairs, the price of sun glasses in Miami, or anything else, with the lone exception stated above.

* * *

Mrs. G. Richards, Birmingham, Ala. The fact that your husband is about to be discharged will not affect the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program, so far as you are concerned. All that matters is that your application for care be approved before the date of his discharge.

Congressman

* * *

Mrs. A. G. Kulhanek, Sanatorium, Tex. The United States now has the largest drydock in the world. At the beginning of this war Great Britain had the largest, located at Singapore. Ours had been operating in the Western Pacific.

* * *

Pvt. H. W., New Orleans, La. You're wrong. The health of this Army is much better than the U. S. Army in World War I ever enjoyed. For instance, only 12,000 men have died of disease since the war began; World War I saw more than 62,000 of our soldiers perish from disease. So far as pneumonia is concerned, the record of the Army Medical Department is even more remarkable in this fracas. More than 17,000 died of pneumonia in 1917-18; in the three years and eight months of this war, so far, only seventy have done so.

* * *

A Captain, Lockbourne AAB, Columbus, O. Your complaint against the OPA is not well taken. Old Sarge feels that OPA has done one of the truly fine jobs of the war and, instead of being castigated, should be gratefully congratulated. National gasoline supplies are controlled by the Petroleum Administration for War, which determines just how much of our national supply may be allotted for civilian use. OPA's job is simply to keep consumption within quota limits.

* * *

S/Sgt. Ben Miller, India. When you are discharged you will receive the full $300, but they were right in denying mustering-out pay to your brother, who was discharged on November 17, 1941. In computing length of active service, so far as mustering-out pay is concerned, the Army starts figuring from December 7, 1941.

* * *

Rev. L. E. S., Little Rock, Ark. Far from releasing most of the chaplains now in service, the Army needs about 700 more chaplains, and it needs them immediately. Communicate with the Office of the Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C. There is a spot available for you right now.

* * *

Mrs. Kenneth McCracken, Portland, Me. I think you're far too optimistic about the Pacific war. True, there are troops who have adopted "Home Alive in '45" as their motto, but before you take it too seriously, match it with the sarcastic slogan taken by a Seabee outfit (composed mainly of over-age construction workers), "Won't We Look Nifty in 1950?" Old Sarge refuses to guess on how long the war against the Japs will go, but hopes we'll keep fighting until we get an unconditional surrender.

* * *

Robert Kelley, S1/c, San Diego, Calif. As of a few months ago, New York had more men and women in the Army than any other state. Pennsylvania was second, California third.

* * *

Cpl. George Shore, APO, Seattle, Wash. Yes, the original name of the Air Transport Command was the Ferrying Command. It was organized four years ago, and at that time consisted of two officers, four enlisted men, and a map of the world. Today planes of the ATC fly more than 2,000,000 miles every day.

* * *

F. Y. F., CPO, U. S. N., Pacific. Britain's civilian casualties in the war against Germany totaled slightly more than 295,000. Sixty thousand were killed and the rest injured by bombs, robot bombs, etc. The most conservative estimates place the time needed to reconstruct at ten years, with many of the expert architects guessing twenty years or more.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Fine 18" x 13" full-color enlargement of this painting sent on request while supply lasts. Write for Lithograph P to Electric Boat Co., P.O. Box 69, New York 8, N. Y., enclosing 10c for postage and handling.

THE "BARB" STRIKES!

Through mined enemy waters littered with fishing junks and too shallow to permit a dive, threading a hazardous course among treacherous rocks into a harbor crammed with vital Jap shipping heavily screened by Nip warships, the U. S. submarine *Barb* crept to "attack position."

There were so many targets that her Commander had to ration his torpedoes.

Suddenly the *Barb* let go with everything she had. Ships exploded in the night like erupting volcanoes. The side of one huge burning vessel was observed to open out like the door of a roaring furnace. Tracer shells streaked in all directions from stricken ammunition carriers.

The crowded anchorage became a nightmare of confusion. Jap ships fired wildly at each other.

The *Barb* maneuvered skillfully, so close to the dangerous rocks that the Japs were afraid to follow. Screening herself among the rocks and junks, the *Barb* finally made good one of the most spectacular surface escapes a sub has ever accomplished. At dawn she reached open water where she could dive. It was just in time to evade a Jap plane which had spotted her.

For the terrific damage she wrought that night against enemy shipping, every member of the *Barb's* crew has been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. The *Barb* was built for the United States Navy by the Electric Boat Company, oldest and largest builder of submarines in America.

EBCo
SUBMARINES

Dependable As A Fine Watch

—and just as full of "works," the sleek, streamlined submarines that the Electric Boat Company has produced in larger quantities than any other shipbuilder are marvels of precision craftsmanship. Important industries are looking toward Electric Boat as a highly skilled source for a variety of post-war products, because "if you can build a submarine, you can build anything."

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THAT'S HOW FASHIONS ARE BORN

Continued from Page 16

blue." Mainbocher, a Chicago-born American who won fame in Paris and returned to America when war broke out in Europe, is said to have tried out fifty different samples of blue until one was judged exactly right for the Wallace wedding gown. All the other samples were then destroyed, and nobody ever saw either the gown or its color except the duchess, Mainbocher, and the few wedding guests. Yet in that year virtually every designer brought out her version of Wallace blue.

In the field of accessories, horses and dogs both have played their part as inspiration. The famous Phelps handbags and belts, produced by William and Elizabeth Phelps in a New York basement workshop, give full credit to Dobbin. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps explain that they always thought "horses were better dressed than people," and decided to apply the same fine craftsmanship of saddle-making to leather accessories for women. Their fine workmanship brought them the American Fashion Critics' Award.

Top jewelry fashion of the last two seasons has been the dog collar, borrowed directly from Fido. Schoolgirls started the fad by buying ordinary dog collars, preferably studded with bright-colored glass, at five-and-ten-cent stores, and wearing them around their necks, wrists, and waists. Three or four fastened together made a belt to wear with sweaters and jeans.

Jewelers promoted the fad, using jewels and precious metals, and a new national fashion was launched.

Footwear, too, takes its cues from unexpected sources. The Indian moccasin is the direct forerunner of the favorite casual shoes of the day, known variously as "loafers" and "prontos," worn almost universally by teen-agers. These supplanted the brown-and-white saddle shoes which fell before the WPB edict against two-color shoes.

The ancient Greek sandal is the hit play shoe of this year, completely flat and open, held on by a thong between the toes and another around the heel.

The hit shoe of the fall season, now that WPB restrictions have been lifted, is the platform pump. This was first worn by Toscanini's daughter, Countess Emanuela Castelbarco, who had it specially made for wear on the Lido beach. On her way to America, she wore a pair around the deck.

American shoe designers got the idea quickly and made quantities of platform shoes, which were snapped up by short women who wanted to look taller. Now they're a top fashion in leatherless France.

The current fashion season, like the past, is full of strange source themes.

The baby's diaper was source material for Claire McCardell's now famous "diaper bathing suit," which was launched in 1944, created a sensation, and this year became the "panung" or "beach clout."

The panung is a single flat piece of wool jersey with a string around the waist and another around the neck. You put it on by first tying the larger end of the garment around the waist, drawing it forward between the legs and tying the other end around the neck. It sounds precarious, but when properly adjusted is snug and secure—though not recommended for hips that measure more than thirty-five inches.

Miss McCardell, a designer as American as an ice-cream cone, is a seeker after simplicity, drawing on Americana for her inspirations. She borrowed little-boy pants for "pedal pushers," the knee-length shorts which many girls have been persuaded to substitute for their beloved rolled-up blue jeans. She did them in bright Scotch tartans as well as classic gray flannel, and started a new campus fashion.

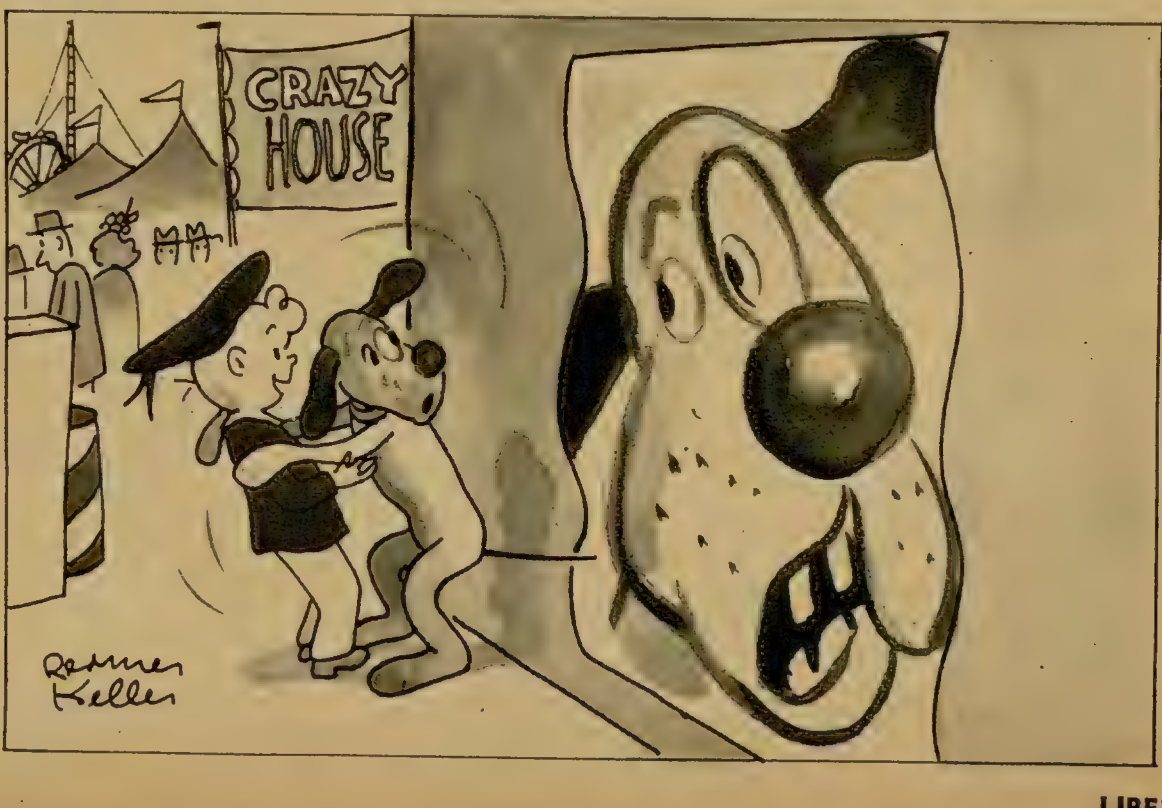
EVEN grandfather's red flannel underwear was not safe from the roving McCardell eye. It inspired another campus fad which has settled down into a standard fashion—the leotard. This is simply long woolen underwear, complete with feet, worn beneath broad-shouldered jumpers or wrap-around skirts, designed at first for college girls to wear in cold dormitories and classrooms chilled by fuel rationing. Miss McCardell made the underwear decorative and gay by doing it in bright colors and variegated stripes. Girls took to the simple and practical costume with glee. Now it appears also in short versions—sweater top and shorts all in one piece, to wear with skirt or jumper.

Still another McCardell style hit originated with General MacArthur's bush jacket. This is a practical garment of heavy white duck, stitched in black, which has become a favorite beach coat of the year, and may be worn with anything, from jeans to skirts.

The mummy immortalized in this year's

(Continued on page 70)

HARDTACK



It was a year ago, this month . . . .

THE hurricane roared up from the South, blasting many Eastern communities with devastation and wreckage. Had it happened at the close of World War I, many of the 150,000 property owners who were promptly reimbursed by insurance last year *might not have been insured.*

For, twenty-five years ago, insurance for many property risks now included in standard policies had to be purchased additionally, at extra costs, under *separate* policies. Insurance against some risks was not available.

For example, at that time your agent could only offer you fire, theft and collision insurance for your automobile. Today, the standard automobile policy covers not only these risks but also windstorm, water, explosion, malicious mischief, glass breakage—even theft of tools and equipment . . . *all* usually for *less* money.

Since World War I, fire insurance coverage has been similarly improved . . . while average fire insurance costs have been reduced over 40%.

These are but two of many similar examples. For, as the insurance needs of our country have developed, the managements of capital stock fire and casualty insurance companies have sought constantly to provide insurance of widest possible coverage at the lowest possible safe cost.

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My services do not end with the writing of your policy. All through its life I am prepared to help with your changing problems, as well as in emergencies.

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Standard protection

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES . . . **MEMBERS OF NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS**

(*Continued from page 68*)

big parade of fashion lies in a case in the Metropolitan Museum. Designer Omar Kiam, browsing there in search of an idea, was fascinated by the skillful and decorative draping of the mummy's swathings, and designed a draped evening gown with the same graceful lines.

This was shown in the recent fashion exhibition sponsored jointly by the Metropolitan Museum and its new affiliate, the Costume Institute, where most of America's top-flight dress and fabric designers co-operated to present a spectacular exhibition of costumes inspired by museum items.

In the same exhibit, Egyptian hieroglyphics on a painted wooden coffin (*circa* 2000 B. C.) inspired a rayon print used by Adele Simpson in a current evening gown. A German wheelock pistol, a sultan's turban, a Spanish wrought-iron cock, and a stone Buddha also provided style ideas.

In one case, however, inspiration backfired. A fabric designer reproduced a page from the Koran on a printed crepe fabric used in a gown shown in the museum exhibition. The New York Times published a photograph of the dress, and immediately was chided by indignant Mohammedans, who pointed out that this was sacrilege akin to using a page of the Bible in a costume design, or making a dress out of the American flag.

Nothing is safe from the roving eye of a fashion designer intent on her work. In this fall's collections you will find immortalized such widely different items as Eisenhower's combat jacket, the stovepipe hats of Mr. Pickwick, and the weird abstract paintings of Piet Mondrian, new rage of the admirers of nonobjective art.

Designer Brownie, of the New York firm of Fox-Brownie, attended the recent Mondrian exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. She studied the strange paintings, which are curveless combinations of lines and bright blocks of color, and saw there the basis for her next fashion creations.

Look also for the influence of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek in fall fashions, as in the last two seasons. Her Chinese robes have inspired a dozen designers to create dresses and suits in the Chinese manner, with high collars and side fastenings.

Daniel Boone's fringed buckskin jacket and coonskin cap continue to influence the fashion scene this fall. Dan'l no doubt would shudder at having designed one of the favorite campus jackets of the last few seasons; also, his fur cap continues to appear in high-style millinery collections, but not in lowly raccoon—it's in mink or ermine.

The current style picture also reflects America's love for cowboy legends, songs, and clothes. High-school and college girls have adopted the cowpuncher's blue jeans, complete with red stitching and brass rivets, and refuse to let them go; they have taken the shirt off his back, cherishing its vivid plaids and checks, and wear it usually with the shirttail out. They have stolen his bandanna, swiped his fancy tooled-leather belt, and adopted his sombrero.

The fall hat picture may be considerably influenced by the fact that Sally Victor's young son was assigned to write a theme on the American Indian. His mother accompanied him to the Museum of Indian Art, and now she says:

"I'm warning you—you're going to see a lot of feathers this fall!"

Such is the way of the designer. Everything is grist to her mill. So if you write a hit song or a best seller, produce a Broadway success or paint an art sensation, look for its reflection the next season in Mrs. America's Sunday dress.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT

"It feels stuffy out here. Let's go inside!"

THEY SHALL REST IN HONOR

Continued from Page 29

the armed forces whose last service was honorable, or any member of the armed forces dying on active duty will be eligible for burial in one of the national cemeteries. The veteran's wife or widow also may be buried there. If his wife's death precedes his, she may be buried there before him if he gives assurance that, regardless of possible remarriages, his body will be placed beside that of his first wife. The expense of moving the wife's body to the national cemetery is borne by the husband.

For soldiers who have died in active military service, the Quartermaster General authorizes payment for the preparation, casketing, and shipment of the remains to any place designated by next of kin, whether it be to the home, an undertaking establishment, or a national cemetery. In addition, after the remains reach the home or undertaking establishment, the Quartermaster General allows fifty dollars toward interment expense. If burial is in a national cemetery, there need be no expense to next of kin.

This procedure will govern burial of all soldiers who die in active service and will apply also to the repatriation of our overseas dead.

IN the case of an ex-serviceman having war service, the Veterans Administration allows $100 toward burial expenses, whether burial is in a national or private cemetery.

The privileges of burial in a national cemetery are the same, whether the soldier died on active duty or had been honorably discharged.

The government is determined to carry out its sacred responsibility to our honored dead. This responsibility begins on the battlefield with the work of the Graves Registration Service and will end in the inspiring national cemeteries being planned at home.

In death, as in life, the government fulfills its obligation to those who have served it well. In the making is a magnificent shrine to our dead, but one with a living purpose—to immortalize their ideals and deeds so that they shall not have died in vain.

THE END

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John Garfield, Eleanor Parker—prewar romance.

PRIDE OF THE MARINES

(Warner Brothers)
John Garfield, Eleanor Parker, Dane Clark

AL SCHMID was a Philadelphia boy who joined the Marine Corps soon after war was declared. On Guadalcanal one night he crouched behind a machine gun and held Henderson Field by stopping a Jap advance in his sector. Schmid killed 200 Japs. He received a Navy Cross—and blindness—for his valor.

Pride of the Marines is the story of Al Schmid, who worked in a machine shop and enjoyed bowling, hunting, and a glass of beer. Al had a girl and, like millions of American boys, he was thinking of getting married and settling down when the war came along. He got into it, and came out full of bitterness. He rejected everything he had ever wanted when a Jap grenade made one night go on forever.

John Garfield makes a fine Al Schmid. Always a strong performer, he puts added sting in lines that spit glory in the dust when talk of war begins; and brings a welcome restraint to scenes which could have been badly overplayed.

Eleanor Parker is a refreshing romantic interest opposite Garfield. As Schmid's fiancée, she is up against a problem that is probably facing girls all over the country, and her solution is as good a one as any to recommend.

Dane Clark, as Lee Diamond, Schmid's gyrene side kick, never quite comes up to the toughness the real Diamond must have had. Talking through gritted teeth indicates ruggedness, but it must be tough to eat that way, and Clark never relaxes.

The action scenes there are just about as close as Hollywood can come to matching camera sights with gun sights. The romance is down to earth, the inspirational message valuable. It is a fine salute to Schmid of the Marines and good film fare.

Al Schmid, blinded, dictates a bitter letter.

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Betty Hutton, Barry Fitzgerald—two Guinans.

INCENDIARY BLONDE

(Paramount)
Betty Hutton, Arturo De Cordova, Barry Fitzgerald

MARY LOUISE "TEXAS" GUINAN was raised in a convent in Waco, Texas. She was a rodeo queen, appeared in a few silent films, skyrocketed to fame as a New York night-club hostess, and died at the height of her career.

Incendiary Blonde is supposed to be a biography of Texas Guinan's meteoric life, but just how close to fact the picture is will have to be judged by her friends. As entertainment, though, it's all there.

There's one reservation—you have to be a Betty Hutton fan to really enjoy this. Miss Hutton, as Miss Guinan, indulges in some very active acting. She shoots pistols, busts broncos, does trick riding, sings, does acrobatics, dances, and never has a dull moment.

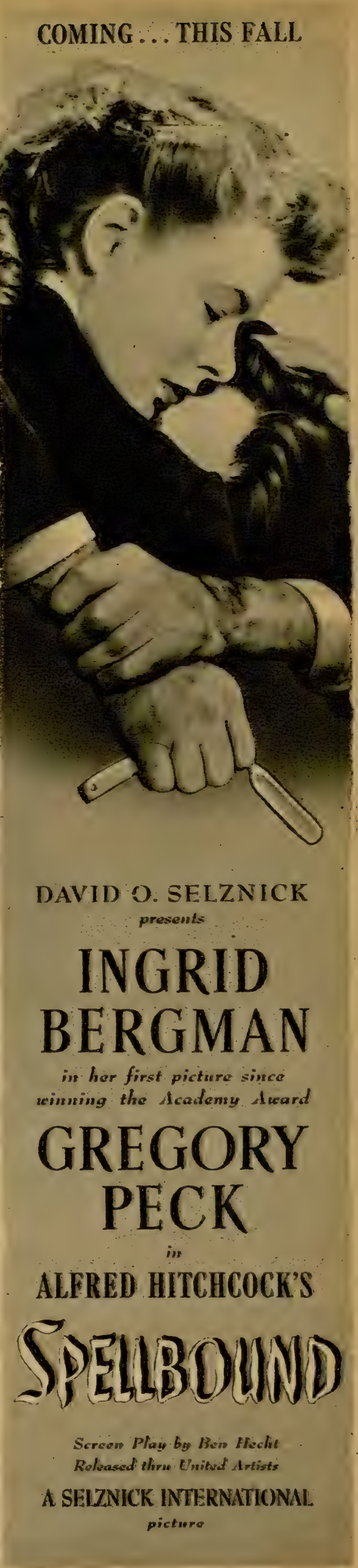
Barry Fitzgerald is Mike Guinan, an Irish dreamer who watches his daughter grow into a national institution. His acting doesn't have the subtle shadings of his work in Going My Way, but it is Fitzgerald and, hot or cold, he's good.

Arturo De Cordova plays the "one man" in Texas' life. At the start of the film he's a shady gambler, and at the end he's a noble business gent who fights gangsters. Just where he reformed isn't quite clear, but De Cordova does the best he can with a confusing role, and his best has a nice polish.

The real Texas Guinan always said she wanted her funeral to be as bright as her life. The wake was to be held in a night club, there were to be fast cars with a police escort to the cemetery, and a jazz band to play at the burial. Incendiary Blonde is just the kind of rowdy tribute Texas would have enjoyed. And for Betty Hutton, Texas might have said, "Let's give the little girl a great big hand!"

It's "Hello, suckers!" now.

Arturo De Cordova and "Texas."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Use Plantation in your mixed drinks, your Old Fashioneds, your Manhattans, in a Plantation Cooler or Highball. Life is pleasant with Plantation. You must try it!

PLANTATION DISTILLED PRODUCTS, INC., PHILADELPHIA, PA., LIQUEUR 86.8 PROOF

WE WATCHED A BATTLESHIP DIE

Continued from Page 25

3,000 feet, but the low ceiling over the ap fleet was hardly good dive-bombing weather.

Finally Houck spotted a hole that enabled him to lead the formation up to ,500 feet—as high as they could go and till catch a glimpse of the target. Even hen, it would disappear time after time, s the flight ducked in and out of clouds.

Houck gave the attack signal. First came the fighters, whistling down at better than six miles a minute, their guns pumping a torrent of .50-caliber bullets into the cruiser's topsides. Scarcely had their 500-pound bombs released when after them plunged the dive bombers, with 1,000-pounders. Led by their skipper, Lieutenant Tony F. Schneider of Hillsboro, Missouri, they hit the cruiser with no fewer than thirteen armor-piercing bombs, and dropped thirteen more close aboard.

The last bombs were still in the air when the seven torpedo planes came barreling down in two lines abreast at 300 miles an hour. It was a set-up. They couldn't miss a 600-foot-long cruiser lying motionless in the water. There were five splashes as five torpedoes dropped from open bomb bays. Two others failed to release. Straight for their mark ran all five, leaving wakes that ended in waterspouts against the cruiser's starboard side.

Lieutenant (j. g.) Steward Bass of Stevensville, Montana, who scored one of those lethal hits, recalls: "As I glanced back, I suddenly saw all five torpedoes hit —bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! For a moment, nothing seemed to happen. Then she began erupting. Flames belched through holes in her deck, and great holes were blown in her portside. In a matter of seconds the whole ship was enveloped in swirling clouds of smoke. When the smoke cleared, the cruiser had disappeared."

Others who saw the cruiser's death agonies from a different vantage point told how she half rolled and disappeared from sight. Amid the smoke and flame and swirling seas, the blood-red "meatball" emblem stood out ironically. The sun was setting for Japan.

EVEN in their last moments, both the Yamato and the cruiser fought back furiously. Their antiaircraft fire was heavier than anything our pilots had encountered, even in their attacks on Tokyo.

As Stu Bass roared straight over the crippled ship, he could see that her main batteries had been wrecked and her deck was a twisted mass of wreckage. Yet that fiery rain of AA never relented until the ship collapsed.

As she rolled over and sank, five torpedo pilots could count their work done. Bass and Lieutenants (j. g.) Robert Fulton of Indiana, Pennsylvania; William Patterson of Norfolk, Virginia; Leon Frankel of St. Paul, Minnesota; and John Tarwater of Erie, Kansas, now saw the fruits of their handiwork. Two others soon discovered that their torpedoes had hung—Lieutenant Lee, the division leader, and Lieutenant (j. g.) John D. Page of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, who already was cursing the fate which had made today's mission his thirteenth combat hop and assigned him No. 13 position in the formation.

Neither pilot was ready to return to base with a torpedo. The destroyer which had guarded the cruiser was close by, and over the intraplane radio Page told his crewmen, "This may be our neck, but we're going down after that can." Lee, however, got the first crack at it. Not realizing that Page also had failed to release, he roared down in a solo run. "That run I'll never forget," Lee recalls. "The cruiser was bad enough, but then there had been seven of us and those Japs had to split their fire. But that can had me bore-sighted—and with nothing else to fire on.

"Once more I tried to release, but the torpedo wouldn't budge. I gave the emergency release another tug, but nothing happened. My heart sank when I realized I'd have to make still another run. As I flashed over the destroyer's bow, I could see the tracer spraying up, inching toward me. Just as it was about to intercept me, I'd jink a bit and dodge and twist. That would throw the gunners off for a moment, but then they'd pick me up again."

LEE pulled clear of the fire just in time to hear Page call out for fighter support, and saw him prepare to dive on the destroyer's starboard bow. Pulling his own plane up quickly into the clouds, Lee himself got set for a run on the port bow.

This time Page drew the bulk of the destroyer's fire. But he was dodging so violently that his gunner, Johnny Rodd of Watervliet, New York, declares, "Page had me bouncing around in that turret until I thought I'd be thrown clear out."

Both planes bore in to point-blank range before releasing, and this time both torpedoes dropped. There was an anxious moment, and then a puff of smoke and a waterspout on the starboard quarter near the after gun mount. Page had hit, but Lee's torpedo missed the frantically turning destroyer by a scant ten feet.

Looking back over their shoulders, Page and Lee caught a fleeting glimpse of their torpedoes, but they also saw something else: Down the cone of AA fire a Helldiver was plunging. The pilot, Lieutenant Harry Worley, had heard Page and Lee call for strafing help to cover their run. Although he already had dropped his bombs, he must have felt that he was in a better position to help than some of the fighters, so he had nosed over in his dive, with both his 20-mm. cannon raking the destroyer's decks.

Lee and Page saw the SB2C shudder in mid-air as the AA hit, and then twist sharply in a forty-five-degree change of course as Worley—perhaps in a dying gesture—tried to make a suicide run on the Jap destroyer. He crashed a few feet off her bow. With him went his gunner.

But the Japs had paid dearly for that one plane. As the flight headed for home, only six destroyers still floated. Four of these were dead in the water, two of them burning badly.

The ship lost no time taking her tired brood aboard that night. Some planes never could have made a second pass at the deck, for fuel tanks were running dry.

Lieutenant Tarwater, who landed with only twelve gallons left, declared, "Everybody was so happy that no one cared whether he had to ditch or not."

Bill Gibson, first pilot into the ready room, was grinning from ear to ear as he announced: "We sank a battleship! Honest, fellows! It blew up to the clouds!"

And then the others burst in and the ready room became a bedlam of jubilant voices. Soon the pictures came up from the photo lab, clear enough to confirm in vivid detail what the pilots had described.

In the air crewmen's ready room someone asked Page's gunner, Johnny Rodd, how it felt when the big battleship blew.

"Say, I wouldn't take a million bucks for what I saw," Rodd replied.

Because few men are privileged to watch the death of a battleship—the mightiest thing that floats.

THE END

HOME FIRE HAZARD NO. 9

IT COULD BE YOUR HOME!

No one is in the dining room, the curtain has blown across the lighted candles on the table . fire sirens are screaming. It could be your home! . . . A metropolitan fire chief states that two-thirds of the fires occur in dwellings, and that 30% of the fatalities therefrom are children under ten years of age! Realizing that, can you continue to be without adequate fire protection? All that you value and hold dear in your home deserves to be, and can be protected against fire with Pyrene extinguishers. Buy one today at your hardware, department store or service station.

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Stains vanish in seconds with double action DES-TEX Dry Cleaner. Completely removes tar, grease, hair oil, chewing gum, heavy perspiration from rugs, upholstery and other ordinarily hard to clean materials. Kills moths as it cleans. Won't shrink fabrics—won't run colors—won't "unkink" twist weave rugs. Safe for materials that are harmed by water

Spray it on for complete moth destruction.

DES-TEX FOAM

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You can completely clean the average chair for 35c—a 9x12 rug for only 50c right on your own floor. Because it's concentrated DES-TEX Foam costs less to use.

Brings back color and lustre as it cleans.

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Leaves nap of rugs soft and beautiful.

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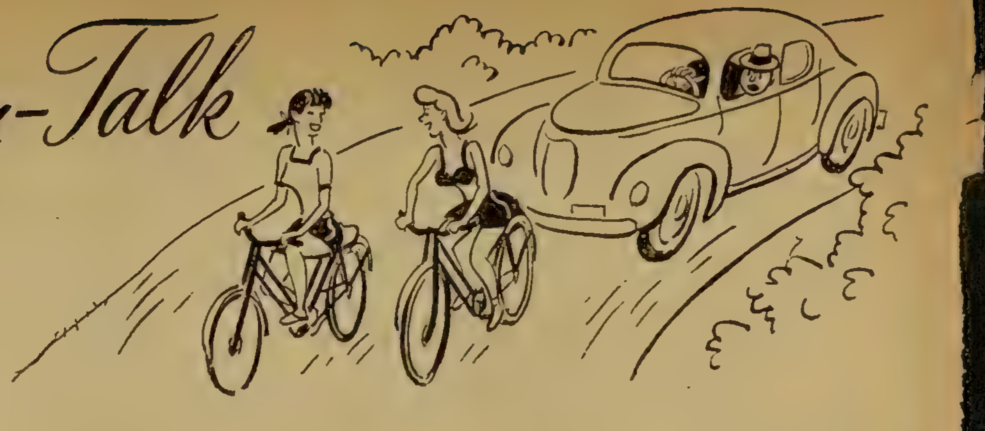
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK



THAT MEANS US!—The Office of Defense Transportation urges the home front to stay home over Labor Day and celebrate with home-town events. All pleasure travel should be eliminated, since it coincides with what is expected to be the peak of military travel.

It's vital, says the ODT,
For folks, including *you* and *me*,
To stay at home on Labor Day
And give our soldiers right of way.

We may as well try to be noble and make up our minds that there's no place like home. If we don't settle down and stay there, travel may have to be rationed this fall, in order to make sure of the necessary space to carry our armies to the Pacific. Not only do civilians face a 50-per-cent Pullman cut; less coach space is also due.

GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN WEST: According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Western girls—especially those living on farms—have the best chance for eventual marriage. "The chances are smaller in the Northeast, and least of all in the urban centers of that part of the United States. As to geographic distribution, an increase occurs in the chances for early marriage as one proceeds from east to west along the northern tier of the country," says the Metropolitan report.

IT WORKS!—A pleasantly impulsive letter arrived the other day from a reader in Baltimore, Mrs. Oscar Rohr of 2629 St. Paul Street. Said she, "Some time ago you mentioned in your column that Hollanders waxed the heels and toes of their hosiery and thereby increased the wearing quality. I decided to try this, kept a white wax candle in my stocking drawer, and applied it before putting on the stockings. Not even one small hole has developed since then." I promptly adopted Mrs. Rohr's system of keeping a white wax candle nestling alongside my modest reservoir of stockings, so that I wouldn't forget to practice what I preach.

WRITER'S CHOICE: When the late Ring Lardner was asked what he regarded as the ten most beautiful words, he gave this list: gangrene, scram, flit, mange, smoot, wretch, guzzle, McNaboe, blute (a smoker who doesn't inhale), crene (a man who inhales but doesn't smoke).

YOU *CAN* CAN!—From President Truman, the War Food Administration, magazines, newspapers, and dietitians comes the clarion call for food conservation. Canning fruits, jams, vegetables, marmalades, and jellies is the best possible way for the housewife to add to the nation's food supply. Novices will do well to go to the nearest store giving practical demonstrations. They will get helpful suggestions as to what utensils may be used if the perfect job is still unobtainable because of war shortages. What's more, they'll get good advice, with recipes, as to how they may supplement meager sugar rations with corn syrups. And just because you haven't finished eating your 1942, '43, and '44 supplies of home-canned goods, don't think you can take a rest. Invite the neighbors in for a vegetable-and-fruit plate, then get back to that pressure cooker, for winter is in the offing and grocery stores are still faithfully promising plenty of bare shelves.

STORM WARNINGS: One more note of caution while the summer sun still shines benignly. The Solid Fuels Administration for War warns that fuel will continue to be in short supply next winter, and that it can be conserved by efficient use and by preventing heat losses. Heating plants should be reconditioned before winter sets in, and heat controls installed. Homes should be protected by insulation, weather stripping, calking, and the installation of storm doors and windows. Don't ask *me* where you'll get the men to do the work—I'm only passing along some good free government advice.

RIPSNORTING ROMANCES: An American Air Forces officer married a twenty-one-year-old English schoolteacher. A week later he was ordered from England to France, and the bride persuaded him to smuggle her along via glider. The happy pair built a packing case and the girl hid inside, whereupon it was placed on the glider with her husband's luggage and towed to France. Her illegal entry was discovered shortly after she landed. She told the magistrate she was very ill en route, but the unsympathetic fellow fined her one hundred bucks just the same. . . . Lieutenant William J. McCartney, twenty-four-year-old Navy pilot from Toledo, catapulted through the roof of Philibert L. Bergeron's house in Connecticut. When the lieutenant recovered from back injuries, he returned to the scene of the crash. The roof had been repaired and he was invited to a housewarming, at which he met Cecil Alice Bergeron, a member of the Spars. Shortly thereafter the lieutenant and Miss Bergeron announced their engagement. He fell for her!

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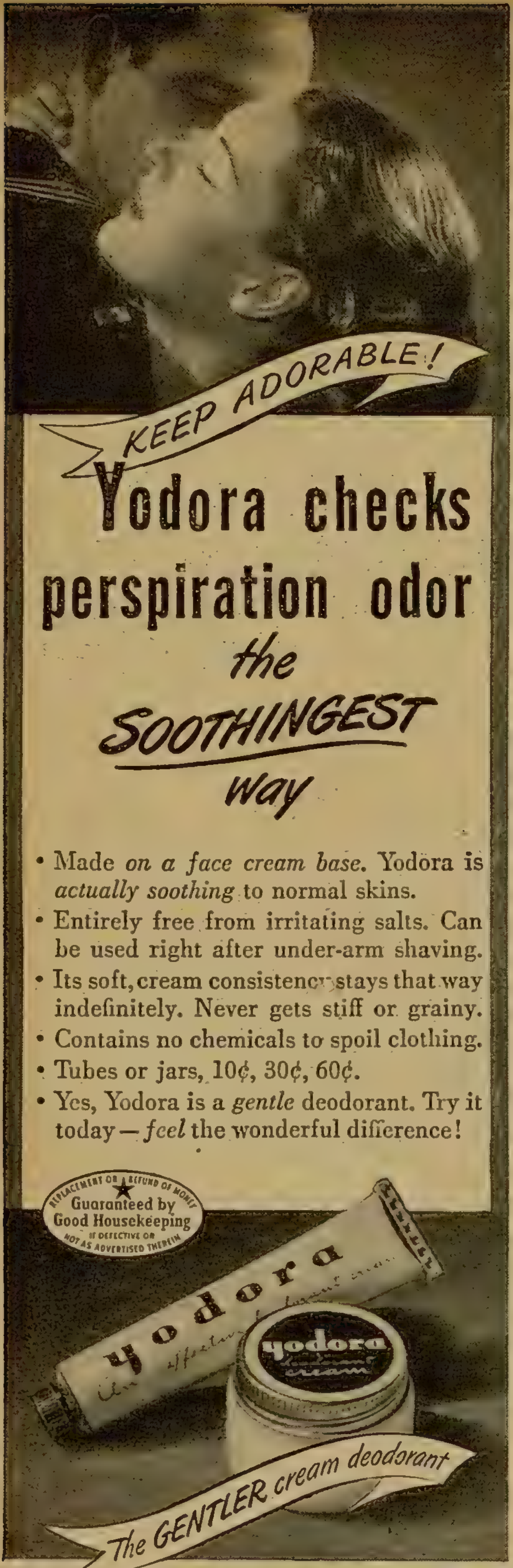

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LITTLE CRICKET

Continued from Page 31

"Rose, did you see the new manicurist at Sam's?" Clementina asked. "I want to see her."

Rose looked across at the child. "She's got red hair?"

"Yes," Clementina said. There was an expression in Rose's defenseless brown eyes that disturbed the child. "You eat your pizza while it's hot," she said, and got up from the table.

She went behind the bar and sat down on the low stool kept there for her. She thought about the new manicurist at the barbershop and she thought about Rose Lugano. Since she could remember, Rose had been behind the counter in her father's bakery, and it was Clementina's daily duty to fetch the bread. In the bakery Rose seemed different; she was not shy. She was friendly and nice.

Clementina sat a long time looking at the floor. At last she looked up at Salvatore and began, "Papa, I'm ten years old now—"

"So you are ten years old," Salvatore said. "You are still my little Grilla."

Clementina frowned. "Papa, don't you think I'm too old now to wear pigtails?"

Salvatore chuckled. "Pigtails look good on you, Tina. Why you ask that?"

"Not many kids at school got pigtails. Papa, I think maybe I should go to the barbershop tomorrow and have my hair fixed."

"So you want to be like other kids?" Salvatore said, and shook his head. "No, no, Tina, not for you. No barbershop for you, Tina."

Clementina sighed and got up from her stool. She climbed the stairs thoughtfully to their living quarters above.

When she came down a few minutes later she had tied a flowered fascinator around her head. Her lips were parted.

"Papa," her low voice said, "if I should cut off my pigtails, I suppose I could go to the barbershop."

Salvatore stared at her. "Cut your hair, Tina? No, you must never cut your hair. When you are big you will have fine hair down to your knees."

"That's not the style," Clementina said.

"Style? What do you know about style, Grilla?" He grinned at her. "Tina, I like always to say yes to you. I don't like to say no. But now I say no. We will have no bobbed hair, please."

"Papa, it will grow again," Clementina said. "It don't take so very long."

SALVATORE looked at the shine of her eyes and her flushed cheeks. His hand reached out for her shoulder. "Tina, take it off," he said.

Clementina's small hands went up to untie the knot, and they were trembling a little. She pulled the fascinator from her head and stood very still, looking at the floor. She had cut off her pigtails two inches below the ears.

"Tina, what did you do?" Salvatore said. He shook his head sadly and his eyes were moist. "It was not a good thing to do," he said slowly. "I don't know what to say."

She said softly, "I'm sorry, papa."

"So you're sorry, Tina? But why did you do it?"

"I'm too old for pigtails, papa," Clementina said. She studied his face. "I suppose now I can go to the barbershop?"

Mario came up, stared at Clementina, and said, "What happens to your hair? Salvatore, why you let her do that?"

Salvatore shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ain't it Tina's hair?"

Mario shook his head. "I think maybe Grilla's got too many papas. I think maybe Grilla needs a woman to tell her what to do, Salvatore."

"Tina thinks she's a woman already," Salvatore said.

Clementina said nothing.

The next day she went to Sam's barbershop and waited her turn so that Sam himself would cut her hair, and so that she would have a little time to study Thelma, the redheaded manicurist.

Thelma sat by the window and as she bent over a client's fingers the sunlight came through on her hair. As Clementina gazed at her she thought that she had never seen such pretty hair.

SAM, the barber, was a wonderful man, Clementina thought. He liked to talk and he was proud of the neighborhood he lived in and proud of his barbershop, which he had taken over from his father.

"When a man gets a shave," he told Clementina, "he gets a hot towel; he gets a cold towel. You know who was the first barber to give hot and cold towels in this neighborhood? My papa. That was 1892, Tina, a long time ago. How short you want the hair?"

"About here," Clementina said. "Sam, who was running papa's pizzeria then?"

"Oh, there was no pizzeria," Sam said. "On the corner was McCarthy's saloon, and next to it was a stable. Yes, it was a stable, your restaurant."

"Oh," Clementina said. "That wasn't very stylish."

"Stylish, you say?" said Sam. "You should of seen the plumes on them horses when they go to a funeral. You never seen such stylish horses, Tina, even on a brewer's wagon."

Clementina considered this, then said, "Sam, you're pretty stylish now. I mean, a manicurist and all that."

Sam chuckled. "That's good, huh? Yes, we're right in style here, Tina. You want a shampoo, Tina?"

"Is she married?" Clementina asked.

"Married?" Sam grinned and turned his head. "Thelma, you married?"

The manicurist raised her eyes. "Who wants to know?"

"Tina here. Thelma, this is Clementina from the pizzeria. She asks are you married."

Thelma smiled at the child. She said, "Not yet, sugar."

"You've got pretty hair," Clementina said. Thelma's smile became wider and more friendly.

"When Sam gets through, do you mind if I watch how you do it?" Clementina asked, looking at the manicure table.

"You come over here and I'll do your nails," Thelma said.

"Oh, no. I mean—well, I just came in to have my hair cut. I can't afford a manicure."

"On the house," Sam said. "It's on the house for you, Tina."

The other customers were smiling. None could have guessed what was in Clementina's mind.

When Sam had finished with her hair, Clementina hardly glanced at herself in the mirror; that would come later. She sat at the little table across from Thelma, smiled, and put her hands out. She asked softly, "Did you study somewhere to be a manicurist?"

Thelma laughed. "Sugar, it don't take much study. I just got me a job in a barbershop and learned how. It's easy. See, I'll show you how." She explained, and the child listened attentively.

When the manicure was finished, Clementina inspected her nails and said, "I suppose it's a good job, isn't it?" She nodded. "I suppose the tips are good?"

"The tips?" Thelma looked curiously at the child. "Yes, they're good."

"My papa runs a restaurant," Clementina explained. "Salvatore's Pizzeria. I work for tips, too."

"Oh, I see," Thelma said. "So you're Salvatore's kid. I'm going to come in sometime for a pizza."

"Our pizzas are very good," Clementina said and her chin came up a little. "You must have one, Thelma, on the house."

Thelma smiled, and Clementina said, "You see, like the manicure."

"Well, that's a deal," Thelma said.

Clementina nodded with satisfaction. "When will you come?" she asked. "We'll have a very good pizza for you, with anchovies, if you like."

"That will be fine," Thelma said. "You'll see me in a day or so, sugar."

On the way home Clementina stopped at the Lugano bakery for the bread. Rose was behind the counter, plump and smiling, and Clementina whispered, "I saw her, Rose."

"Yeah?" Rose said. "You saw who?"

"The manicurist," Clementina said. "Her name is Thelma and her hair *is* pretty. It's nice red hair."

Rose turned her back. "I'll get the bread, Tina."

Clementina took off the fascinator and was waiting expectantly when Rose put the bread on the counter. The child smiled and said, "How do you like it, Rose?"

"Tina!" Rose cried. "Your hair!"

"Sam cut it off," Clementina said. "Rose, what do you think?"

Rose smiled. "It's nice, Tina. You look good that way, so grown up now."

Clementina laughed happily, and Rose said, "I had pigtails, too, when I was a kid, but I never cut 'em off. Mama wouldn't let me. I sure wanted to cut them off."

"Papa wouldn't let me, either," Clementina said. "I did it first. Rose, you coming for a pizza today?"

Rose shook her head. "I don't think so, Tina."

CLEMENTINA stopped at the variety store on the corner, and when she reached the pizzeria she had two bundles under her arm. Salvatore was waiting at the door and he looked only at her hair and did not notice the bundles.

"See, papa, how nice it is," Clementina said.

Salvatore shook his head unhappily. "It ain't like long hair, Tina," he said. "It's just like the other girls, big ones and little ones."

"Yes," Clementina said. "Like the big ones especially."

Mario came to look at her. "It ain't bad," he said. "Maybe I like it better than pigtails, Tina."

"Mario," Clementina said, "what do you pay for a manicure?"

"Fifty cents, Tina. Why?"

"Thelma is coming in for a pizza some night," Clementina said. "She gets a fifty-cent pizza free. It's a trade."

She hurried upstairs to look at herself in her mirror, and Salvatore and Mario exchanged glances.

They did not see Clementina again until later that evening, when she came down with a red ribbon in her hair.

When the dinner hour was over, Mario came to the bar and leaned on one elbow. Clementina drew him a beer without being asked. "You're a pretty little cricket tonight," he said.

"You like my hair cut off, Mario?"

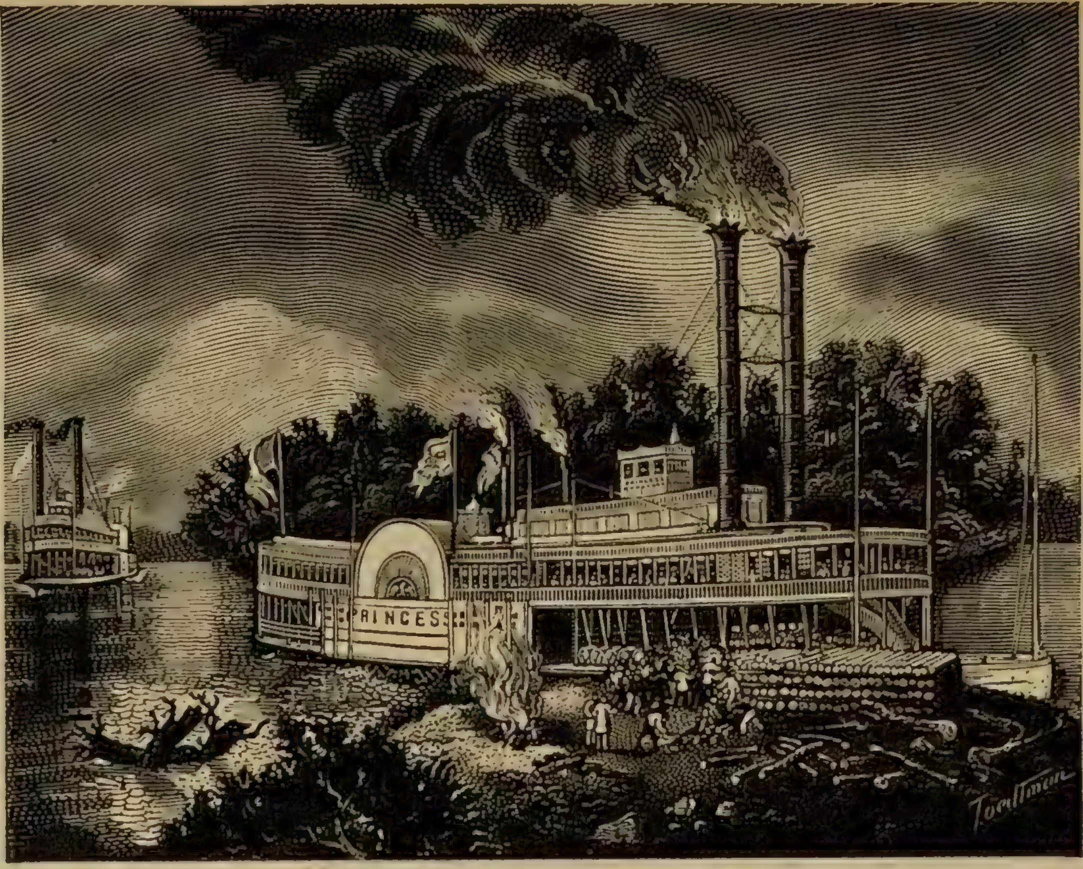
"Well, it's a change, Grilla."

"We have lots of changes," Clementina said. "Me with my hair and you with your manicures. Don't you think fifty cents is a lot to pay for a manicure, Mario?"

Mario looked at his nails but said nothing.

"I'll do it for twenty-five cents," Clementina said.

Mario stared at her, and she went on talking eagerly: "I bought the files and the orangewood sticks and a buffer, and



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Mario chuckled and said, "Tina, you're a funny little cricket. What you gonna do next?" He walked away to a booth where a man was calling for his check.

"Tina, what'sa matter?" Salvatore said softly. "I think you jealous. I think you don't like this redhead girl. Don't you want her to make a living?"

"Papa," Clementina said, and turned her sober brown eyes up to him, "why should she want a husband thirty-five years old? She's young."

"Ah, Tina," Salvatore said, "you should learn to mind your own business."

"I don't want Mario to be unhappy," Clementina said. "Mario should get a nice girl like Rose Lugano. Rose would make a good wife for Mario."

Salvatore laughed and said, "Grilla, you mind your own business. You hear me?"

Mario returned. "What'sa big joke?"

"Mario," Salvatore said, "Tina has pick out a nice wife for you."

"No, papa!" Clementina said in a tone of anguish.

"Rose Lugano," Salvatore said. "She cooks good, Tina says. She can darn your socks. What you think, Mario?"

Mario grinned. "She's a good kid, Rose. But I pick my own wife, Grilla."

"So," Salvatore said. "Tina, you mind your own business. You hear me?"

"Yes, papa."

"O. K. Don't let me hear no more about it." Salvatore looked down at her. "I got here two bits. Let's see how good you can manicure."

Clementina kept her promise and said no more about Mario and Thelma, the red-headed manicurist, and she did not mention Rose Lugano again. But she saw Rose each day when she went for the bread, and each day she asked, "Rose, why don't you come in for a pizza?"

"Pretty soon, Tina," Rose said. "I eat too many pizzas. I'm on a diet now."

THREE days passed before Rose returned to Salvatore's Pizzeria, and the day she came was the same day that Thelma claimed the pizza Clementina had promised her.

Clementina saw Thelma coming and reached the door ahead of Mario. Thelma was her guest, so Clementina sat at the table with her, and Mario went to order the pizza. Salvatore watched them.

"It's good you came today," Clementina said. "Wednesday is not so busy, and maybe you'll get a chance to talk to Mario."

Thelma smiled at Clementina.

"Everybody likes Mario," Clementina said. "He's been papa's waiter for so long, ever since I can remember!"

"Sure," Thelma said. "I know all about Mario. In a barbershop the barbers bend the customers' ears and the customers spill everything they know to the manicurist."

"Older men talk more, I guess," Clementina said. "Isn't that so?"

Mario arrived with the pizza then, and set it down with a flourish in front of Thelma. When he had moved on to another table, Clementina whispered, "Mario's middle-aged. He's thirty-five."

Thelma laughed. "I suppose that does seem middle-aged when you're ten."

"It's just the middle," Clementina said. "It's just one half of threescore and ten, isn't it?"

"It sure is," Thelma said, still smiling. "What you got against middle-aged men?" she asked, studying Clementina with amusement. "Don't you like 'em mature?"

"I like Mario," Clementina said.

"Even if he's middle-aged?"

"Well, I've known Mario a long time," Clementina said. "He was young when first knew him."

Thelma chuckled. "Myself, I'm a sucke for the worldly type like Mario."

"Mario's a waiter," Clementina said. "Waiters got to be like that."

Thelma lit a cigarette and her smile wa teasing as she looked at Clementin "Honey, you're going to be a terror whe you grow up," she said. "You'll do O. K

But Clementina was not listening. plump girl had come to the door, and fo an instant Clementina had not recognize her. She was Rose Lugano, but she ha not stood hesitating in the doorway a Rose usually did. She had stood ther with assurance. The change in Rose's manner impressed Clementina before she noticed the shiny black hair.

She jumped to her feet. "Look at Rose! She's bobbed her hair."

ROSE smiled at Clementina and walked slowly across to her usual booth. Mario stared at her.

"Rose, it's simply *swell!*" Clementina cried. "It looks wonderful."

Rose sat down. "If you could cut your hair, Tina, I thought why don't I? You like it?"

"A permanent, too," Clementina said. "Mario, look."

Mario nodded. "It looks good, Rose."

"She's on a diet, too," Clementina said.

The dark blush came again, and all at once Rose lost her assurance. She looked down at the tablecloth. Mario stood looking at her and nodding his head.

"You look pretty like that, Rose," he said, and his tone was kind. It was not the teasing voice he usually used with her.

Then they heard Thelma calling, "Ducky, can I have my check?"

Clementina spun around. "Oh, no. It's on the house. Remember, for the manicure?"

"Sure," Thelma said. "It was a good pizza, too." She smiled at Mario, opened her handbag, and felt for a coin. She put a quarter on the table.

"What's that?" Mario asked.

"Tip, of course."

"Now, look here," Mario said, "you don't tip me, Thelma."

"That's the way I do things," Thelma said. "You tip me, I'm going to tip you." She pushed the quarter across the table.

There was an odd light in Clementina's eyes. "Take the tip, Mario," she said. "You waited on the table. You should get a tip."

"The pizza was on the house," Mario said.

"It was a trade for the manicure," said Thelma. "You've got nothing to do with it It was between me and Clementina."

Mario was distressed. "Please," he said "no tip."

"Ducky, it's the way I operate," Thelma said. "No special favors. You tip me, I'm going to tip you."

"Take the tip, Mario," Clementina said with shining eyes. "She's *married*, anyhow."

They both looked at her, and Clementina said, "I saw it when you opened your purse. Your wedding ring."

"What's this?" said Mario.

"Listen, little sharp eyes," Thelma said crisply. "You should learn not to meddle."

"I couldn't help it," Clementina said. "I just saw it, that's all."

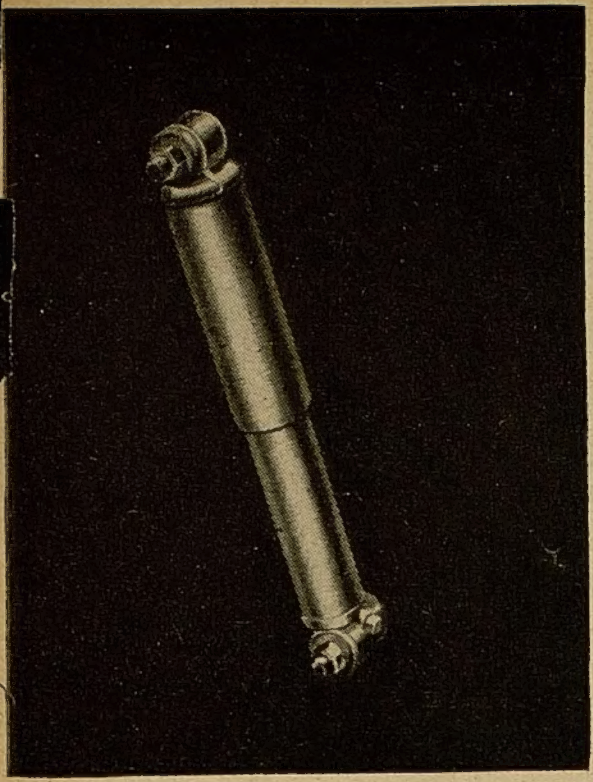
"O. K., you saw it," Mario said. "O. K., she's married. Don't make such a fuss."

Salvatore had watched the scene from the bar and came hurrying over in time to hear Thelma say, "What if I am married? They like a manicurist to be single, so I took the ring off my finger. I didn't expect anybody to go peeking in my handbag."

"Tina," Salvatore said, "upstairs!"

"But, papa—" Clementina began.

"Upstairs," Salvatore said. "You stay in your room. You don't come in the restau-



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rant again until I say so. You hear me, Tina?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then upstairs!"

Her father had rarely spoken to her in such a tone and Clementina knew she must obey. She went to the stairs, but glanced back as she opened the door and saw that Rose Lugano had slipped miserably out of the restaurant.

For two days Clementina was barred from the pizzeria. Two solid days of her spring vacation were passed in their living quarters above the pizzeria, and she did not see Mario at all.

The customers of Salvatore's Pizzeria, who knew Clementina so well, inquired about her, and Mr. Delucca could not understand it. What had Clementina done, he asked, to merit such a punishment? The pizzeria was nothing without Clementina.

On the second day Salvatore gave in. He knocked on the door of Clementina's room and said, "O. K., Tina, you can come down now."

Instantly Clementina opened the door.

"You sorry, Tina, for what you done?"

"Yes, papa, I'm sorry."

"Go fetch the bread, then," Salvatore said, and patted her shoulder.

Clementina ran happily to the Lugano bakery. Rose was behind the counter, and Clementina thought that she was beautiful, with her shiny black hair.

"I came for the bread," Clementina said. "Rose, your hair's just as nice as I remembered it. You look fine, and Mario liked it, too, I think."

"Yes," Rose said. "I ought to thank your redhead friend, Tina."

"Thelma? Thank her for what, Rose?"

"Except for her, I never would of cut off my hair," Rose said. "Except for her, I wouldn't go to the movie Sunday night with Mario."

Clementina clapped her hands together. "Mario asked for a date?"

"Sunday night," Rose said, and smiled. "I got that redhead to thank, Tina, and I got you to thank, too."

"Don't thank me," Clementina said. "Mario should thank me. Rose, wrap up the bread. Hurry, please. I want to see Mario."

ROSE wrapped the bread and Clementina hastened to the pizzeria. It had been two long days.

She stepped through the door and said, "Hello, everybody," and smiled when Mr. Delucca said, "Tina, draw me a beer, please. For two days I ain't had a good glass of beer."

Tina went behind the bar to draw the beer.

Mario was at the end of the bar. He had not spoken and Clementina had not looked at him. She drew another beer, and then went to her small stool and sat down.

A slow grin came on Mario's face and he said almost shyly, "Hello, Clementina."

She got up from the stool and moved toward him, and her clear voice said, "Look what can happen in two days! Mario, your apron isn't clean."

Mario grinned sheepishly and took the apron off.

"And look at your fingernails," Clementina said, and smiled a little because they showed he had not been to the barbershop again. "Mario, you can't take your girl to the movies Sunday night with such fingernails. You need a manicure."

Mario's grin widened. "O. K., Grilla. I'll save some money. I'll have one of those twenty-five-cent manicures of yours."

"For two days I've been practicing," Clementina said in her level voice, and she was herself again. "My price is thirty-five cents now, Mario."

THE END

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SEPT. 1, 1945

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Publisher
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IS THE WORLD TO BE RULED BY A TRIUMVIRATE?

UNTIL the defeat of Japan, perhaps no other way would serve to handle the various problems which beset the world than for the Big Three to meet every six months or so and have it out with each other in a secret session.

But if this practice is to continue into the postwar years it will result inevitably in world rule by a triumvirate. The new United Nations organization will be forced to acquiesce in decisions already made and will serve chiefly as an escape valve for the pent-up feelings of the smaller nations. We will have, in effect, a world government of men, not of law—a condition we in America have sought always to guard our own country against.

If this is to be the new diplomacy, it is certainly a long way from what most Americans visualize as an ideal international set-up. We have looked forward to a world in which every nation is assured of justice, tolerance, dignity, and freedom; in which the national interests of the small and weak weigh equally with those of the big and strong; in which open agreements openly arrived at are the universal rule. We trust, of course, the Big Three always will honor these principles. But the way to make sure they are honored is to translate them into a hard and fast code of international law which all nations can accept.

If the world is to be ruled by a triumvirate, the American people will have to get used to thinking in an entirely new way about international affairs. Also, we are probably in for some basic changes in the organization of our government. If America's President has to go abroad periodically to horse trade with our two big allies, he will hardly be able to devote much time to the vast amount of domestic affairs for which he is responsible. The method instituted during the war for handling the President's home-front duties will have to be continued permanently, or some similar device adopted. In effect, we will lose the services of our elected President as far as internal affairs are concerned. Certainly, acting as one third of the government of the world is a full-time job and will leave little leisure for attention to purely American matters.

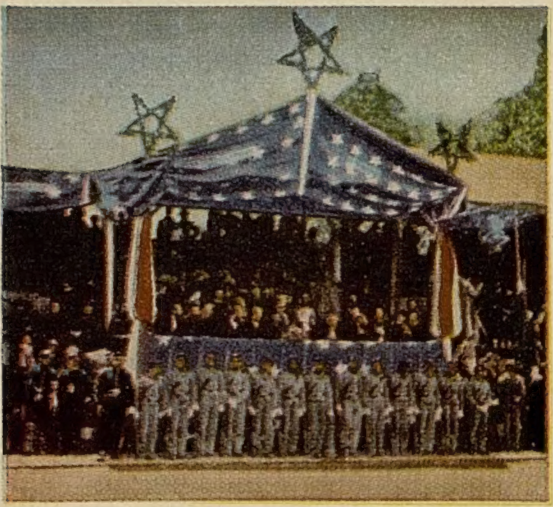
Whether this system will work to our satisfaction or not remains to be seen. If it's the best, or perhaps the only, method for assuring world peace for a long period, no doubt we can put up with it. Perhaps, in time, we'd even get used to our new role of one third dictator of the world; maybe even grow to like it.

However, many earnest Americans question whether dictatorship by a triumvirate is the best way to assure peace. If peace is to depend on the ability of representatives of the Big Three permanently to compromise their differences and avoid a falling out, it hangs by a tenuous thread indeed. No matter how constantly they reaffirm to each other their desire to get along together, there is no assurance that they will for a long period of years.

Peace will be assured only when each of the world's nations agrees to sacrifice enough of its sovereignty to live by a code of accepted international law. We in America feel secure in our liberties and possessions only under a government of laws, not of men. So it is in the rest of the world. Some day some nation will propose the adoption of such a code. That nation should be America and the day should be right now.

Paul Hunter

How do we treat returning vets?



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